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POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

by Mat. Prior



L O N D O N:

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To the Right Honourable

L I O N E L,

E A R L of

Dorset and Middlesex.

LT looks like no great Compliment to Your Lordship, that I prefix Your Name to this Epistle; when, in the Preface, I declare the Book is publish'd almost against my Inclination. But, in all Cases, My Lord, You have an Hereditary Right to whatever may be called Mine. Many of the following Pieces were written by the Command of Your Excellent

A 3

Father;

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Father; and most of the rest, under His Protection and Patronage.

The particular Felicity of Your Birth, My Lord; The natural Endowments of Your Mind, which, without suspicion of Flattery, I may tell You, are very Great; The good Education with which these Parts have been improved; and Your coming into the World, and seeing Men very early; make Us expect from Your Lordship all the Good, which our Hopes can form in Favour of a young Nobleman. *Tu Marcellus eris*, ——— Our Eyes and our Hearts are turned on You. You must be a Judge and Master of Polite Learning; a Friend and Patron to Men of Letters and Merit; a faithful and able Counsellor to Your Prince; a true Patriot to Your Country; an Ornament and Honor to the Titles You possess; and in one Word, a Worthy Son to the Great Earl of DORSET.

It is as impossible to mention that Name, without desiring to Commend the Person; as it is to give Him the Commendations which His Virtues deserved. But I assure my self, the most agreable Compliment I can bring Your Lordship, is to pay a grateful Respect to Your Father's Memory. And my own Obligations to Him were such; that the World must pardon my Endeavoring

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deavoring at His Character, however I may miscarry in the Attempt.

A Thousand Ornaments and Graces met in the Composition of this Great Man; and contributed to make Him universally Belov'd and Esteem'd. The Figure of His Body was Strong, Proportionable, Beautiful: and were his Picture well Drawn, it must deserve the Praise given to the Portraits of R A P H A E L; and, at once, create Love and Respect. While the Greatness of His Mein inform'd Men, they were approaching the Nobleman; the Sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the Patron. There was in His Look and Gesture something that is more easily conceived than described; that gain'd upon You in His Favor, before He spake one Word. His Behavior was Easie and Courteous to all; but Distinguished and Adapted to each Man in particular, according to his Station and Quality. His Civility was free from the Formality of Rule, and flowed immediately from His good Sense.

Such were the Natural Faculties and Strength of His Mind, that He had occasion to borrow very little from Education: and He owed those Advantages to His own Good Parts, which Others acquire by Study and Imitation. His Wit was Abundant,

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Noble, Bold. Wit in most Writers is like a Fountain in a Garden, supply'd by several Streams brought thro' artful Pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably. But the Earl of DORSET's was a Source rising from the Top of a Mountain, which forced it's own way, and with inexhaustible Supplies, delighted and enriched the Country thro' which it pass'd. This extraordinary Genius was accompany'd with so true a Judgment in all Parts of fine Learning, that whatever Subject was before Him, He Discours'd as properly of it, as if the peculiar Bent of His Study had been apply'd That way; and He perfected His Judgment by Reading and Digesting the best Authors, tho' He quoted Them very seldom,

Contemnebat potius literas, quàm nesciebat:
and rather seem'd to draw His Knowledge from His own Stores, than to owe it to any Foreign Assistance.

The Brightness of His Parts, the Solidity of His Judgment, and the Candor and Generosity of His Temper distinguish'd Him in an Age of great Politeness, and at a Court abounding with Men of the finest Sense and Learning. The most eminent Masters in their several Ways appeal'd to His

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His Determination. WALLER thought it an Honor to consult Him in the Softness and Harmony of his Verse: and Dr. SPRAT, in the Delicacy and Turn of his Prose. DRYDEN determines by Him, under the Character of *Eugenius*; as to the Laws of Dramatick Poetry. BUTLER ow'd it to Him, that the Court tasted his *Hudibras*: WICHERLEY, that the Town liked his *Plain Dealer*: and the late Duke of BUCKINGHAM deferr'd to publish his *Rehearsal*; 'till He was sure (as He expressed it) that my Lord DORSET would not *Rehearse* upon Him again. If We wanted Foreign Testimony; LA FONTAINE and ST. EVREMONT have acknowledg'd, that He was a Perfect Master in the Beauty and Fineness of their Language, and of All that They call *les Belles Lettres*. Nor was this Nicety of His Judgment confined only to Books and Literature; but was the Same in Statuary, Painting, and all other Parts of Art. BERNINI would have taken His Opinion upon the Beauty and Attitude of a Figure; and King CHARLES did not agree with LELY, that my Lady CLEVELAND's Picture was Finished, 'till it had the Approbation of my Lord BUCKEHURST.

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As the Judgement which He made of Others Writings, could not be refuted; the Manner in which He wrote, will hardly ever be Equalled. Every one of His Pieces is an Ingot of Gold, intrinsically and solidly Valuable; such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine thro' a whole Book of any other Author. His Thought was always New; and the Expression of it so particularly Happy, that every Body knew immediately, it could only be my Lord DORSET's: and yet it was so Easy too, that Every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a Lustre in His Verses, like That of the Sun in CLAUDE LORRAINE's Landships; it looks Natural, and is Inimitable. His Love-Verses have a Mixture of Delicacy and Strength: they convey the Wit of PETRONIUS in the Softness of TRIBULLUS. His Satyr indeed is so severely Pointed, that in it He appears, what His Great Friend the Earl of ROCHESTER (that other Prodigy of the Age) says He was;

The best good Man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.

Yet even here, That Character may justly be Applied to Him, which PERSIUS gives

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gives of the best Writer in this Kind, that ever lived:

*Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, & admissus cirum præcordia ludit.*

And the Gentleman had always so much the better of the Satyrift, that the Persons touched did not know where to fix their Resentments; and were forced to appear rather Ashamed than Angry. Yet so far was this great Author from Valuing himself upon His Works, that He cared not what became of them, though every body else did. There are many Things of His not Extant in Writing, which however are always repeated: like the Verses and Sayings of the Ancient DRUIDS, they retain an Universal Veneration; tho' they are preserved only by Memory.

As it is often seen, that those Men who are least Qualified for Business, love it most; my Lord DORSET's Character was, that He certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very Young to the Possession of two Plentiful Estates, and in an Age when Pleasure was more in Fashion than Business; He turned his Parts rather to Books and Conversation, than to Politicks, and what more immediately related to the Public.

But

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But whenever the Safety of His Countrey demanded His Assistance, He readily entered into the most Active Parts of Life; and underwent the greatest Dangers, with a Constancy of Mind, which shewed, that He had not only read the Rules of Philosophy, but understood the Practice of them.

In the first *Dutch* War He went a Volunteer under the Duke of YORK: His Behavior, during That Campaign, was such, as distinguish'd the SACKVILLE descended from that HILDEBRAND of the Name, who was one of the greatest Captains that came into ENGLAND with the Conqueror. But His making a Song the Night before the Engagement (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a Presence of Mind, and such an unusual Gallantry, that it deserves as much to be Recorded, as ALEXANDER's jesting with his Soldiers, before he passed the GRANICUS: or WILLIAM the First of ORANGE, giving Order over Night for a Battel, and desiring to be called in the Morning, lest He should happen to Sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining Part of King CHARLES's Reign, He continued to Live in Honorable Leisure. He
was

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was of the Bed-chamber to the King; and Possessed not only His Master's Favor, but (in a great Degree) His Familiarity; never leaving the Court, but when He was sent to That of FRANCE, on some short Commissions and Embassies of Compliment: as if the King designed to show the FRENCH, (who would be thought the Politest Nation) that one of the Finest Gentlemen in EUROPE was His Subject; and that We had a Prince who understood His Worth so well, as not to suffer Him to be long out of his Presence.

The succeeding Reign neither relish'd my Lord's Wit, nor approved His Maxims: so He retired altogether from Court. But as the irretrievable Mistakes of That unhappy Government, went on to Threaten the Nation with something more Terrible than a *Dutch* War: He thought it became Him to resume the Courage of His Youth, and once more to Engage Himself in defending the Liberty of his Countrey. He entred into the Prince of ORANGE's Interest; and carried on His Part of That great Enterprise here in LONDON, and under the Eye of the Court; with the same Resolution, as His Friend and Fellow-Patriot the late Duke of DEVONSHIRE did in open Arms at NOTTINGHAM;

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H A M; 'till the Dangers of those Times increased to Extremity; and just Apprehensions arose for the Safety of the Princess, our present Glorious Queen: then the Earl of D O R S E T was thought the properest Guide of Her necessary Flight, and the Person under whose Courage and Direction the Nation might most safely Trust a Charge so Precious and Important.

After the Establishment of Their late Majesties upon the Throne, there was Room again at Court for Men of my Lord's Character. He had a Part in the Councils of those Princes; a great Share in their Friendship; and all the Marks of Distinction, with which a good Government could reward a Patriot. He was made Chamberlain of their Majesties Household; a Place which He so eminently Adorn'd by the Grace of His Person, the Fineness of His Breeding, and the Knowledge and Practice of what was Decent and Magnificent; that He could only be Rivalled in these Qualifications by one great Man, who has since held the same Staff.

The last Honors He received from His Sovereign, (and indeed they were the Greatest which a Subject could receive) were, that He was made Knight of the Garter,

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Garter, and constituted One of the Regents of the Kingdom, during His Majesty's Absence. But his Health, about that time, sensibly Declining; and the Public Affairs not Threatned by any Imminent Danger; He left the Business to Those who delighted more in the State of it; and appeared only sometimes at Council, to show his Respect to the Commission: giving as much Leisure as He could to the Relief of those Pains, with which it pleased God to Afflict Him; and Indulging the Reflexions of a Mind, that had looked thro' the World with too piercing an Eye, and was grown weary of the Prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this Great Man, with Regard to the Public, that thro' the Course of his Life, He Acted like an able Pilot in a long Voyage; contented to sit Quiet in the Cabin, when the Winds were allayed, and the Waters smooth; but Vigilant and Ready to resume the Helm, when the Storm arose, and the Sea grew Tumultuous.

I ask Your Pardon, My Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord DORSET's Character: if I examine it not without some Intention of finding Fault; and (which is an odd way of making
ing

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ing a Panegyric) set his Blemishes and Imperfections in open View.

The Fire of His Youth carried Him to some Excesses : but they were accompanied with a most lively Invention, and true Humour. The little Violences and easie Mistakes of a Night too gayly spent, (and That too in the Beginning of Life) were always set Right, the next Day, with great Humanity, and ample Retribution. His Faults brought their Excuse with them, and his very Failings had their Beauties. So much Sweetness accompanied what He said, and so great Generosity what He did ; that People were always prepossess'd in his Favor : and it was in Fact true, what the late Earl of ROCHESTER said, in Jest, to King CHARLES ; That He did not know how it was, but my Lord DORSET might do any thing, yet was never to Blame.

He was naturally very subject to Passion ; but the short Gust was soon over, and served only to set off the Charms of his Temper, when more Compos'd. That very Passion broke out with a Force of Wit, which made even Anger agreeable : While it lasted, He said and forgot a thousand Things, which other Men would have been glad to have studied and wrote : but the Impetuosity was Corrected upon a Moment's Reflection ;

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fection; and the Measure altered with such Grace and Delicacy, that You could scarce perceive where the Key was Changed.

He was very Sharp in his Reflections; but never in the wrong Place. His Darts were sure to Wound; but they were sure too to hit None, but those whose Follies gave him very fair Aim. And when He allowed no Quarter; He had certainly been provoked by more than common Error: by Men's tedious and circumstantial Recitals of their Affairs; or by their multiply'd Questions about his own: by extreme Ignorance and Impertinence; or the mixture of these, an ill-judg'd and never-ceasing Civility: or lastly, by the two Things which were his utter Aversion; the Insinuation of a Flatterer, and the Whisper of a Tale-bearer.

If therefore We set the Piece in it's worst Position; if it's Faults be most exposed, the Shades will still appear very finely join'd with their Lights; and every Imperfection will be diminished by the Lustre of some Neighb'ring Virtue. But if we turn the great Drawings and wonderful Colourings to their true Light; the Whole must appear Beautiful, Noble, Admirable.

He possessed all those Virtues in the highest Degree, upon which the Pleasure of Society,

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ciety, and the Happiness of Life depend : and He exercised them with the greatest Decency, and best Manners. As good Nature is said, by a great * Author, to belong more particularly to the ENGLISH, than any other Nation ; it may again be said, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of DORSET, than to any other ENGLISH Man.

A kind Husband He was, without Fondness : and an indulgent Father, without Partiality. So extraordinary good a Master, that This Quality ought indeed to have been number'd among his Defects : for He was often worse served than became his Station ; from his Unwillingness to assume an Authority too Severe. And, during those little Transports of Passion, to which I just now said He was subject ; I have known his Servants get into his way, that They might make a Merit of it immediately after : for He that had the good Fortune to be Chid, was sure of being Rewarded for it.

His Table was one of the Last, that gave Us an Example of the Old House-keeping of an ENGLISH Nobleman. A Freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his Guests think Himself at Home : and an Abun-

* Sprat. *Hist. of the Royal Society.*

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Abundance, which shewed that the Master's Hospitality extended to many More, than Those who had the Honor to sit at Table with Him.

In his Dealings with Others; his Care and Exactness, that every Man should have his Due, was such, that You would think He had never seen a Court: the Politeness and Civility with which this Justice was administered, would convince You He never had lived out of One.

He was so strict an Observer of his Word, that no Consideration whatever, could make him break it: yet so cautious, lest the Merit of his Act should arise from that Obligation only; that He usually did the greatest Favors, without making any previous Promise. So inviolable was He in his Friendship, and so kind to the Character of Those, whom He had once Honored with a more intimate Acquaintance; that nothing less than a Demonstration of some Essential Fault, could make Him break with Them: and then too, his good Nature did not consent to it, without the greatest Reluctance and Difficulty. Let me give one Instance of this amongst many. When, as Lord Chamberlain, He was obliged to take the King's Pension from Mr. DRYDEN, who had long before put Himself out of a Possibility

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bility of Receiving any Favor from the Court: my Lord allowed him an Equivalent, out of his own Estate. However displeased with the Conduct of his old Acquaintance, He relieved his Necessities; and while He gave Him his Assistance in Private; in Public, He extenuated and pitied his Error.

The Foundation indeed of these Excellent Qualities, and the Perfection of my Lord DORSET's Character, was That unbounded Charity which ran through the whole Tenor of his Life; and sat as visibly Predominant over the other Faculties of his Soul; as She is said to do in Heaven, above Her Sister Virtues.

Crouds of Poor daily thronged his Gates, expecting thence their Bread: and were still lessened by His sending the most proper Objects of his Bounty to Apprenticeships, or Hospitals. The Lazar and the Sick, as He accidentally saw them, were removed from the Street to the Physician: and Many of Them not only restored to Health; but supplied with what might enable Them to resume their former Callings, and make their future Life happy. The Prisoner has often been released, by my Lord's paying the Debt; and the Condemned has been saved by his Intercession with the Sovereign; where

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where He thought the Letter of the Law too rigid. To Those whose Circumstances were such as made Them ashamed of their Poverty, He knew how to bestow his Munificence, without offending their Modesty; and under the Notion of frequent Presents, gave Them what amounted to a Subsistence. v Many yet alive know This to be true, though He told it to None, nor ever was more uneasy, than when any one mention'd it to Him.

We may find among the *Greeks* and *Latins*, TIBULLUS, and GALLUS; the Noblemen that writ Poetry: AUGUSTUS and MÆCENAS; the Protectors of Learning: ARISTIDES, the good Citizen; and ATTICUS, the well-bred Friend: and bring Them in, as Examples, of my Lord DORSET's Wit; His Judgment; His Justice; and His Civility. But for His Charity, My Lord, We can scarce find a Parallel in History it self.

TITUS was not more the *Deliciæ Humani generis*, on this Account, than my Lord DORSET was. And, without any Exaggeration, that Prince did not do more good in Proportion out of the Revenue of the *Roman* Empire, than Your Father out of the Income of a private Estate. Let this, my Lord, remain to You and Your
Posterity

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Posterity a Possession for ever; to be Imitated, and if possible, to be Excelled.

As to my own Particular, I scarce knew what Life was, sooner than I found my self obliged to His Favor; nor have had Reason to feel any Sorrow, so sensibly as That of His Death.

*Ille dies——quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic Dī voluistis) habebo.*

ÆNEAS could not reflect upon the loss of His own Father with greater Piety, My Lord, than I must recall the Memory of Yours: and when I think whose Son I am writing to, the least I promise my self from Your Goodness is an uninterrupted Continuance of Favor, and a Friendship for Life. To which, that I may with some Justice Intitle my self, I send Your Lordship a Dedication, not filled with a long Detail of Your Praises, but with my sincerest Wishes that You may Deserve them. That You may Imploy those extraordinary Parts and Abilities with which Heaven has blessed You, to the Honor of Your Family, the Benefit of Your Friends, and the Good of Your Country; That all Your Actions may be Great, Open and Noble, such as may tell the World whose Son and whose Successor You are.

What

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What I now offer to Your Lordship is a Collection of Poetry, a kind of Garland of Good Will. If any Verses of My Writing should appear in Print, under another Name and Patronage, than That of an Earl of DORSET, People might suspect them not to be Genuine. I have attained my present End, if these Poems prove the Diversion of some of Your Youthful Hours, as they have been occasionally the Amusement of some of Mine; and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller Sheaf, and lay some Pieces of a very different Nature (the Product of my severer Studies) at Your Lordship's Feet, I shall engage Your more serious Reflection: Happy, if in all my Endeavours I may contribute to Your Delight, or to Your Instruction. I am, with all Duty and Respect,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

most Obedient, and

most Humble Servant,

MAT. PRIOR,



P R E F A C E.



THE Greatest Part of what I have Written having already been Published, either singly or in some of the Miscellanies, it would be too late for Me to make any Excuse for appearing in Print. But a Collection of Poems has lately appeared under my Name, tho' without my Knowledge, in which the Publisher has given Me the Honor of some Things that did not belong to Me; and has Transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be Mine. This has obliged Me, in my own Defence, to look back upon some of those lighter Studies, which I ought long since to have quitted, and to Publish an indifferent Collection of Poems, for fear of being thought the Author of a worse.

Thus I beg Pardon of the Public for Reprinting some Pieces, which, as they came singly from their first Impression, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. TONSON's Shop; and adding others to them, which were never before Printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a Corner of my own Study.

The Reader will, I hope, make Allowance for their having been written at very distant Times, and on very different Occasions; and take them at
B *they*

P R E F A C E.

they happen to come, Public Panegyrics, Amorous Odes, serious Reflections, or idle Tales, the Product of his leisure Hours, who had Business enough upon his Hands, and was only a Poet by Accident.

I take this Occasion to thank my good Friend and School-fellow Mr. DIBBEN, for his excellent Version of the Carmen Seculare, though my Gratitude may justly carry a little Envy with it; for I believe the most accurate Judges will find the Translation exceed the Original.

I must likewise own my self obliged to Mrs. SINGER, who has given Me Leave to Print a Pastoral of Her Writing; That Poem having produced the Verses immediately following it. I wish She might be prevailed with to publish some other Pieces of that Kind, in which the Softness of Her Sex, and the Fineness of Her Genius, conspire to give Her a very distinguishing Character.



P O S T.



POSTSCRIPT.



Must help my Preface by a Postscript, to tell the Reader, that there is ten Years Distance between my writing the One and the Other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere said, that I would publish no more Poetry) He will find several Copies of Verses scattered through this Edition, which were not printed in the First. Those relating to the Publick stand in the Order They did before, and according to the several Years, in which They were written; however the Disposition of our National Affairs, the Actions, or the Fortunes of some Men, and the Opinions of others may have changed. Prose, and other Human Things may take what Turn they can; but Poetry, which pretends to have something of Divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered, when the Author has already said, that He expects His Works should Live for Ever. And it had been very foolish in my Friend HORACE, if some Years after His Exegi Monumentum, He should have desired to see his Building taken down again.

The Dedication likewise is Reprinted to the Earl of DORSET, in the foregoing Leaves, without any Alteration; though I had the fairest Opportunity, and the strongest Inclination to have added a great deal to it. The blooming Hopes, which I said

P O S T S C R I P T.

the World expected from my then very Young Patron, have been confirmed by most Noble and distinguished First-Fruits; and His Life is going on towards a plentiful Harvest of all accumulated Virtues. He has, in Fact, exceeded whatever the Fondness of my Wishes could invent in His Favor: His equally Good and Beautiful Lady enjoys in Him an Indulgent and Obliging Husband; His Children, a Kind and Careful Father; and His Acquaintance, a Faithful, Generous, and Polite Friend. His Fellow-Peers have attended to the Perswasion of His Eloquence; and have been convinced by the Solidity of His Reasoning. He has, long since, deserved and attained the Honor of the Garter. He has managed some of the greatest Charges of the Kingdom with known Ability; and laid them down with entire Disinterestment. And as He continues the Exercises of these eminent Virtues (which that He may do to a very old Age, shall be my perpetual Wish) He may be One of the Greatest Men that our Age, or possibly our Nation has bred; and leave Materials for a Panegyric, not unworthy the Pen of some future PLINY.

From so Noble a Subject as the Earl of DORSET, to so mean a one as my self, is (I confess) a very Pindaric Transition. I shall only say one Word, and trouble the Reader no further. I published my Poems formerly, as Monsieur JOURDAIN sold his Silk: He would not be thought a Tradesman; but ordered some Pieces to be measured out to his particular Friends. Now I give up my Shop, and dispose of all my Poetical Goods at once: I must therefore desire, that the Public would please to take them in the Gross; and that every Body would turn over what He does not like.

P O E M S



P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

On *Exodus* iii. 14. *I am that I am.*

An O D E.

*Written in 1688, as an Exercise at St. JOHN'S
College, CAMBRIDGE.*

I.



MAN! Foolish Man!

Scarce know'st thou how thy self began;
Scarce hast thou Thought enough to prove
Thou art;

Yet steel'd with study'd Boldness, thou
dar'st try

To send thy doubting Reason's dazled Eye

B 3

Through

2 *POEMS on several Occasions.*

Through the mysterious Gulph of vast Immensity.
Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.

Vain Wretch! suppress thy knowing Pride;
Mortifie thy learned Lust:
Vain are thy Thoughts, while thou thy self art Dust.

II.

Let Wit her Sails, her Oars let Wisdom lend;
The Helm let politick Experience guide:
Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd Bark shall ride
Down spreading Fate's unnavigable Tide.

What, tho' still it farther tend?
Still 'tis farther from its End;
And, in the Bosom of that boundless Sea,
Still finds its Error lengthen with its Way.

III.

With daring Pride and insolent Delight
Your Doubts resolv'd you boast, your Labours crown'd;
And, 'E T P H K A! your God, forsooth is found
Incomprehensible and Infinite.

But is He therefore found? Vain Searcher! no:
Let your imperfect Definition show,
That nothing You, the weak Definer, know.

IV.

Say, why shou'd the collected Main
It self within it self contain?
Why to its Caverns shou'd it sometimes creep,
And with delighted Silence sleep
On the lov'd Bosom of its Parent Deep?
Why shou'd its num'rous Waters stay
In comely Discipline, and fair Array,
'Till Winds and Tides exert their high Command?
Then prompt and ready to obey,

Why

Why do the rising Surges spread
 Their op'ning Ranks o'er Earth's submissive Head,
 Marching thro' different Paths to different Lands?

V.

Why does the constant Sun
 With measur'd Steps his radiant Journeys run?
 Why does He order the Diurnal Hours
 To leave Earth's other Part, and rise in Ours?
 Why does He wake the correspondent Moon,
 And fill her willing Lamp with liquid Light,
 Commanding Her with delegated Pow'rs
 To beautifie the World, and bless the Night?

Why does each animated Star
 Love the just Limits of it's proper Sphere?

Why does each consenting Sign
 With prudent Harmony combine
 In Turns to move, and subsequent appear,
 To gird the Globe, and regulate the Year?

VI.

Man does with dangerous Curiosity

These unfathom'd Wonders try:
 With fancy'd Rules and arbitrary Laws
 Matter and Motion he restrains;
 And study'd Lines and fictitious Circles draws:

Then with imagin'd Sovereignty
 Lord of his new HYPOTHESIS he reigns.
 He reigns: How long? 'till some Usurper rise;
 And he too, mighty Thoughtful, mighty Wise,
 Studies new Lines, and other Circles feigns.
 From this last Toil again what Knowledge flows?

Just as much, perhaps, as flows,

That all his Predecessor's Rules
 Were empty Cant, all JARGON of the Schools;

POEMS on several Occasions.

That he on t'other's Ruin rears his Throne;
'And shows his Friend's Mistake, and thence confirms his
VII. [own.

On Earth, in Air, amidst the Seas and Skies,
Mountainous Heaps of Wonders rise;
Whose tow'ring Strength will ne'er submit
To Reason's Batteries, or the Mines of Wit:
Yet still enquiring, still mistaking Man,
Each Hour repuls'd, each Hour dare onward press;
And levelling at GOD his wandring Guess,
(That feeble Engine of his reasoning War,
Which guides his Doubts, and combats his Despair)
Laws to his Maker the learn'd Wretch can give:
Can bound that Nature, and prescribe that Will,
Whose pregnant Word did either Ocean fill: [and live.
Can tell us whence all BEINGS are, and how they move
Thro' either Ocean, foolish Man!

That pregnant Word sent forth again,
Might to a World extend each ATOM there;
For every Drop call forth a Sea, a Heav'n for every Star.

VIII.

Let cunning Earth her fruitful Wonders hide;
And only lift thy staggering Reason up
To trembling CALVARY's astonish'd Top;
Then mock thy Knowledge, and confound thy Pride,
Explaining how Perfection suffer'd Pain,
Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dy'd:
How by her Patient Victor Death was slain;
And Earth prophan'd, yet bless'd with Deicide.
Then down with all thy boasted Volumes, down;
Only reserve the Sacred One:
Low, reverently low,
Make thy stubborn Knowledge bow;

Weep

Weep out thy Reason's, and thy Body's Eyes;
Deject thy self, that Thou may'st rise;
To look to Heav'n, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering Light, shall give
Her Immortal Perspective;
And Grace's Presence Nature's Loss retrieve:
Then thy enliven'd Soul shall see,
That all the Volumes of Philosophy,
With all their Comments, never cou'd invent
So politick an Instrument,
To reach the Heav'n of Heav'ns, the high Abode,
Where MOSES places his Mysterious God,
As was that Ladder which old JACOB rear'd,
When Light Divine had human Darkness clear'd;
And his enlarg'd Ideas found the Road,
Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

TO THE
COUNTESSES of EXETER,
Playing on the LUTE.

WHAT Charms You have, from what high Race
You sprung,
Have been the pleasing Subjects of my Song:
Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ.
Of CA'NDISH Beauty join'd to CECIL's Wit.

But when you please to show the lab'ring Muse,
 What greater Theam your Musick can produce;
 My babling Praises I repeat no more,
 But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.

The PERSIANS thus, first gazing on the Sun,
 Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone;
 But, as his Pow'r was known, their Thoughts were rais'd;
 And soon they worship'd, what at first they prais'd.

ELIZA's Glory lives in SPENCER's Song;
 And COWLEY's Verse keeps fair ORINDA young.
 That as in Birth, in Beauty You excell,
 The Muse might dictate, and the Poet tell:
 Your Art no other Art can speak; and You,
 To show how well you play, must play anew:
 Your Musick's Pow'r your Musick must disclose;
 For what Light is, 'tis only Light that shows.

Strange Force of Harmony, that thus controuls
 Our Thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our Souls:
 While with its utmost Art your Sex cou'd move
 Our Wonder only, or at best our Love:
 You far above Both these your GOD did place,
 That your high Pow'r might worldly Thoughts destroy;
 That with your Numbers You our Zeal might raise,
 And, like Himself, communicate your Joy.

When to your Native Heav'n You shall repair,
 And with your Presence crown the Blessings there;
 Your Lute may wind its Strings but little higher,
 To tune their Notes to that immortal Quire.
 Your Art is perfect here; your Numbers do,
 More than our Books, make the rude Atheist know,
 That there's a Heav'n, by what he hears below.

✕ As in some Piece, while LUKE his Skill exprest,
 A cunning Angel came, and drew the rest:
 So, when You play, some Godhead does impart
 Harmonious Aid, Divinity helps Art;
 Some Cherub finishes what You begun,
 And to a Miracle improves a Tune.

To burning ROME when frantick NERO play'd,
 Viewing that Face, no more he had survey'd
 The raging Flames; but struck with strange Surprize,
 Confest them less than those of ANNA's Eyes:
 But, had he heard thy Lute, He soon had found
 His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd:
 Thine, like AMPHION's Hand, had wak'd the Stone,
 And from Destruction call'd the rising Town:
 Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield;
 Nor could he Burn so fast, as Thou cou'dst Build.

PICTURE of SENECA
dying in a BATH.

By JORDAIN.

At the Right Honourable the EARL of EXETER's
at Burleigh-House.

WHILE cruel NERO only drains
 The moral SPANIARD's ebbing Veins,
 By Study worn, and slack with Age,
 How dull, how thoughtless is his Rage!
 Heighten'd Revenge He should have took;
 He should have burnt his Tutor's Book;

And

And long have reign'd supream in Vice:
 One nobler Wretch can only rise;
 'Tis he whose Fury shall deface
 The Stoic's Image in this Piece.
 For while unhurt, divine JORDAIN,
 Thy Work and SENECA's remain,
 He still has Body, still has Soul,
 And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.

An O D E.

I.

WHILE blooming Youth, and gay Delight
 Sit on thy rosey Cheeks confest,
 Thou hast, my Dear, undoubted Right
 To triumph o'er this destin'd Breast.
 My Reason bends to what thy Eyes ordain;
 For I was born to Love, and Thou to Reign.

II.

But would You meanly thus rely
 On Power, You know I must Obey?
 Exert a Legal Tyranny;
 And do an Ill, because You may?
 Still must I Thee, as Atheists Heav'n adore;
 Not see thy Mercy, and yet dread thy Power?

III.

* Take Heed, my Dear, Youth flies apace;
 As well as CUPID, TIME is blind:

Soon

POEMS on several Occasions.

9

Soon must those Glories of thy Face
The Fate of vulgar Beauty find:
The Thousand Loves, that arm thy potent Eye,
Must drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die:

IV.

Then wilt Thou sigh, when in each Frown
A hateful Wrinkle more appears;
And putting peevish Humours on,
Seems but the sad Effect of Years:
Kindness it self too weak a Charm will prove,
To raise the feeble Fires of aged Love.

V.

Forc'd Compliments, and formal Bows
Will show Thee just above Neglect:
The Heat, with which thy Lover glows,
Will settle into cold Respect:
A talking dull Platonic I shall turn;
Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

VI.

Then shunn the Ill, and know, my Dear,
Kindness and Constancy will prove
The only Pillars fit to bear
So vast a Weight, as that of Love.
If thou canst wish to make My Flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

Haste, CELIA, haste, while Youth invites,
Obey kind CUPID's present Voice;
Fill ev'ry Sense with soft Delights,
And give thy Soul a Loose to Joys:
Let Millions of repeated Blissess prove,
That Thou all Kindness art, and I all Love.

VIII. Be

VIII.

Be Mine, and only Mine; take care
 Thy Looks, thy Thoughts, thy Dreams to guide
 To Me alone; nor come so far,
 As liking any Youth beside:

= What Men e'er court Thee, fly 'em, and believe,
 = They're Serpents all, and Thou the tempted Eve.

IX.

So shall I court thy dearest Truth,
 When Beauty ceases to engage;
 So thinking on thy charming Youth,
 I'll love it o'er again in Age:
 So TIME it self our Raptures shall improve,
 While still We wake to Joy, and live to Love.

An EPISTLE to
Fleetwood Shephard, Esq;

Burleigh, May 14, 1689.

S I R,

AS once a Twelvemonth to the Priest,
 Holy at ROME, here Antichrist,
 The SPANISH King presents a Jennet,
 To show his Love; — That's all that's in it:
 For if his Holiness wou'd thump
 His reverend Bum 'gainst Horse's Rump,
 He might b'equipt from his own Stable
 With one more White, and eke more Able.

Or

Or as with Gondola's and Men, His
 Good Excellence the Duke of VENICE
 (I wish, for Rhime, 't had been the King)
 Sails out, and gives the Gulph a Ring;
 Which Trick of State, He wisely maintains,
 Keeps Kindness up 'twixt old Acquaintance:
 For else, in honest Truth, the Sea
 Has much less need of Gold, than He.

Or, not to rove, and pump one's Fancy
 For Popish Similies beyond Sea;
 As Folks from Mud-wall'd Tenement
 Bring Landlords Pepper-Corn for Rent;
 Present a Turkey, or a Hen
 To Those might better spare Them Ten:
 Ev'n so, with all Submission, I
 (For first Men instance, then apply)
 Send You each Year a homely Letter,
 Who may return Me much a better.

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
 To pay Respect, and not show Wit:
 Nor look askew at what it saith;
 There's no Petition in it, ——— 'Faith.

Here some would scratch their Heads, and try
 What They shou'd write, and How, and Why;
 But I conceive, such Folks are quite in
 Mistakes, in Theory of Writing.
 If once for Principle 'tis laid,
 That Thought is Trouble to the Head;
 I argue thus: The World agrees,
 That He writes well, who writes with Ease:
 Then He, by Sequel Logical,
 Writes best, who never thinks at all.

Verse

12 POEMS on several Occasions.

Verse comes from Heav'n, like inward Light;
 Meer human Pains can ne'er come by't:
 The God, not we, the Poem makes;
 We only tell Folks what He speaks.
 Hence, when Anatomists discourse,
 How like Brutes Organs are to Ours;
 They grant, if higher Powers think fit,
 A Bear might soon be made a Wit;
 And that, for any thing in Nature,
 Pigs might squeak Love-Odes, Dogs bark Satyr.

MEMNON, tho' Stone, was counted vocal;
 But 'twas the God, mean while, that spoke all.
 ROME oft has heard a Cross haranguing,
 With prompting Priest behind the Hanging:
 The Wooden Head resolv'd the Question;
 While You and PETTIS help'd the Jest on.

Your crabbed Rogues, that read LUCRETIVS,
 Are against Gods, You know; and teach us,
 The God makes not the Poet; but
 The Thesis, *vice-versâ* put,
 Should *Hebrew-wise* be understood;
 And means, The Poet makes the God.

ÆGYPTIAN Gard'ners thus are said to
 Have set the Leeks they after pray'd to;
 And ROMISH Bakers praise the Deity
 They chipp'd, while yet in its Paniety.

That when You Poets swear and cry,
 The God inspires; I rave, I die;
 If inward Wind does truly swell Ye,
 'T must be the Cholick in your Belly:
 That Writing is but just like Dice;
 And lucky Mains make People Wise:

That

That jumbled Words, if Fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as DRYDEN, form a Poem;
Or make a Speech, correct and witty,
As you know who—— at the Committee.

So Atoms dancing round the Center,
They urge, made all Things at a Venture.

But granting Matters shou'd be spoke
By Method, rather than by Luck;
This may confine their younger Stiles,
Whom DRYDEN pedagogues at WILL's:
But never cou'd be meant to tye
Authentic Wits, like You and I:

For as young Children, who are try'd in
Go-Carts, to keep their Steps from sliding;
When Members knit, and Legs grow stronger,
Make use of such Machine no longer;
But leap *pro Libitu*, and scout
On Horse call'd Hobby, or without:
So when at School we first declaim,
Old BUSBEY walks us in a Theme,
Whose Props support our Infant Vein,
And help the Rickets in the Brain:
But when our Souls their Force dilate,
And Thoughts grow up to Wit's Estate;
In Verse or Prose, We write or chat,
Not Six-Pence Matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an Author says;
But 'tis how much, that gathers Praise.

TONSON, who is himself a Wit,
Counts Writers Merits by the Sheet.
Thus each should down with all he thinks,
As Boys eat Bread, to fill up Chinks,

Kind

14 POEMS on several Occasions.

Kind Sir, I shou'd be glad to see You;
I hope Y'are well; so God be wi' You;
Was all I thought at first to write:
But Things, since then, are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high:
So God knows when my Clack will lye:
I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your Pardon yet this half Hour.

So at pure Barn of loud NON-CON,
Where with my Granam I have gone,
When I O B B had sifted all his Text,
And I well hop'd the Pudding next;
Now to apply, has plagu'd me more,
Than all his Villain Cant before.

For your Religion, first, of Her
Your Friends do fav'ry Things aver:
They say, She's honest, as your Claret,
Not sowr'd with Cant, nor stum'd with Merit:
Your Chamber is the sole Retreat
Of Chaplains ev'ry SUNDAY Night:
Of Grace, no doubt, a certain Sign,
When Lay-Man herds with Man Divine:
For if their Fame be justly great,
Who wou'd no Popish Nuncio treat;
That His is greater, We must grant,
Who will treat Nuncio's Protestant.
One single Positive weighs more,
You know, than Negatives a Score.

In Politicks, I hear, You're stanch;
Directly bent against the FRENCH;
Deny to have your free-born Toe
Dragoon'd into a Wooden Shoe:

Are

Are in no Plots; but fairly drive at
The Publick Welfare, in your Private:
And will, for ENGLAND's Glory, try
Turks, Jews, and Jesuits to defy,
And keep your Places till You die.

For me, whom wandring Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the Town and You;
Let me just tell You how my Time is
Past in a Country-Life.———*Imprimis,*
As soon as PHOEBUS' Rays inspect us,
First, Sir, I read, and then I Breakfast;
So on, 'till foresaid God does set,
I sometimes Study, sometimes Eat.

Thus, of your Heroes, and brave Boys,
With whom old HOMER makes such Noise,
The greatest Actions I can find,
Are, that they did their Work, and Din'd.

The Books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are such, as You have whilom con'd;
That treat of CHINA's Civil Law,
And Subjects Rights in GOLCONDA;
Of Highway-Elephants at CEYLAN,
That rob in Clans, like Men o'th' HIGHLAND;
Of Apes that storm, or keep a Town,
As well almost, as Count LAUZUN;
Of Unicorns and Alligators,
Elks, Mermaids, Mummies, Witches, Satyrs,
And twenty other stranger Matters;
Which, tho' they're Things I've no Concern in,
Make all our Grooms admire my Learning.

Criticks I read on other Men,
And Hypers upon Them again;
From whose Remarks I give Opinion
On twenty Books, yet ne'er look in One.

Then all your Wits that fear and sham,
Down from DON QUIXOTE to TOM TRAM;
From whom I Jests and Punns purloin,
And flily put 'em off for Mine:
Fond to be thought a Country Wit:
The rest,———when Fate and You think fit.

Sometimes I climb my Mare, and kick her
To bottl'd Ale, and neighbouring Vicar;
Sometimes at STAMFORD take a Quart,
Squire SHEPHARD'S Health,——— With all my Heart.

Thus, without much Delight, or Grief,
I fool away an idle Life;
'Till SHADWELL from the Town retires,
(Choak'd up with Fame and Sea-coal Fires,)
To bless the Wood with peaceful Lyric;
Then hey for Praise and Panegyric;
Justice restor'd, and Nations freed,
And Wreaths round WILLIAM'S glorious Head.



TO THE
COUNTESS of DORSET.

Written in her MILTON.

By Mr. BRADBURY.

SEE here how bright the first-born Virgin shone,
And how the first fond Lover was undone.

Such charming Words our beauteous Mother spoke,
As MILTON wrote, and such as Yours Her Look.

Yours, the best Copy of th' Original Face,
Whose Beauty was to furnish all the Race:

Such Chains no Author cou'd escape but He;
There's no Way to be safe, but not to See.

TO THE
LADY DURSLEY,

On the same Subject.

HERE reading how fond ADAM was betray'd,
And how by Sin EVE's blasted Charms decay'd;

Our common Loss unjustly You complain;
So small that Part of it, which You sustain,

You

You still, fair Mother, in your Offspring trace
The Stock of Beauty destin'd for the Race:
Kind Nature, forming Them, the Pattern took
From Heav'n's first Work, and EVE's Original Look.

You, happy Saint, the Serpent's Pow'r controul:
Scarce any actual Guilt defiles your Soul:
And Hell does o'er that Mind vain Triumph boast,
Which gains a Heav'n, for earthly EDEN lost.

With Virtue strong as Yours had EVE been arm'd,
In vain the Fruit had blush'd, or Serpent charm'd:
Nor had our Bliss by Penitence been bought;
Nor had frail ADAM fall'n, nor MILTON wrote.

T O

My LORD BUCKHURST,

Very Young,

Playing with a CAT.

THE am'rous Youth, whose tender Breast
Was by his darling Cat possess'd,
Obtain'd of VENUS his Desire,
Howe'er irregular his Fire:
Nature the Pow'r of Love obey'd:
The Cat became a blushing Maid;
And, on the happy Change, the Boy
Imploy'd his Wonder, and his Joy.

Take

Take care, O beauteous Child, take care,
Lest Thou prefer so rash a Pray'r:
Nor vainly hope, the Queen of Love
Will e'er thy Fav'rite's Charms improve.
O quickly from her Shrine retreat;
Or tremble for thy Darling's Fate.

The Queen of Love, who soon will see
Her own ADONIS live in Thee,
Will lightly her first Loss deplore;
Will easily forgive the Boar:
Her Eyes with Tears no more will flow;
With jealous Rage her Breast will glow:
And on her tabby Rival's Face
She deep will mark her new Disgrace.

An O D E.

I.

WHILE from our Looks, fair Nymph, You guess
The secret Passions of our Mind;
My heavy Eyes, You say, confess
A Heart to Love and Grief inclin'd.

II.

There needs, alas! but little Art,
To have this fatal Secret found:
With the same Ease You threw the Dart,
'Tis certain You may show the Wound.

III.

How can I see You, and not love;
While You as op'ning East are fair?

While

While cold as Northern Blasts You prove;
How can I love, and not despair?

IV.

The Wretch in double Fetters bound
Your Potent Mercy may release:
Soon, if my Love but once were crown'd,
Fair Prophetess, my Grief would cease.

A S O N G.

IN vain You tell your parting Lover,
You wish fair Winds may waft Him over.
Alas! what Winds can happy prove,
That bear Me far from what I love?
Alas! what Dangers on the Main
Can equal Those that I sustain,
From flighted Vows, and cold Disdain?
Be gentle, and in Pity choose
To wish the wildest Tempests loose:
That thrown again upon the Coast,
Where first my Shipwrackt Heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my Pain;
Once more in dying Notes complain
Of flighted Vows, and cold Disdain.



THE
DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS shun'd his Fellow Swains,
Their rural Sports, and jocund Strains:
(Heav'n guard us all from CUPID's Bow!)
He lost his Crook, He left his Flocks;
And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,
He nourish'd endless Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round Him came:
His Grief Some pity, Others blame;
The fatal Cause All kindly seek:
He mingled his Concern with Theirs;
He gave 'em back their friendly Tears;
He sigh'd, but wou'd not speak.

CLORINDA came among the rest;
And She too kind Concern exprest,
And ask'd the Reason of his Woe:
She ask'd, but with an Air and Mein,
That made it easily foreseen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head;
And will You pardon Me, He said,
While I the cruel Truth reveal?
Which nothing from my Breast shou'd tear;
Which never shou'd offend Your Ear,
But that You bid Me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since You appear'd upon the Plain;
 You are the Cause of all my Care:
 Your Eyes ten thousand Dangers dart:
 Ten thousand Torments vex My Heart:
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, ALEXIS, I have heard:
 'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I fear'd:
 And yet I pardon You, She cry'd:
 But You shall promise ne'er again
 To breath your Vows, or speak your Pain:
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

To the Honourable
CHARLES MONTAGUE, Esq;

I.

HOWE'ER, 'tis well, that while Mankind
 Thro' Fate's perverse *Meander* errs,
 He can Imagin'd Pleasures find,
 To combat against Real Cares.

II.

Fancies and Notions He pursues,
 Which ne'er had Being but in Thought:
 Each, like the GRÆCIAN Artist, woo's
 The Image He himself has wrought.

III.

Against Experience He believes;
 He argues against Demonstration;

Pleas'd,

Pleas'd, when his Reason He deceives ;
And sets his Judgment by his Passion.

IV.

The hoary Fool, who many Days
Has struggl'd with continu'd Sorrow,
Renews his Hope, and blindly lays
The desp'rate Bett upon to Morrow.

V.

To Morrow comes: 'tis Noon, 'tis Night;
This Day like all the former flies:
Yet on He runs, to seek Delight
To Morrow, 'till to Night He dies.

VI.

Our Hopes, like tow'ring Falcons, aim
At Objects in an airy height:
The little Pleasure of the Game
Is from afar to view the Flight.

VII.

Our anxious Pains We, all the Day,
In search of what We like, employ:
Scorning at Night the worthless Prey,
We find the Labour gave the Joy.

VIII.

At Distance thro' an artful Glass
To the Mind's Eye Things well appear:
They lose their Forms, and make a Mass
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

IX.

If We see right, We see our Woes:
Then what avails it to have Eyes?
From Ignorance our Comfort flows:
The only Wretched are the Wise.

X.

We weary'd should lye down in Death :
 This Cheat of Life would take no more;
 If Yon thought Fame but empty Breath;
 I, PHILLIS but a perjur'd Whore.

H Y M N to the S U N.

Set by Dr. PURCEL,

And Sung before their MAJESTIES
 On New-Years-Days, 1694.

I.

LIGHT of the World, and Ruler of the Year,
 With happy Speed begin Thy great Career;
 And, as Thou dost thy radiant Journies run,
 Through every distant Climate own,
 That in fair ALBION Thou hast seen
 The greatest Prince, the brightest Queen,
 That ever fav'd a Land, or blest a Throne, [known.
 Since first Thy Beams were spread, or Genial Power was

II.

So may Thy Godhead be confest,
 So the returning Year be blest,
 As his Infant Months bestow
 Springing Wreaths for WILLIAM's Brow;
 As His Summer's Youth shall shed
 Eternal Sweets around MARIA's Head.

From

From the Blessings They bestow,

Our Times are dated, and our *Æra's* move:

They govern, and enlighten all Below,

As thou dost all Above.

III.

Let our Hero in the War

Active and fierce, like Thee, appear:

Like Thee, great Son of Jove, like Thee,

When clad in rising Majesty,

Thou marchest down o'er *DELOS's* Hills confest,

With all Thy Arrows arm'd, in all Thy Glory drest.

Like Thee, the Hero does his Arms imploy,

The raging *PYTHON* to destroy,

And give the injur'd Nations Peace and Joy.

IV.

From fairest Years, and Time's more happy Stores,

Gather all the smiling Hours;

Such as with friendly Care have guarded

Patriots and Kings in rightful Wars;

Such as with Conquest have rewarded

Triumphant Victors happy Cares;

Such as Story has recorded

Sacred to *NASSAU's* long Renown,

For Countries fav'd, and Battels won.

V.

March Them again in fair Array,

And bid Them form the happy Day,

The happy Day design'd to wait

On *WILLIAM's* Fame, and *EUROPE's* Fate.

Let the happy Day be crown'd

With great Event, and fair Success;

No brighter in the Year be found,

But That which brings the Victor home in Peace.

VI.

Again Thy Godhead We implore,
 Great in Wisdom as in Power;
 Again, for Good MARIA's sake, and Ours,
 Chuse out other smiling Hours;
 Such as with joyous Wings have fled,
 When happy Counsels were advising;
 Such as have lucky Omens shed
 O'er forming Laws, and Empires rising;
 Such as many Coursers ran,
 Hand in Hand, a goodly Train,
 To bless the great ELIZA's Reign;
 And in the Typic Glory show,
 What fuller Bliss MARIA shall bestow.

VII.

As the solemn Hours advance,
 Mingled send into the Dance
 Many fraught with all the Treasures,
 Which Thy Eastern Travel views;
 Many wing'd with all the Pleasures,
 Man can ask, or Heav'n diffuse:
 That great MARIA all those Joys may know,
 Which, from Her Cares, upon Her Subjects flow.

VIII.

For Thy own Glory sing our Sov'raign's Praise,
 God of Verses and of Days:
 Let all Thy tuneful Sons adorn
 Their lasting Works with WILLIAM's Name;
 Let chosen Muses yet unborn
 Take great MARIA for their future Theam:
 Eternal Structures let Them raise,
 On WILLIAM's and MARIA's Praise:

Nor

Nor want new Subject for the Song;
 Nor fear they can exhaust the Store;
 'Till Nature's Musick lyes unstrung;
 'Till Thou, great God, shalt lose Thy double Pow'r;
 And touch Thy Lyre, and shoot Thy Beams no more.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

* CELIA and I the other Day
 Walk'd o'er the Sand-Hills to the Soa:
 The setting Sun adorn'd the Coast,
 His Beams entire, his Fierceness lost:
 And, on the Surface of the Deep,
 The Winds lay only not asleep:
 The Nymph did like the Scene appear,
 Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
 Soft fell her Words, as flew the Air,
 With secret Joy I heard Her say,
 That She wou'd never miss one Day
 A Walk so fine, a Sight so gay.

}
}

But, oh the Change! the Winds grow high;
 Impending Tempests charge the Sky;
 The Light'ning flies; the Thunder roars;
 And big Waves lash the frighten'd Shoars.
 Struck with the Horror of the Sight,
 She turns her Head, and wings her Flight;
 And trembling vows, She'll ne'er again
 Approach the Shoar, or view the Main.

Once more at least look back, said I;
 Thy self in That large Glass descry:
 When Thou art in good Humour drest;
 When gentle Reason rules thy Breast;
 The Sun upon the calmest Sea
 Appears not half so bright as Thee:
 'Tis then, that with Delight I rove
 Upon the boundless Depth of Love:
 I bless my Chain; I hand my Oar;
 Nor think on all I left on Shoar.
 But when vain Doubt, and groundless Fear
 Do That Dear Foolish Bosom tear;
 When the big Lip, and wat'ry Eye
 Tell Me, the rising Storm is nigh:
 'Tis then, Thou art yon' angry Main,
 Deform'd by Winds, and dash'd by Rain;
 And the poor Sailor, that must try
 It's Fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to Land I make;
 While Love and Fate still drive Me back:
 Forc'd to doat on Thee thy own Way,
 I chide Thee first, and then obey.
 Wretched when from Thee, vex'd when nigh,
 I with Thee, or without Thee, die.



LOVE

LOVE and FRIENDSHIP:

A

PASTORAL.

By Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the Skies the ruddy Sun descends;
 And rising Night the Ev'ning Shade extends:
 While pearly Dews o'erspread the fruitful Field;
 And closing Flowers reviving Odours yield:
 Let Us, beneath these spreading Trees, recite
 What from our Hearts our Muses may indite.
 Nor need We, in this close Retirement, fear,
 Lest any Swain our am'rous Secrets hear.

SILVIA.

To ev'ry Shepherd I would Mine proclaim;
 Since fair AMINTA is my softest Theme:
 A Stranger to the loose Delights of Love,
 My Thoughts the nobler Warmth of Friendship prove:
 And, while it's pure and sacred Fire I sing,
 Chast Goddess of the Groves, Thy Succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious God of Love, my Breast inspire
 With all Thy Charms, with all Thy pleasing Fire:
 Propitious God of Love, Thy Succour bring;
 Whilst I Thy Darling, Thy ALEXIS sing,

30 POEMS on several Occasions.

ALEXIS, as the ope'ning Blossoms fair,
 Lovely as Light, and soft as yielding Air.
 For Him each Virgin sighs: and on the Plains
 The happy Youth above each Rival reigns.
 Nor to the Echoing Groves, and whisp'ring Spring,
 In sweeter Strains does artful CONON sing;
 When loud Applauses fill the crowded Groves;
 And PHOEBUS the superior Song approves.

S I L V I A.

Beauteous AMINTA is as early Light,
 Breaking the melancholy Shades of Night.
 When She is near, all anxious Trouble flies;
 And our reviving Hearts confess her Eyes.
 Young Love, and blooming Joy, and gay Desires,
 In ev'ry Breast the beauteous Nymph inspires:
 And on the Plain when She no more appears;
 The Plain a dark and gloomy Prospect wears.
 In vain the Streams roll on: the Eastern Breeze
 Dances in vain among the trembling Trees.
 In vain the Birds begin their Ev'ning Song,
 And to the silent Night their Notes prolong:
 Nor Groves, nor chrystal Streams, nor verdant Field
 Does wonted Pleasure in Her Absence yield.

A M A R Y L L I S.

And in His Absence, all the pensive Day,
 In some obscure Retreat I lonely stray;
 All Day to the repeating Caves complain.
 In mournful Accents, and a dying Strain.
 Dear lovely Youth, I cry to all around:
 Dear lovely Youth, the flattering Vales resound.

S I L V I A.

On flow'ry Banks, by ev'ry murm'ring Stream,
 AMINTA is my Muse's softest Theme:

'Tis

'Tis She that does my artful Notes refine:
With fair AMINTA's Name my noblest Verse shall shine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine fresh Garlands for ALEXIS' Brows,
And consecrate to Him eternal Vows:
The charming Youth shall my APOLLO prove:
He shall adorn my Songs, and tune my Voice to Love.

To the AUTHOR of the
Foregoing PASTORAL.

BY SILVIA if thy charming Self be meant;
If Friendship be thy Virgin Vows Extent;
O! let me in AMINTA's Praises join:
Her's my Esteem shall be, my Passion Thine.
When for Thy Head the Garland I prepare;
A second Wreath shall bind AMINTA's Hair:
And when my choicest Songs Thy Worth proclaim;
Alternate Verse shall bless AMINTA's Name:
My Heart shall own the Justice of her Cause:
And Love himself submit to Friendship's Laws.

But, if beneath thy Numbers soft Disguise,
Some favour'd Swain, some true ALEXIS lyes;
If AMARYLLIS breaths thy secret Pains;
And thy fond Heart beats Measure to thy Strains:
May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The Flame propitious, and the Lover kind:
May VENUS long exert her happy Pow'r,
And make thy Beauty, like thy Verse, endure:

May

May ev'ry God his friendly Aid afford;
 PAN guard thy Flock, and CERES bless thy Board.

But, if by chance the Series of thy Joys
 Permit one Thought less chearful to arise;
 Piteous transfer it to the mournful Swain,
 Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
 Feels an ill-fated Passion's last Excess;
 And dies in Woe, that Thou may'st live in Peace.

To a L A D Y:

*She refusing to continue a Dispute with
 me, and leaving me in the Argument.*

An O D E.

I.

* SPARE, Gen'rous Victor, spare the Slave,
 Who did unequal War pursue;
 That more than Triumph He might have,
 In being overcome by You.

II.

In the Dispute whate'er I said,
 My Heart was by my Tongue bely'd;
 And in my Looks You might have read,
 How much I argu'd on your side.

III

You, far from Danger as from Fear,
 Might have sustain'd an open Fight:

For

For seldom your Opinions err;
Your Eyes are always in the right.

IV.

Why, fair One, wou'd You not rely
On Reason's Force with Beauty's join'd?
Cou'd I their Prevalence deny,
I must at once be Deaf and Blind.

V.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the Fight aspir'd:
To keep the beauteous Foe in view
Was all the Glory I desir'd.

VI.

But She, howe'er of Vict'ry sure,
Contemns the Wreath too long delay'd;
And, arm'd with more immediate Pow'r,
Calls cruel Silence to her Aid.

VII.

Deeper to wound, She shuns the Fight:
She drops her Arms, to gain the Field:
Secures her Conquest by her Flight;
And triumphs, when She seems to yield.

VIII.

So when the PARTHIAN turn'd his Steed,
And from the Hostile Camp withdrew;
With cruel Skill the backward Reed
He sent; and as He fled, He flew.



SEEING THE

Duke of ORMOND's Picture,

At Sir GODFREY KNELLER's.

OUT from the injur'd Canvas, KNELLER, strike
 These Lines too faint: the Picture is not like.
 Exalt thy Thought, and try thy Toil again:
 Dreadful in Arms, on LANDEN's glorious Plain
 Place ORMOND's Duke: impendent in the Air
 Let His keen Sabre, Comet-like, appear,
 Where-e'er it points, denouncing Death: below
 Draw routed Squadrons, and the num'rous Foe
 Falling beneath, or flying from His Blow:
 'Till weak with Wounds, and cover'd o'er with Blood,
 Which from the Patriot's Breast in Torrents flow'd,
 He faints: His Steed no longer hears the Rein;
 But stumbles o'er the Heap, His Hand had slain.
 And now exhausted, bleeding, pale He lyes;
 Lovely, sad Object! in His half-clos'd Eyes
 Stern Vengeance yet, and Hostile Terror stand:
 His Front yet threatens; and His Frowns command:
 The *Gallick* Chiefs their Troops around Him call;
 Fear to approach Him, tho' they see Him fall.----

O KNELLER, could Thy Shades and Lights express
 The perfect Hero in that glorious Dress;
 Ages to come might ORMOND's Picture know;
 And Palms for Thee beneath His Lawrels grow:
 In spite of Time Thy Work might ever shine;
 Nor HOMER's Colours last so long as Thine.

CELIA to DAMON.

*Atque in Amore mala hac proprio, summéque secundo
Inveniuntur----*

Lucret. Lib. 4.

* **W**HAT can I say, what Arguments can prove
My Truth, what Colours can describe my Love;
If it's Excess and Fury be not known,
In what Thy CELIA has already done?

Thy Infant Flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd
In tim'rous Doubts, with Pity I beheld;
With easie Smiles dispell'd the silent Fear,
That durst not tell Me, what I dy'd to hear:
In vain I strove to check my growing Flame;
Or shelter Passion under Friendship's Name:

You saw my Heart, how it my Tongue bely'd;
And when You press'd, how faintly I deny'd----

E'er Guardian Thought cou'd bring its scatter'd Aid;
E'er Reason cou'd support the doubting Maid;
My Soul surpriz'd, and from her self disjoin'd,
Left all Reserve, and all the Sex behind:
From your Command her Motions She receiv'd:
And not for Me, but You, She breath'd and liv'd.

But ever blest be CYTHEREA's Shrine;
And Fires Eternal on Her Altars shine;
Since Thy dear Breast has felt an equal Wound;
Since in Thy Kindness my Desires are crown'd.
By Thy each Look, and Thought, and Care, 'tis shown,
Thy Joys are center'd All in Me Alone;
And sure I am, Thou wou'dst not change this Hour
For all the White ones, Fate has in it's Pow'r.----

Yet

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to Excess,
 Yet thus receiving and returning Bliss,
 In this great Moment, in this golden Now,
 When ev'ry Trace of What, or When, or How
 Shou'd from my Soul by raging Love be torn,
 And far on swelling Seas of Rapture born;
 A melancholy Tear afflicts my Eye;
 And my Heart labours with a sudden Sigh:
 Invading Fears repel my Coward Joy;
 And Ills foreseen the present Bliss destroy.

Poor as it is, This Beauty was the Cause,
 That with first Sighs Your panting Bosom rose:
 But with no Owner Beauty long will stay,
 Upon the Wings of Time born swift away:
 Pass but some fleeting Years, and These poor Eyes
 (Where now without a Boast some Lustre lyes)
 No longer shall their little Honours keep;
 Shall only be of use to read, or weep:
 And on this Forehead, where your Verse has said,
 The Loves delighted, and the GRACES play'd;
 Insulting Age will trace his cruel Way,
 And leave sad Marks of his destructive Sway.

Mov'd by my Charms, with them your Love may cease,
 And as the Fuel sinks, the Flame decrease:
 Or angry Heav'n may quicker Darts prepare;
 And Sickness strike what Time awhile wou'd spare.
 Then will my Swain His glowing Vows renew;
 Then will His throbbing Heart to Mine beat true;
 When my own Face deters Me from my Glafs;
 And KNELLER only shews what CELIA was.

Fantastick FAME may sound her wild Alarms;
 Your Country, as You think, may want your Arms.

You

You may neglect, or quench, or hate the Flame,
Whose Smoak too long obscur'd your rising Name:
And quickly cold Indiff'rence will ensue;
When You Love's Joys thro' Honour's Optick view.
Then CELIA's loudest Pray'r will prove too weak,
To this abandon'd Breast to bring You back;
When my lost Lover the tall Ship ascends,
With Musick Gay, and Wet with Jovial Friends:
The tender Accent of a Woman's Cry
Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;
When the rough Seaman's louder Shouts prevail;
When fair Occasion shows the springing Gale;
And Int'rest guides the Helm; and Honour swells the Sayl.
Some wretched Lines from this neglected Hand,
May find my Hero on the Foreign Strand,
Warm with new Fires, and pleas'd with new Command:
While She who wrote 'em, of all Joy bereft,
To the rude Censure of the World is left;
Her mangl'd Fame in barb'rous Pastime lost,
The Coxcomb's Novel, and the Drunkard's Toast.

But nearer Care (O pardon it!) supplies
Sighs to my Breast, and Sorrow to my Eyes.
Love, Love himself (the only Friend I have)
May scorn his Triumph, having bound his Slave.
That Tyrant God, that restless Conqueror
May quit his Pleasure, to assert his Pow'r;
Forfake the Provinces that bless his Sway,
To vanquish Those that will not yet obey.

Another Nymph with fatal Pow'r may rise,
To damp the sinking Beams of CELIA's Eyes;
With haughty Pride may hear Her Charms confest;
And scorn the ardent Vows that I have blest:

You

38 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

You ev'ry Night may sigh for Her in vain;
 And rise each Morning to some fresh Disdain:
 While CELIA's softest Look may cease to Charm;
 And Her Embraces want the Pow'r to warm:
 While these fond Arms, thus circling You, may prove
 More heavy Chains, than Those of hopeless Love.

× Just Gods! All other Things their Like produce:

The Vine arises from her Mother's Juice:

When feeble Plants, or tender Flow'rs decay;

They to their Seed their Images convey:

Where the old Myrtle her good Influence sheds;

Sprigs of like Leaf erect their Filial Heads:

And when the Parent Rose decays, and dies;

With a resembling Face the Daughter-Buds arise.

That Product only which our Passions bear,

Eludes the Planter's miserable Care:

While blooming Love assures us Golden Fruit;

Some inborn Poison taints the secret Root:

Soon fall the Flow'rs of Joy; soon Seeds of Hatred shoot.

— Say, Shepherd, say, Are these Reflections true?

— Or was it but the Woman's Fear, that drew

— This cruel Scene, unjust to Love and You?

— Will You be only, and for ever Mine?

— Shall neither Time, nor Age our Souls disjoin?

— From this dear Bosom shall I ne'er be torn?

— Or You grow Cold, Respectful, and Forsworn?

— And can You not for Her You love do more,

— Than any Youth for any Nymph before?



An O D E.

Presented to the KING, on his MAJESTY'S
Arrival in HOLLAND,
After the QUEEN'S DEATH. 1695.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus Melpomene.*

I.

AT MARY'S Tomb, (sad, sacred Place!)
The Virtues shall their Vigils keep:
And every Muse, and every Grace
In solemn State shall ever weep.

II.

The future, pious, mournful Fair,
Oft as the rolling Years return,
With fragrant Wreaths, and flowing Hair,
Shall visit Her distinguish'd Urn.

III.

For Her the Wise and Great shall mourn;
When late Records her Deeds repeat:
Ages to come, and Men unborn
Shall bless her Name, and sigh her Fate.

IV.

Fair ALBION shall, with faithful Trust,
Her holy Queen's sad Reliques guard;
'Till Heav'n awakes the precious Dust,
And gives the Saint her full Reward.

V. But

V.

But let the King dismiss his Woes,
 Reflecting on his fair Renown;
 And take the Cypress from his Brows,
 To put his wonted Lawrels on.

VI.

If prest by Grief our Monarch stoops;
 In vain the BRITISH Lions roar:
 If He, whose Hand sustain'd them, droops;
 The BELGIC Darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattel'd Princes wait the Chief,
 Whose Voice shou'd rule, whose Arm shou'd lead;
 And, in kind Murmurs, chide That Grief,
 Which hinders EUROPE being freed.

VIII.

The great Example They demand,
 Who still to Conquest led the Way;
 Wishing Him present to Command,
 As They stand ready to Obey.

IX.

They seek That Joy, which us'd to glow,
 Expanded on the Hero's Face;
 When the thick Squadrons prest the Foe,
 And WILLIAM led the glorious Chace.

X.

To give the mourning Nations Joy,
 Restore Them Thy auspicious Light,
 Great Sun; with radiant Beams destroy
 Those Clouds, which keep Thee from our Sight.

XI.

Let Thy sublime Meridian Course
 For MARY's setting Rays atone:

Our

Our Lustre, with redoubl'd Force,
Must now proceed from Thee alone.

XII.

See, Pious King, with diff'rent Strife
Thy struggling ALBION's Bosom torn:
So much She fears for WILLIAM's Life,
That MARY's Fate She dare not mourn.

XIII.

Her Beauty, in thy softer Half
Bury'd and lost, She ought to grieve:
But let her Strength in Thee be safe:
And let Her weep; but let Her live.

XIV.

Thou, Guardian Angel, save the Land
From thy own Grief, her fiercest Foe;
Lest BRITAIN, rescu'd by Thy Hand,
Shou'd bend and sink beneath Thy Woe.

XV.

Her former Triumphs all are vain,
Unless new Trophies still be sought;
And hoary Majesty sustain
The Battels, which Thy Youth has fought.

XVI.

Where now is all That fearful Love,
Which made Her hate the War's Alarms?
That soft Excess, with which She strove
To keep her Hero in her Arms?

XVII.

While still She chid the coming Spring,
Which call'd Him o'er his subject Seas:
While, for the Safety of the King,
She wish'd the Victor's Glory less.

XVIII. 'Tis

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: sad BRITAIN now
 Hastens her Lord to Foreign Wars:
 Happy, if Toils may break his Woe;
 Or Danger may divert his Cares.

XIX.

In Martial Din She drowns her Sighs,
 Lest He the rising Grief shou'd hear:
 She pulls her Helmet o'er her Eyes,
 Lest He should see the falling Tear.

XX.

Go, mighty Prince, let FRANCE be taught,
 How constant Minds by Grief are try'd;
 How great the Land, that wept and fought,
 When WILLIAM led, and MARY dy'd.

XXI.

Fierce in the Battel make it known,
 Where Death with all His Darts is seen,
 That He can touch thy Heart with None,
 But That which struck the Beauteous Queen.

XXII.

BELGIA indulg'd her open Grief,
 While yet her Master was not near;
 With fullen Pride refus'd Relief,
 And sat Obdurate in Despair.

XXIII.

As Waters from her Sluces, flow'd
 Unbounded Sorrow from her Eyes:
 To Earth her bended Front She bow'd,
 And sent her Wailings to the Skies,

XXIV.

But when her anxious Lord return'd;
 Rais'd is her Head; her Eyes are dry'd:

She

She smiles, as WILLIAM ne'er had mourn'd:
She looks, as MARY ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That Freedom which all Sorrows claim,
She does for Thy Content resign:
Her Piety itself would blame;
If Her Regrets should waken Thine.

XXVI.

To cure Thy Woe, She shews Thy Fame;
Lest the great Mourner should forget,
That all the Race, whence ORANGE came,
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

XXVII.

WILLIAM His Country's Cause cou'd fight,
And with His Blood Her Freedom seal:
MAURICE and HENRY guard that Right,
For which Their pious Parents fell.

XXVIII.

How Heroes rise, how Patriots set,
Thy Father's Bloom and Death may tell:
Excelling Others These were Great:
Thou, greater still, must These excell.

XXIX.

The last fair Instance Thou must give,
Whence NASSAU's Virtue can be try'd;
And shew the World, that Thou can'st live
Intrepid, as Thy Consort dy'd.

XXX.

Thy Virtue, whose resistless Force
No dire Event could ever stay,
Must carry on it's destin'd Course;
Tho' Death and Envy stop the Way.

XXXI. For

XXXI.

For BRITAIN'S Sake, for BELGIA's, live:
 Pierc'd by Their Grief forget Thy own:
 New Toils endure; new Conquest give;
 And bring Them Ease, tho' Thou hast None.

XXXII.

Vanquish again; tho' She be gone,
 Whose Garland crown'd the Victor's Hair:
 And Reign; tho' She has left the Throne,
 Who made Thy Glory worth Thy Care.

XXXIII.

Fair BRITAIN never yet before
 Breath'd to her King a useless Pray'r:
 Fond BELGIA never did implore,
 While WILLIAM turn'd averse His Ear.

XXXIV.

But should the weeping Hero now
 Relentless to Their Wishes prove;
 Should He recall, with pleasing Woe,
 The Object of his Grief and Love;

XXXV.

Her Face with thousand Beauties blest,
 Her Mind with thousand Virtues stor'd,
 Her Pow'r with boundless Joy confest,
 Her Person only not ador'd:

XXXVI.

Yet ought his Sorrow to be checkt;
 Yet ought his Passions to abate:
 If the great Mourner would reflect,
 Her Glory in her Death compleat.

XXXVII.

She was instructed to command,
 Great King, by long obeying Thee:

Her

Her Scepter, guided by Thy Hand,
Preserv'd the Isles, and Rul'd the Sea.

XXXVIII.

But oh! 'twas little, that her Life
O'er Earth and Water bears thy Fame:
In Death, 'twas worthy WILLIAM's Wife,
Amidst the Stars to fix his Name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where Matter moves, or Place
Receives it's Forms, Thy Virtues rowl:
From MARY's Glory, Angels trace
The Beauty of her Part'ner's Soul.

XL.

Wise Fate, which does it's Heav'n decree
To Heroes, when They yield their Breath,
Hastens Thy Triumph. Half of Thee
Is Deify'd before thy Death.

XLI.

Alone to thy Renown 'tis giv'n,
Unbounded thro' all Worlds to go:
While She great Saint rejoices Heav'n;
And Thou sustain'st the Orb below.



I N
I M I T A T I O N
O F
A N A C R E O N.

LET 'em Censure : what care I?
 The Herd of Criticks I defie.
 Let the Wretches know, I write
 Regardless of their Grace, or Spight.
 No, no: the Fair, the Gay, the Young
 Govern the Numbers of my Song.
 All that They approve is sweet:
 And All is Sense, that They repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire:
 VENUS, String thy Servant's Lyre:
 Love shall be my endless Theme:
 Pleasure shall triumph over Fame:
 And when these Maxims I decline,
 APOLLO, may Thy Fate be Mine:
 May I grasp at empty Praise;
 And lose the Nymph, to gain the Bays.



An O D E.

I.

THE Merchant, to secure his Treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrow'd Name:
 EUPHELIA serves to grace my Measure;
 But CLOE is my real Flame.

II.

My softest Verse, my darling Lyre
 Upon EUPHELIA's Toylet lay;
 When CLOE noted her Desire,
 That I should sing, that I should play.

III.

My Lyre I tune, my Voice I raise;
 But with my Numbers mix my Sighs:
 And whilst I sing EUPHELIA's Praise,
 I fix my Soul on CLOE's Eyes.

IV.

Fair CLOE blush'd: EUPHELIA frown'd:
 I sung and gaz'd: I play'd and trembl'd:
 And VENUS to the LOVES around
 Remark'd, how ill We all dissembl'd.



O D E

Sur la Prise

De N A M U R,

Par les Armes du R o y, l' Année 1692.

Par Monsieur BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

I.

QUELLE docte & Sainte yvresse
Aujourd'huy me fait la loy?

Chastes Nymphes du *Permesse*,

N'est-ce pas vous que je voy?

Accourez, Troupe Sçavante:

Des sons que ma Lyre enfante;

Ces Arbres sont réjouiis:

Marquez en bien la cadence:

Et vous, Vents, faites Silence:

Je vais Parler de L O U I S.

II.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,

Comme un Aigle audacieux,

P I N D A R E étendant ses aisles,

Fuit loin des Vulgaires yeux.

Mais, ô ma fidele Lyre,

Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire,

Tu

An *English* BALLAD,

On the Taking of

N A M U R

By the KING of GREAT BRITAIN, 1695.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

I. and II.

SOME Folks are drunk, yet do not know it:
 So might not BACCHUS give You Law?
 Was it a Muse, O lofty Poet,
 Or Virgin of St. CYR, You saw?
 Why all this Fury? What's the Matter,
 That Oaks must come from *Thrace* to dance?
 Must stupid Stocks be taught to flatter?
 And is there no such Wood in *France*?
 Why must the Winds all hold their Tongue?
 If they a little Breath should raise;
 Would that have spoil'd the Poet's Song;
 Or puff'd away the Monarch's Praise?



PINDAR, that Eagle, mounts the Skies:
 While Virtue leads the noble Way:
 Too like a Vultur BOILEAU flies,
 Where sordid Interest shows the Prey.

Tu peux suivre mes Transports;
 Les chesnes de Monts de *Thrace*
 N'ont rien ouï, que n'efface
 La douceur de tes accords.

III.

Est-ce *APOLLON* & *NEPTUNE*,
 Qui sur ces Rocs Sourcilleux
 Ont, compagnons de Fortune,
 Basti ces Murs orgueilleux?
 De leur enceinte fameuse
 La *Sambre* unie à la *Meuse*,
 Deffend le fatal abord;
 Et par cent bouches horribles
 L'airain sur ces Monts terribles
 Vomit le Fer, & la Mort.

IV.

Dix mille vaillans *ALCIDES*
 Les bordant de toutes parts,
 D'éclair au loin homicides
 Font petiller leurs Remparts:
 Et dans son Sein infidele
 Par tout la Terre y recele
 Un feu prest à s'élancer,
 Qui foudain perçant son goufre,
 Ouvre un Sepulchre de soufre,
 A quiconque ose avancer.

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
 Jadis la *Grece* eust vingt Ans
 Sans fruit veu les funeraillles
 De ses plus fiers Combattans.

Quelle

When once the Poet's Honour ceases,
 From Reason far his Transports rove:
 And BOILEAU, for eight hundred Pieces,
 Makes LOUIS take the Wall of JOVE.

III.

NEPTUNE and SOL came from above,
 Shap'd like MEGRIGNY and VAUBAN:
 They arm'd these Rocks; then show'd old JOVE
 Of *Marli* Wood, the wond'rous Plan.
 Such Walls, these three wise Gods agreed,
 By Human Force could ne'er be shaken:
 But You and I in HOMER read
 Of Gods, as well as Men, mistaken.
Sambre and *Maese* their Waves may join;
 But ne'er can WILLIAM's Force restrain:
 He'll pass them both, who pass'd the *Boyn*:
 Remember this, and arm the *Sein*.

IV.

Full fifteen thousand lusty Fellows
 With Fire and Sword the Fort maintain:
 Each was a HERCULES, You tell us;
 Yet out they march'd like common Men.
 Cannons above, and Mines below
 Did Death and Tombs for Foes contrive:
 Yet Matters have been order'd so,
 That most of Us are still alive.

V.

If *Namur* be compar'd to *Troy*;
 Then BRITAIN's Boys excell'd the GREEKS:
 Their Siege did ten long Years employ:
 We've done our Bus'ness in ten Weeks.

52 POEMS on several Occasions.

Quelle effroyable Puissance
Aujourd-huy pourtant s'avance,
Preste à foudroyer tes monts?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne?
C'est JUPITER en Personne;
Ou c'est le Vainquer de Mons.

VI.

N'en doute point: c'est luy-mesme.
Tout brille en luy; Tout est Roy.
Dans *Bruxelles* NASSAU blême
Commence à trembler pour Toy.
En vain il voit le *Batâve*,
Deformais docile Esclâve,
Rangé Sous ses étendars:
En vain au Lion *Belgique*
Il voit l'Aigle *Germanique*
Uni Sous les Leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ses sens sont agités,
A son secours il appelle
Les Peuples les plus vantéz.
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
Ou s'enorgueillit le *Tage*
De l'or, qui roule en ses eaux;
Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
Des marais de la *Norvége*
Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.

VIII. Mais

What Godhead does so fast advance,
 With dreadful Pow'r those Hills to gain?
 'Tis little W I L L, the Scourge of *France*;
 No Godhead, but the first of Men.
 His mortal Arm exerts the Pow'r,
 To keep ev'n *Mons*'s Victor under:
 And that same J U P I T E R no more
 Shall fright the World with impious Thunder.

VI.

Our King thus trembles at *Namur*,
 Whilst V I L L E R O Y, who never afraid is,
 To *Bruxelles* marches on secure,
 To bomb the Monks, and scare the Ladies.
 After this glorious Expedition,
 One Battle makes the Marshal Great:
 He must perform the King's Commission:
 Who knows, but O R A N G E may retreat?
 Kings are allow'd to feign the Gout,
 Or be prevail'd with not to Fight:
 And mighty L O U I S hop'd, no doubt,
 That W I L L I A M wou'd preserve that Right.

VII.

From *Seyn* and *Loyre*, to *Rhone* and *Po*,
 See every Mother's Son appear:
 In such a Case ne'er blame a Foe,
 If he betrays some little Fear.
 He comes, the mighty V I L L ' R O Y comes;
 Finds a small River in his Way:
 So waves his Colours, beats his Drums;
 And thinks it prudent there to stay.
 The *Gallic* Troops breath Blood and War:
 The Marshal cares not to march faster:
 Poor V I L L ' R O Y moves so slowly here,
 We fancy'd all, it was his Master,

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la *Sambre* ?
 Sous les *Fumeaux* effrayez,
 Des froids *Torrens* de *Decembre*
 Les *Champs* par tout sont noyez.
CERES s'enfuit, éplorée
 De voir en proye à *BOREE*
 Ses guerets d'épics chargéz,
 Et Sous les Urnes fangeuses
 Des *Hyades* orageuses
 Tous ses Trésors submergéz.

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
 Princes, Vents, Peuples, *Frimats* ;
 Ramassez tous vos nuages;
 Raffamblez tous vos Soldats.
 Malgré vous *Namur* en poudre
 S'en va tomber Sous la foudre
 Qui domta *Lille*, *Curtray*,
Gand la Superbe *Espagnole*,
Saint Omer, *Bezançon*, *Dole*,
Ypres, *Mastricht*, & *Cambray*.

X.

Mes présages s'accomplissent:
 Il commence à chanceler:
 Sous les coups qui retentissent
 Ses Murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
MARS en feu qui les domine,
 Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine;

Et

VIII.

Will no kind Flood, no friendly Rain
 Disguise the Marshal's plain Disgrace?
 No Torrents swell the low *Mehayne*?
 The World will say, he durst not pass.
 Why will no *Hyades* appear,
 Dear Poet, on the Banks of *Sambre*?
 Just as they did that mighty Year,
 When You turn'd *June* into *December*.
 The Water-Nymphs are too unkind
 To *VILL'ROY*; are the Land-Nymphs so?
 And fly They All, at Once Combin'd
 To shame a General, and a Beau?

IX.

Truth, Justice, Sense, Religion, Fame
 May join to finish *WILLIAM's* Story:
 Nations set free may bless his Name;
 And *France* in Secret own his Glory.
 But *Ipres*, *Mastrich*, and *Cambray*,
Befançon, *Ghent*, *St. Omers*, *Lysle*,
Courtray, and *Dole*----Ye Criticks, say,
 How Poor to this was *PINDAR's* Style?
 With Eke's and Also's tack thy Strain,
 Great Bard; and sing the deathless Prince,
 Who lost *Namur* the same Campaign,
 He bought *Dixmude*, and plunder'd *Deynse*.

X.

I'll hold Ten Pound, my Dream is out:
 I'd tell it You, but for the Rattle
 Of those confounded Drums: no doubt
 Yon' bloody Rogues intend a Battel.
 Dear me! a hundred thousand *French*
 With Terror fill the neighb'ring Field:

While

Et les Bombes dans les airs
 Allant chercher le tonnere,
 Semblent tombant sur la Terre,
 Vouloirs s'ouvrir les Enfers.

XI.

Accourez, NASSAU, BAVIERE,
 De ces Murs l'unique espoir:
 A couvert d'une Riviere
 Venez: vous pouvez tout voir.
 Confiderez ces approches:
 Voyez grimper sur ces roches
 Ces Athletes belliqueux;
 Et dans les Eaux, dans la Flâme,
 LOUIS à tout donnant l'ame,
 Marcher, courir avecque eux.

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempeste,
 Qui sort de ces Boulevards,
 La Plume qui sur sa teste
 Attire tous les regards.
 A cet Astre redoutable
 Toujours un sort favorable
 S'attache dans les Combats:
 Et toujours avec la Gloire
 MARS amenant la Victoire
 Vôle, & le suit à grands pas.

XIII.

Grands Deffenseurs de l'Espagne,
 Montrez-vous: il en est temps:

While WILLIAM carries on the Trench,
 'Till both the Town and Castle yield.
 VILL'ROY to BOUFFLERS should advance,
 = Says MARS, thro' Cannons Mouths in Fire;
 = *Id est*, one Marechal of France
 = Tells t' other, He can come no nigher.

XI.

Regain the Lines the shortest Way,
 VILL'ROY; or to *Versailles* take Post:
 For, having seen it, Thou can'st say
 The Steps, by which *Namur* was lost.
 The Smoke and Flame may vex thy Sight:
 Look not once back: but as thou goest,
 Quicken the Squadrons in their Flight;
 And bid the D---l take the slowest.
 = Think not what Reason to produce,
 = From LOUIS to conceal thy Fear:
 = He'll own the Strength of thy Excuse;
 = Tell him that WILLIAM was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for LOUIS' Feather,
 That us'd to shine so like a Star:
 The Gen'als could not get together,
 Wanting that Influence, great in War.
 O Poet! Thou had'st been discreeter,
 Hanging the Monarch's Hat so high;
 If Thou had'st dubb'd thy Star, a Meteor,
 That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful Fight,
Namur in vain expects that Ray:

Courage; vers la *Mahagne*
 Voilà vos Drapeaux flottans.
 Jamais ses ondes craintives
 N'ont veû sur leurs foibles rives
 Tant de guerriers s' amasser.
 Courez donc: Qui vous retarde?
 Tout l'Univers vous regarde.
 N' osez vous la traverser?

XIV.

Loin de fermer le passage
 A vos nombreux bataillons,
 LUXEMBOURG a du rivage
 Reculé ses pavillons.
 Quoy? leur seul aspect vous glace?
 Où sont ces chefs pleins d' audace,
 Jadis si prompts à marcher,
 Qui devoient de la *Tamise*,
 Et de la *Drave* Soûmise,
 Jusqu'à *Paris* nous chercher?

XV.

Cependant l'effroy redouble
 Sur les Remparts de *Namur*.
 Son Gouverneur qui se trouble
 S' enfuit sous son dernier mur.
 Déjà jusques à ses portes
 Je voy monter nos cohortes,
 La Flame & le Fer en main:
 Et sur les Monceaux de piques,
 De Corps morts, de Rocs, de Briques,
 S' ouvrir un large chemin.

C'en

In vain *France* hopes, the sickly Light
 Should shine near WILLIAM's fuller Day,
 It knows *Versailles*, it's proper Station;
 Nor cares for any foreign Sphere:
 = Where You see BOILEAU's Constellation,
 = Be sure no Danger can be near.

XIV.

The *French* had gather'd all their Force;
 And WILLIAM met them in their Way:
 Yet off they brush'd, both Foot and Horse.
 What has Friend BOILEAU left to say?
 When his high Muse is bent upon't,
 To sing her King, that Great Commander,
 Or on the Shores of *Hellespont*,
 Or in the Valleys near *Scamander*;
 = Wou'd it not spoil his noble Task,
 = If any foolish *Phrygian* there is,
 = Impertinent enough to ask,
 = How far *Namur* may be from *Paris*?

XV.

Two Stanza's more before we end,
 Of Death, Pikes, Rocks, Arms, Bricks, and Fire;
 Leave 'em behind You, honest Friend:
 And with your Country-Men retire.
 Your Ode is spoilt; *Namur* is freed;
 For *Dixmuyd* something yet is due:
 So good Count GUISCARD may proceed;
 But BOUFFLERS, Sir, one Word with you.---

XVI. 'Tis

XVI.

C' en est fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces Rochers éperdus
Battre un Signal pour se rendre:
Le Feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.
Dépouillez votre arrogance,
Fiers Ennemis de la France,
Et de formais gracieux,
Allez à *Liege*, à *Bruxelles*,
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De *Namur* pris à vos yeux.



XVI.

*Tis done. In Sight of these Commanders,
 Who neither Fight, nor raise the Siege,
 The Foes of *France* march safe thro' *Flanders*;
 Divide to *Bruxelles*, or to *Liege*.
 Send, FAME, this news to *Trianon*;
 That BOUFFLERS may new Honours gain:
 He the same Play by Land has shown,
 As TOURVILLE did upon the Main.
 Yet is the Marshal made a Peer:
 O WILLIAM, may thy Arms advance;
 That He may lose *Dinant* next Year,
 And so be Constable of *France*.



Presented to the

K I N G,

At his Arrival in *HOLLAND*,

After the Discovery of the Conspiracy
1696.

Serus in coelum redeas ; diuque

Lætus intersis populo Quirini :

Neve Te nostris vitiis iniquum

Ocyor aura

Tollat----

Hor. ad Augustum.

YE careful Angels, whom eternal Fate
Ordains, on Earth and human Acts to wait ;
Who turn with secret Pow'r this restless Ball,
And bid destin'd Empires rise and fall :
Your sacred Aid religious Monarchs own ;
When first They merit, then ascend the Throne :
But Tyrants dread Ye, lest your just Decree
Transfer the Pow'r, and set the People free :
See rescu'd BRITAIN at your Altars bow :
And hear her Hymns your happy Care avow :
That still her Axes and her Rods support
The Judge's Frown, and grace the awful Court :

That

That Law with all her pompous Terror stands,
To wrest the Dagger from the Traitor's Hands;
And rigid Justice reads the fatal Word;
Poises the Ballance first, then draws the Sword.

BRITAIN Her Safety to your Guidance owns,
That She can sep'rate Parricides from Sons;
That, impious Rage disarm'd, She lives and Reigns,
Her Freedom kept by Him, who broke Her Chains.

And Thou, great Minister, above the rest
Of Guardian Spirits, be Thou for ever blest:
Thou, who of old wert sent to ISRAEL'S Court,
With secret Aid great DAVID'S strong Support;
To mock the frantick Rage of cruel SAUL;
And strike the uselefs Jav'lin to the Wall.
Thy later Care o'er WILLIAM'S Temples held,
On BOYN'S propitious Banks, the heav'nly Shield;
When Pow'r Divine did Sov'reign Right declare;
And Cannons mark'd, Whom They were bid to spare.

Still, blessed Angel, be thy Care the same;
Be WILLIAM'S Life untouch'd, as is his Fame:
Let Him own Thine, as BRITAIN owns His Hand:
Save Thou the King, as He has sav'd the Land.

We Angels Forms in pious Monarchs view:
We reverence WILLIAM; for He acts like You;
Like You, Commission'd to chastize and bless,
He must avenge the World, and give it Peace.

Indulgent Fate our potent Pray'r receives;
And still BRITANNIA smiles, and WILLIAM lives:
The Hero dear to Earth, by Heav'n belov'd,
By Troubles must be vex'd, by Dangers prov'd:
His Foes must aid to make his Fame compleat,
And fix his Throne secure on their Defeat.

64 POEMS on several Occasions.

So, tho' with sudden Rage the Tempest comes ;
 Tho' the Winds roar ; and tho' the Water foams ;
 Imperial BRITAIN on the Sea looks down,
 And smiling sees her Rebel Subject frown:
 Striking her Cliff the Storm confirms her Pow'r :
 The Waves but whiten her Triumphant Shore:
 In vain They wou'd advance, in vain retreat:
 Broken They dash, and perish at her Feet.

For WILLIAM still new Wonders shall be shown:
 The Pow'rs that rescu'd, shall preserve the Throne.
 Safe on his Darling BRITAIN's joyful Sea,
 Behold, the Monarch plows his liquid Way:
 His Fleets in Thunder thro' the World declare,
 Whose Empire they obey, whose Arms they bear.
 Bless'd by aspiring Winds, He finds the Strand
 Blacken'd with Crowds; He sees the Nations stand
 Blessing his Safety, proud of his Command.
 In various Tongues He hears the Captains dwell
 On their great Leader's Praise: by Turns They tell,
 And listen, each with emulous Glory fir'd,
 How WILLIAM conquer'd, and how FRANCE retir'd ;
 How BELGIA freed the Hero's Arm confess'd,
 But trembl'd for the Courage which She blest.

O LOUIS, from this great Example know,
 To be at once a Hero, and a Foe:
 By sounding Trumpets, Hear, and ratling Drums,
 When WILLIAM to the open Vengeance comes:
 And See the Soldier plead the Monarch's Right,
 Heading His Troops, and Foremost in the Fight.

Hence then, close Ambush and perfidious War,
 Down to your Native Seats of Night repair.

And Thou, BELLONA, weep thy cruel Pride
 Restrain'd, behind the Victor's Chariot ty'd
 In brazen Knots, and everlasting Chains.
 (So EUROPE'S Peace, so WILLIAM'S Fate ordains,
 While on the Iv'ry Chair, in happy State
 He sits, Secure in Innocence, and Great
 In regal Clemency; and views beneath
 Averted Darts of Rage, and pointless Arms of Death.

To C L O E Weeping.

SEE, whilst Thou weep'st, fair C L O E, see
 The World in Sympathy with Thee.
 The chearful Birds no longer sing,
 Each drops his Head, and hangs his Wing.
 The Clouds have bent their Bosom lower,
 And shed their Sorrows in a Show'r.
 The Brooks beyond their Limits flow;
 And louder Murmurs speak their Woe.
 The Nymphs and Swains adopt Thy Cares:
 They heave Thy Sighs, and weep Thy Tears.
 Fantastic Nymph! that Grief should move
 Thy Heart, obdurate against Love.
 Strange Tears! whose Pow'r can soften All,
 But That dear Breast on which they fall.



To Mr. *HOWARD*:

An O D E.

I.

DEAR HOWARD, from the soft Assaults of Love,
Poets and Painters never are Secure:

Can I untouch'd the Fair ones Passions move?

Or Thou draw Beauty, and not feel it's Pow'r?

II.

To Great APOLLO when Young AMMON brought
The darling Idol of his Captive Heart;

And the pleas'd Nymph with kind Attention sat,

To have Her Charms recorded by His Art:

III.

The am'rous Master own'd Her potent Eyes;

Sigh'd when He look'd, and trembl'd as He drew:

Each flowing Line confirm'd his first Surprise;

And as the Piece advanc'd, the Passion grew.

IV.

While PHILIP'S Son, while VENUS' Son was near,

What different Tortures does his Bosom feel?

Great was the Rival, and the God severe:

Nor could He hide his Flame, nor durst reveal.

V.

The Prince, renown'd in Bounty as in Arms,

With Pity saw the ill-conceal'd Distress;

Quitted His Title to CAMPASPE'S Charms,

And gave the Fair one to the Friend's Embrace.

VI. Thus

VI.

Thus the more beauteous CLOE sat to Thee,
 Good HOWARD, emu'lous of the GRÆCIAN Art:
 But happy Thou, from CUPID's Arrow free,
 And Flames that pierc'd Thy Predecessor's Heart.

VII.

Had Thy poor Breast receiv'd an equal Pain;
 Had I been vested with the Monarch's Pow'r;
 Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky Youth, in vain;
 Nor from My Bounty hadst Thou found a Cure.

VIII.

Tho' to convince Thee, that the Friend did feel
 A kind Concern for Thy ill-fated Care,
 I would have sooth'd the Flame, I could not heal;
 Giv'n Thee the World; tho' I with-held the Fair.

L O V E Disarm'd.

*BENEATH a Myrtle's verdant Shade
 As CLOE half asleep was laid,
 CUPID perch'd lightly on Her Breast,
 And in That Heav'n desir'd to rest:
 Over her Paps his Wings He spread:
 Between He found a downy Bed,
 And nestl'd in His little Head.

}

Still lay the God: The Nymph surpriz'd,
 Yet Mistress of her self, devis'd,
 How She the Vagrant might inthral,
 And Captive Him, who Captives All.

Her

Her Boddice half way She unlac'd:
About his Arms She flily cast
The filken Bond, and held Him fast.

The God awak'd; and thrice in vain
He strove to break the cruel Chain;
And thrice in vain He shook his Wing,
Incumber'd in the filken String.

Flutt'ring the God, and weeping said,
Pity poor CUPID, generous Maid,
Who happen'd, being Blind, to stray,
And on thy Bosom lost his Way:
Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never There must hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy Pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended Harm to Thee.]

To Me pertains not, She replies,
To know or care where CUPID flies;
What are his Haunts, or which his Way;
Where He would dwell, or whither stray:
Yet will I never set Thee free:
For Harm was meant, and Harm to Me.

Vain Fears that vex thy Virgin Heart!
I'll give Thee up my Bow and Dart:
Untangle but this cruel Chain.
And freely let Me fly again.

Agreed: Secure my Virgin Heart:
Instant give up thy Bow and Dart:
The Chain I'll in Return unty;
And freely Thou again shalt fly.

Thus She the Captive did deliver;
The Captive thus gave up his Quiver.

The God disarm'd, e'er since that Day
Passes his Life in harmless Play;
Flies round, or sits upon her Breast,
A little, flutt'ring, idle Guest.

E'er since that Day the beauteous Maid
Governs the world in CUPID's stead;
Directs his Arrow as She wills;
Gives Grief, or Pleasure; spares, or kills.

C L O E H U N T I N G.

BEHIND her Neck her comely Tresses ty'd,
Her Iv'ry Quiver graceful by her Side,
A-Hunting CLOE went: She lost her Way,
And thro' the Woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.
APOLLO passing by beheld the Maid;
And, Sister Dear, bright CYNTHIA turn, He said:
The hunted Hind lyes close in yonder Brake.
Loud CUPID laugh'd, to see the God's Mistake;
And laughing cry'd, Learn better, great Divine,
To know Thy Kindred, and to honour Mine.
Rightly advis'd, far hence Thy Sister seek,
Or on MEANDER's Bank, or LATMUS' Peak.
But in This Nymph, My Friend, My Sister know:
She draws My Arrows, and She bends My Bow:
Fair THAMES She haunts, and ev'ry neighb'ring Grove
Sacred to soft Recess, and gentle Love.
Go, with Thy CYNTHIA, hurl the pointed Spear
At the rough Boar; or chace the flying Deer:

I and My CLOE take a nobler Aim:
At human Hearts We fling, nor ever miss the Game.

CUPID and GANYMEDE.

IN Heav'n, one Holy-day, You read
In wise *Anacreon*, GANYMEDE
Drew heedless CUPID in, to throw
A Main, to pass an Hour, or so.
The little *Trojan*, by the way,
By HERMES taught, play'd All the Play.
The God unhappily engag'd,
By Nature rash, by Play enrag'd,
Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cry'd, and fretted;
Lost ev'ry earthly thing He betted:
In ready Money, all the Store
Pick'd up long since from DANAE'S Show'r;
A Snuff-Box, set with bleeding Hearts,
Rubies, all pierc'd with Diamond Darts;
His Nine-pins, made of Myrtle Wood;
(The Tree in IDA'S Forest stood)
His Bowl pure Gold, the very same
Which PARIS gave the CYPRIAN Dame;
Two Table-Books in Shagreen Covers;
Fill'd with good Verse from real Lovers;
Merchandise rare! A Billet-doux,
It's Matter passionate, yet true:
Heaps of Hair Rings, and cypher'd Seals;
Rich Trifles; serious Bagatelles.

What sad Disorders Play begets!
Desp'rate and mad, at length He sets

Those

Those Darts, whose Points make Gods adore
His Might, and deprecate his Pow'r:
Those Darts, whence all our Joy and Pain
Arise: those Darts——come, Seven's the Main;
Cries GANYMEDE: The usual Trick:
Seven, slur a Six; Eleven: A Nick.

Ill News goes fast: 'Twas quickly known,
That simple CUPID was undone.

Swifter than Lightning VENUS flew:
Too late She found the thing too true.

Guess how the Goddess greets her Son:

Come hither, Sirrah; no, begon;

And, hark Ye, is it so indeed?

A Comrade You for GANYMEDE?

An Imp as wicked, for his Age,

As any earthly Lady's Page;

A Scandal and a Scourge to TROY:

A Prince's Son? A Black-guard Boy:

A Sharper, that with Box and Dice

Draws in young Deities to Vice.

All Heav'n is by the Ears together,

Since first That little Rogue came hither:

JUNO her self has had no Peace:

And truly I've been favour'd less:

For JOVE, as FAME reports, (but FAME

Says things not fit for Me to name)

Has acted ill for such a God,

And taken Ways extreamly odd.

And Thou, unhappy Child, She said

(Her Anger by her Grief allay'd)

Unhappy Child, who thus hast lost

All the Estate We e'er could boast;

72 POEMS on several Occasions.

Whither, O whither wilt Thou run,
Thy Name despis'd, thy Weakness known?
Nor shall thy Shrine on Earth be crown'd:
Nor shall thy Pow'r in Heav'n be own'd;
When Thou, nor Man, nor God can't wound.

Obedient CUPID kneeling cry'd,
Cease, dearest Mother, cease to chide:
GANY's a Cheat, and I'm a Bubble:
Yet why this great Excess of Trouble?
The Dice were false: the Darts are gone:
Yet how are You, or I undone?

The Loss of These I can supply
With keener Shafts from CLOE's Eye:
Fear not, We e'er can be disgrac'd,
While That bright Magazine shall last:
Your crowded Altars still shall smoke;
And Man your Friendly Aid invoke:
Jove shall again revere your Pow'r,
And rise a Swan, or fall a Show'r.

CUPID *Mistaken.*

I.

AS after Noon, one Summer's Day,
VENUS stood bathing in a River;
CUPID a-shooting went that Way,
New strung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.

II.

With Skill He chose his sharpest Dart:
With all his Might his Bow He drew.

Swift

Swift to His beauteous Parent's Heart
The too well-guided Arrow flew.

III.

I faint! I die! the Goddess cry'd:
O cruel, could'st Thou find none other,
To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide!
Like NERO, Thou hast slain thy Mother.

IV.

Poor CUPID sobbing scarce could speak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know Ye:
Alas! how easie my Mistake?
I took You for your Likeness, CLOE.

VENUS Mistaken.

I.

WHEN CLOE's Picture was to VENUS shown;
Surpriz'd, the Goddess took it for Her own.
And what, said She, does this bold Painter mean?
When was I Bathing thus, and Naked seen?

II.

Pleas'd CUPID heard, and check'd His Mother's Pride:
And who's blind now, Mamma? the Urchin cry'd.
'Tis CLOE's Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breast:
Friend HOWARD's Genius fancy'd all the rest.



A S O N G.

IF Wine and Musick have the Pow'r,
 To ease the Sickness of the Soul;
 Let PHOEBUS ev'ry String explore;
 And BACCHUS fill the sprightly Bowl.
 Let Them their friendly Aid imploy,
 To make my CLOE's Absence light;
 And seek for Pleasure, to destroy
 The Sorrows of this live-long Night.

But She to Morrow will return:
 VENUS, be Thou to Morrow great;
 Thy Myrtles strow, Thy Odours burn;
 And meet Thy Fav'rite Nymph in State.
 Kind Goddess, to no other Pow'rs
 Let Us to Morrow's Blessings own:
 Thy darling LOVES shall guide the Hours;
 And all the Day be Thine alone.

The D O V E.

-----*Tantæne animis cœlestibus Iræ?*

Virg.

I.

IN VIRGIL's Sacred Verse we find,
 That Passion can depress or raise
 The Heav'nly, as the Human Mind:
 Who dare deny what VIRGIL says?

II. But

II.

But if They shou'd ; what our Great Master
 Has thus laid down, my Tale shall prove.
 Fair VENUS wept the sad Disaster
 Of having lost her Fav'rite DOVE.

III.

In Complaisance poor CUPID mourn'd ;
 His Grief reliev'd his Mother's Pain ;
 He vow'd he'd leave no Stone unturn'd,
 But She shou'd have her DOVE again.

IV.

Tho' None, said He, shall yet be nam'd,
 I know the Felon well enough :
 But be She not, Mamma, condemn'd
 Without a fair and legal Proof.

V.

With that, his longest Dart he took,
 As Constable wou'd take his Staff :
 That Gods desire like Men to look,
 Wou'd make ev'n HERACLITUS laugh.

VI.

LOVES Subaltern, a Duteous Band,
 Like Watchmen round their Chief appear :
 Each had his Lanthorn in his Hand :
 And VENUS mask'd brought up the Rear.

VII.

Accouter'd thus, their eager Step
 To CLOE's Lodging They directed :
 (At once I write, alas! and weep,
 That CLOE is of Theft suspected.)

VIII.

Late They set out, had far to go :
 St. DUNSTAN's, as They pass'd, struck One.

76 P O E M S *on several Occasions.*

C L O E, for Reasons good, You know,
Lives at the sober End o'th' Town.

IX.

With one great Peal They rap the Door,
Like Footmen on a Visiting-Day.
Folks at Her House at such an Hour!
Lord! what will all the Neighbours say?

X.

The Door is open'd: up They run:
Nor Prayers, nor Threats divert their Speed:
Thieves, Thieves! cries S U S A N; We're undone;
They'll kill my Mistress in her Bed.

XI.

In Bed indeed the Nymph had been
Three Hours: for all Historians say,
She commonly went up at Ten,
Unless *Picquet* was in the Way.

XII.

She wak'd, be sure, with strange Surprise.
O C U P I D, is this Right or Law,
Thus to disturb the brightest Eyes,
That ever slept, or ever saw?

XIII.

Have You observ'd a sitting Hare,
Lift'ning, and fearful of the Storm
Of Horns and Hounds, clap back her Ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her Form?

XIV.

Or have You mark'd a Partridge quake,
Viewing the tow'ring Faulcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the Brake:
Nor wou'd she stay: nor dares she fly.

XV. Then

XV.

Then have You seen the Beauteous Maid;
 When gazing on her Midnight Foes,
 She turn'd each Way her frightened Head,
 Then sunk it deep beneath the Cloaths.

XVI.

V E N U S this while was in the Chamber
Incognito: for S U S A N said,
 It smelt so strong of Myrrh and Amber——
 And S U S A N is no lying Maid.

XVII.

But since We have no present Need
 Of V E N U S for an Episode;
 With C U P I D let us e'en proceed:
 And thus to C L O E spoke the God:

XVIII.

Hold up your Head: hold up your Hand:
 Wou'd it were not my Lot to show ye
 This cruel *Writ*, wherein you stand
 Indicted by the Name of C L O E:

XIX.

For that by secret Malice stirr'd,
 Or by an emulous Pride invited,
 You have purloin'd the fav'rite Bird,
 In which my Mother most delighted.

XX.

Her blushing Face the lovely Maid
 Rais'd just above the milk-white Sheet.
 A Rose-Tree in a Lilly Bed,
 Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet.

XXI.

Are You not He whom Virgins fear,
 And Widows court? Is not your Name

78 POEMS on several Occasions.

CURID? If so, pray come not near---
Fair Maiden, I'm the very same.

XXII.

Then what have I, good Sir, to say,
Or do with Her, You call your Mother?
If I shou'd meet Her in my Way,
We hardly court'fy to each other.

XXIII.

DIANA Chaste, and HEBE Sweet,
Witness that what I speak is true:
I wou'd not give my Paroquet
For all the DOVES that ever flew.

XXIV.

Yet, to compose this Midnight Noise,
Go freely search where-e'er you please:
(The Rage that rais'd, adorn'd Her Voice)
Upon yon' Toilet lie my Keys.

XXV.

Her Keys He takes; her Doors unlocks;
Thro' Wardrobe, and thro' Closet bounces;
Peeps into ev'ry Chest and Box;
Turns all her Furbeloes and Flounces.

XXVI.

But DOVE, depend on't, finds He none;
So to the Bed returns again:
And now the Maiden, bolder grown.
Begins to treat Him with Disdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, She smiling said,
Your Poultry cannot yet be found:
Lies he in yonder Slipper dead,
Or, may be, in the Tea-pot drown'd?

XXVIII. No.

XXVIII.

No, Traytor, angry Love replies,
 He's hid somewhere about Your Breast;
 A Place, nor God, nor Man denies,
 For VENUS' DOVE the proper Nest.

XXIX.

Search then, She said, put in your Hand,
 And CYNTHIA, dear Protectress, guard Me:
 As guilty I, or free may stand,
 Do Thou, or punish, or reward me.

XXX.

But ah! what Maid to Love can trust?
 He scorns, and breaks all Legal Power:
 Into her Breast his Hand He thrust;
 And in a Moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

O, whither do those Fingers rove,
 Cries CLOE, treacherous Urchin, whither?
 O VENUS! I shall find thy DOVE,
 Says He; for sure I touch his Feather.

A LOVER'S ANGER.

AS CLOE came into the Room t' other Day,
 I peevish began; Where so long cou'd You stay?
 In your Life-time You never regarded your Hour:
 You promis'd at Two; and (pray look Child) 'tis Four.
 A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures nor Wheels:
 'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals.

A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear----
 Thus far I went on with a resolute Air.
 Lord blefs Me! said She; let a Body but speak:
 Here's an ugly hard Rose-Bud fall'n into my Neck:
 It has hurt Me, and vex't Me to such a Degree----
 See here; for You never believe Me; pray see,
 On the left Side my Breast what a Mark it has made,
 So saying, her Bosom She careless display'd.
 That Seat of Delight I with Wonder survey'd;
 And forgot ev'ry Word I design'd to have said.

MERCURY and CUPID.

IN sullen Humour one Day *Jove*
 Sent *HERMES* down to *IDA's* Grove,
 Commanding *CUPID* to deliver
 His Store of Darts, his total Quiver;
 That *HERMES* shou'd the Weapons break,
 Or throw 'em into *LETHE' Lake*.

HERMES, You know, must do his Errand:
 He found his Man, produc'd his Warrant:
CUPID, your Darts-----this very Hour-----
 There's no contending against Power.

How sullen *JUPITER*, just now
 I think I said: and You'll allow,
 That *CUPID* was as bad as He:
 Hear but the Youngster's Repartée.

Come Kinsman (said the little God)
 Put off your Wings; lay by your Rod;

Retire with Me to yonder Bower;
And rest your self for half an Hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to Heav'n:
And You fly fast: and 'tis but Seven.

We'll take one cooling Cup of Nectar;
And drink to this Celestial Hector —————

He break my Darts, or hurt my Pow'r!
He, L E D A's Swan, and D A N A E's Show'r!
Go, bid him his Wife's Tongue restrain;
And mind his Thunder, and his Rain. —————

My Darts? O certainly I'll give 'em:
From C L O E's Eyes He shall receive 'em.

There's One, the Best in all my Quiver,
Twang! thro' his very Heart and Liver.

He then shall Pine, and Sigh, and Rave:
Good Lord! what Bustle shall We have!

N E P T U N E must straight be sent to Sea;
And F L O R A summon'd twice a-day:

One must find Shells, and t'other Flow'rs,
For cooling Grotts, and fragrant Bow'rs,

That C L O E may be serv'd in State:

The H O U R S must at Her Toilet wait:

Whilst all the reasoning Fools below,
Wonder their Watches go too slow.

L Y B S must fly South, and E U R U S East,
For Jewels for Her Hair and Breast:

No Matter tho' their cruel Haste
Sink Cities, and lay Forrests waste.

No Matter tho' This Fleet be lost;

Or that lie wind-bound on the Coast.

What whis'pring in my Mother's Ear!

What Care, that J U N O shou'd not hear!

What

What Work among You Scholar Gods !
 PHOEBUS must write Him am'rous Odes;
 And Thou, poor Cousin, must compose
 His Letters in submissive Prose:
 Whilst haughty CLOE, to sustain
 The Honour of My mystick Reign,
 Shall all his Gifts and Vows disdain;
 And laugh at your Old Bully's Pain.

Dear Couz, said HERMES in a Fright,
 For Heav'n sake keep your Darts: Good Night.

On B E A U T Y.
 A R I D D L E.

*RESOLVE Me, CLOE, what is THIS:
 Or forfeit me One precious Kiss.
 'Tis the first Off-spring of the Graces;
 Bears diff'rent Forms in diff'rent Places;
 Acknowledg'd fine, where-e'er beheld;
 Yet fancy'd finer, when conceal'd.
 'Twas FLORA's Wealth, and CIRCE's Charm;
 PANDORA's Box of Good and Harm:
 'Twas MARS's Wish, ENDYMION's Dream;
 APELLES' Draught, and OVID's Theme.
 THIS guided THESEUS thro' the Maze;
 And sent Him home with Life and Praise.
 But THIS undid the PHRYGIAN Boy;
 And blew the Flames that ruin'd TROY.
 THIS shew'd great Kindness to old GREECE,
 And help'd rich JASON to the Fleece,

THIS

THIS thro' the East just Vengeance hurl'd,
 And lost poor ANTHONY the World.
 Injur'd, tho' LUCRECE found her Doom;
 THIS banish'd Tyranny from ROME.
 Appeas'd, tho' LAIS gain'd her Hire;
 THIS set PERSEPOLIS on Fire.
 For THIS ALCIDES learn'd to Spin;
 His Club laid down, and Lion's Skin.
 For THIS APOLLO deign'd to keep,
 With fervile Care, a Mortal's Sheep.
 For THIS the Father of the Gods,
 Content to leave His high Abodes,
 In borrow'd Figures loosely ran,
 EUROPA'S Bull, and LEDA'S Swan.
 For THIS He reassumes the Nod;
 (While SEMELE commands the God)
 Launces the Bolt, and shakes the Poles;
 Tho' MOMUS laughs, and JUNO scolds.

Here list'ning CLOE smil'd, and said;
 Your Riddle is not hard to read:
 I guess it ——— Fair one, if You do;
 Need I, alas! the Theme pursue?
 For THIS Thou seest, for THIS I leave,
 Whate'er the World thinks Wise or Grave,
 Ambition, Business, Friendship, News,
 My useful Books, and serious Muse.
 For THIS I willingly decline
 The Mirth of Feasts, and Joys of Wine;
 And chuse to sit and talk with Thee,
 (As Thy great Orders may decree)
 Of Cocks and Bulls, of Flutes and Fiddles,
 Of Idle Tales, and foolish Riddles.

The

The QUESTION to LISETTA.

WHAT Nymph shou'd I admire, or trust,
But CLOE Beauteous, CLOE Just?

What Nymph shou'd I desire to see,
But Her who leaves the Plain for Me?

To Whom shou'd I compose the Lay,
But Her who listens when I play?

To Whom in Song repeat my Cares,
But Her who in my Sorrow shares?

For Whom shou'd I the Garland make,
But Her who joys the Gift to take,

And boasts She wears it for My Sake?

In Love am I not fully blest?

LISETTA, pr'ythee tell the rest.

LISETTA'S REPLY.

SURE CLOE Just, and CLOE Fair
Deserves to be Your only Care:

But when You and She to Day

Far into the Wood did stray,

And I happen'd to pass by;

Which way did You cast your Eye?

But when your Cares to Her You sing,

Yet dare not tell Her whence they spring;

Does it not more afflict your Heart,

That in those Cares She bears a Part?

When



When You the Flow'rs for CLOE twine,
 Why do You to Her Garland join
 The meanest Bud that falls from Mine?
 Simplest of Swains! the World may see,
 Whom CLOE loves, and Who loves Me.

The G A R L A N D.

I.

THE Pride of ev'ry Grove I chose,
 The Violet sweet, and Lilly fair,
 The dappl'd Pink, and blushing Rose,
 To deck my charming CLOE's Hair.

II.

At Morn the Nymph vouchsaf't to place
 Upon her Brow the various Wreath;
 The Flow'rs less blooming than Her Face,
 The Scent less fragrant than Her Breath.

III.

The Flow'rs She wore along the Day:
 And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd said,
 That in her Hair they lookt more gay,
 Than glowing in their Native Bed.

IV.

Undrest at Evening, when She found
 Their Odours lost, their Colours past;
 She chang'd her Look, and on the Ground
 Her Garland and her Eye She cast.

V.

That Eye dropt Sense distinct and clear,
 As any MUSE's Tongue cou'd speak;

When

When from it's Lid a pearly Tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous Cheek.

VI.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My Love, my Life, said I, explain
This Change of Humour: pr'ythee tell:
That falling Tear ——— What does it mean?

VII.

She sigh'd; She smil'd: and to the Flow'rs
Pointing, the Lovely Moralist said:
See! Friend, in some few fleeting Hours,
See yonder, what a Change is made,

VIII.

= Ah Me! the blooming Pride of M A Y,
= And that of Beauty are but One:
= At Morn Both flourish bright and gay,
= Both fade at Evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

'At Dawn poor S T E L L A danc'd and sung;
The am'rous Youth around Her bow'd:
'At Night her fatal Knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd Her in her Shrowd.

X.

Such as She is, who dy'd to Day;
Such I, alas! may be to Morrow:
Go, D A M O N, bid Thy Muse display
The Justice of thy C L O E's Sorrow.



The L A D Y *who offers her Looking-*
Glass to V E N U S.

V E N U S, take my Votive Glass:

Since I am not what I was;

What from this Day I shall be,

V E N U S, let Me never see.

C L O E J E A L O U S.

I.

F O R B E A R to ask Me, why I weep;

Vext C L O E to her Shepherd said:

'Tis for my Two poor stragling Sheep

Perhaps, or for my Squirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what You late have writ?

Your subtle Questions, and Replies;

Emblems, to teach a Female Wit

The Ways, where changing C U P I D flies.

III.

Your Riddle, purpos'd to rehearse

The general Pow'r that Beauty has:

But why did no peculiar Verse

Describe one Charm of C L O E's Face?

IV.

The Glass, which was at V E N U S' Shrine,

With such Mysterious Sorrow laid:

The

88 *P O E M S on several Occasions.*

The Garland (and You call it Mine)
Which show'd how Youth and Beauty fade.

V.

Ten Thousand Trifles light as These
Nor can my Rage and Anger move:
She shou'd be humble, who wou'd please:
And She must suffer, who can love.

VI.

When in My Glass I chanc'd to look;
Of VENUS what did I implore?
That ev'ry Grace which thence I took,
Shou'd know to charm my DAMON more.

VII.

Reading Thy Verse; who heeds, said I,
If here or there his Glances flew?
O free for ever be His Eye,
Whose Heart to Me is always true.

VIII.

My Bloom indeed, my little Flow'r
Of Beauty quickly lost it's Pride:
For sever'd from its Native Bow'r,
It on Thy glowing Bosom dy'd.

IX.

Yet car'd I not, what might presage
Or withering Wreath, or fleeting Youth:
Love I esteem'd more strong than Age,
And Time less permanent than Truth.

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know:
Fall uncontroll'd my Tears, and free:
O DAMON, 'tis the only Woe,
I ever yet conceal'd from Thee.

XI. The

XI.

The secret Wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my Herse:
But on my Tomb-stone Thou shalt read
My Answer to Thy dubious Verse.

ANSWER to CLOE JEALOUS,
in the same STILE.

The AUTHOR *Sick.*

I.

YES, fairest Proof of Beauty's Pow'r,
Dear Idol of My panting Heart,
Nature points This my fatal Hour:
And I have liv'd; and We must part.

II.

While now I take my last Adieu,
Heave Thou no Sigh, nor shed a Tear;
Lest yet my half-clos'd Eye may view
On Earth an Object worth it's Care.

III.

From Jealousy's tormenting Strife
For ever be Thy Bosom freed:
That nothing may disturb Thy Life,
Content I hasten to the Dead.

IV.

Yet when some better-fated Youth
Shall with his am'rous Parly move Thee;
Reflect One Moment on His Truth
Who dying Thus, persists to love Thee.

A

A BETTER ANSWER.

I.

* **D**EAR CLOE, how blubber'd is that pretty Face?
 Thy Cheek all on Fire, and Thy Hair all uncurl'd:
 Pr'ythee quit this Caprice; and (as Old FALSTAF says)
 Let Us e'en talk a little like Folks of This World.

II.

How canst Thou presume, Thou hast leave to destroy
 The Beauties, which VENUS but lent to Thy keeping?
 Those Looks were design'd to inspire Love and Joy:
 More ord'nary Eyes may serve People for weeping.

III.

To be vext at a Trifle or two that I writ,
 Your Judgment at once, and my Passion You wrong:
 You take that for Fact, which will scarce be found Wit:
 Od's Life! must One swear to the Truth of a Song?

IV.

What I speak, my fair CLOE, and what I write, shews
 The Diff'rence there is betwixt Nature and Art:
 I court others in Verse; but I love Thee in Prose:
 And They have my Whimfies; but Thou hast my Heart.

V.

The God of us Verse-men (You know Child) the SUN,
 How after his Journeys He sets up his Rest:
 If at Morning o'er Earth 'tis his Fancy to run;
 At Night he reclines on his THETIS's Breast.

VI.

So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all Day;
 To Thee my Delight in the Evening I come:

No Matter what Beauties I saw in my Way:

They were but my Visits; but Thou art my Home.

VII.

Then finish, Dear CLOE, this Pastoral War;

And let us like HORACE and LYDIA agree:

For Thou art a Girl as much brighter than Her,

As He was a Poet sublimer than Me.

PALLAS and VENUS.

An EPIGRAM.

THE TROJAN Swain had judg'd the great Dispute;
And Beauty's Pow'r obtain'd the Golden Fruit;

When VENUS, loose in all Her naked Charms,

Met Jove's great Daughter clad in shining Arms.

The wanton Goddess view'd the Warlike Maid

From Head to Foot, and Tauntingly She said:

Yield, Sister; Rival, yield: Naked, You see,

I vanquish: Guess how Potent I should be;

If to the Field I came in Armour drest;

Dreadful, like Thine, my Shield, and terrible my Crest.

The Warrior Goddess with Disdain reply'd;

Thy Folly, Child, is equal to thy Pride:

Let a brave Enemy for once advise,

And VENUS (if 'tis possible) be Wise.

Thou to be strong must put off every Dress:

Thy only Armour is thy Nakedness:

And more than once, (or Thou art much bely'd)

By MARS himself That Armour has been try'd.

TO

T O A
YOUNG GENTLEMAN *in* LOVE.
A T A L E.

FROM publick Noise and factious Strife,
From all the busie Ills of Life,
Take me, My CELIA, to thy Breast;
And lull my wearied Soul to Rest:
For ever, in this humble Cell,
Let Thee and I, my Fair One, dwell;
None enter else, but LOVE ——— and He
Shall bar the Door, and keep the Key.

To painted Roofs, and shining Spires
(Uneasy Seats of high Desires)
Let the unthinking Many croud,
That dare be Covetous and Proud:
In golden Bondage let Them wait,
And barter Happiness for State:
But Oh! My CELIA, when Thy Swain
Desires to see a Court again;
May Heav'n around This destin'd Head
The choicest of it's Curses shed:
To sum up all the Rage of Fate,
In the Two Things I dread and hate;
May'st Thou be False, and I be Great.

Thus, on his CELIA's panting Breast,
Fond CELADON his Soul exprest;
While with Delight the lovely Maid
Receiv'd the Vows, She thus repaid:

Hope

✓ Hope of my Age, Joy of my Youth,
Blest Miracle of Love and Truth!
All that cou'd e'er be counted Mine,
My Love and Life, long since are Thine:
A real Joy I never knew;
'Till I believ'd Thy Passion true:
A real Grief I ne'er can find;
'Till Thou prov'st Perjur'd or Unkind.
Contempt, and Poverty, and Care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Blest with Thy Presence, I can bear.
Thro' Waters, and thro' Flames I'll go,
Suff'rer and Solace of Thy Woe:
Trace Me some yet unheard-of Way,
That I Thy Ardour may repay;
And make My constant Passion known,
By more than Woman yet has done.
✓ Had I a Wish that did not bear
The Stamp and Image of my Dear;
I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,
And Die to let it out again.
No: VENUS shall my Witness be,
(If VENUS ever lov'd like Me)
That for one Hour I wou'd not quit
My Shepherd's Arms, and this Retreat,
To be the PERSIAN Monarch's Bride,
Part'ner of all his Pow'r and Pride;
Or Rule in Regal State above,
Mother of Gods, and Wife of J O V E.
O happy these of Human Race!
But soon, alas! our Pleasures pass,

94 POEMS on several Occasions.

He thank'd her on his bended Knee;
 Then drank a Quart of Milk and Tea;
 And leaving her ador'd Embrace,
 Hasten'd to Court, to beg a Place.
 While She, his Absence to bemoan,
 The very Moment He was gone,
 Call'd THYRSIS from beneath the Bed;
 Where all this time he had been hid.

M O R A L.

WHILE Men have these ambitious Fancies;
 And wanton Wenches read Romances;
 Our Sex will——What? Out with it. Lye;
 And Their's in equal Strains reply.
 The Moral of the Tale I sing
 (A Posy for a Wedding Ring)
 In this short Verse will be confin'd:
 Love is a Jest, and Vows are Wind.

A N

ENGLISH PADLOCK.

* MISS DANAE, when Fair and Young
 (As HORACE has divinely sung)
 Cou'd not be kept from JOVE's Embrace
 By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Brass.
 The Reason of the Thing is clear;
 Would JOVE the naked Truth aver:

CUPID

CUPID was with Him of the Party;
 And shew'd himself sincere and hearty:
 For, give That Whipster but his Errand;
 He takes my Lord Chief Justice' Warrant;
 Dauntless as Death away He walks;
 Breaks the Doors open; snaps the Locks;
 Searches the Parlour, Chamber, Study;
 Nor stops, 'till He has CULPRIT's Body.

Since This has been Authentick Truth,
 By Age deliver'd down to Youth;
 Tell us, mistaken Husband, tell us,
 Why so Mysterious, why so Jealous?
 Does the Restraint, the Bolt, the Bar
 Make Us less Curious, Her less Fair?
 The Spy, which does this Treasure keep,
 Doe She ne'er say her Pray'rs, nor sleep?
 Does She to no Excess incline?
 Does She fly Musick, Mirth, and Wine?
 Or have not Gold and Flatt'ry Pow'r,
 To purchase One unguarded Hour?

Your Care does further yet extend:
 That Spy is guarded by your Friend.——
 But has This Friend nor Eye, nor Heart?
 May He not feel the cruel Dart,
 Which, soon or late, all Mortals feel?
 May He not, with too tender Zeal,
 Give the fair Pris'ner Cause to see,
 How much He wishes, She were free?
 May He not craftily infer
 The Rules of Friendship too severe,
 Which chain Him to a hated Trust;
 Which make Him Wretched, to be Just?

And may not She, this Darling She,
 Youthful and healthy, Flesh and Blood,
 Easie with Him, ill-us'd by Thee,
 Allow this Logic to be good?
 Sir, Will your Questions never end?
 I trust to neither Spy nor Friend.
 In short, I keep Her from the Sight
 Of ev'ry Human Face. ——— She'll write. ———
 From Pen and Paper She's debarr'd. ———
 Has She a Bodkin and a Card?
 She'll prick her Mind. ——— She will, You say:
 But how shall She That Mind convey?
 I keep Her in one Room: I lock it:
 The Key (look here) is in this Pocket.
 The Key-hole, is That left? Most certain.
 She'll thrust her Letter thro' ——— Sir MARTIN.

Dear angry Friend, what must be done?
 Is there no Way? ——— There is but One.
 Send Her abroad; and let Her see,
 That all this mingled Mass, which She
 Being forbidden longs to know,
 Is a dull Farce, an empty Show,
 Powder, and Pocket Glafs, and Beau;
 A Staple of Romance and Lies,
 False Tears, and real Perjuries:
 Where Sighs and Looks are bought and sold;
 And Love is made but to be told:
 Where the fat Bawd, and lavish Heir
 The Spoils of ruin'd Beauty share:
 And Youth seduc'd from Friends and Fame,
 Must give up Age to Want and Shame.

Let Her behold the Frantick Scene,
 The Women wretched, false the Men:
 And when, these certain Ills to shun,
 She would to Thy Embraces run;
 Receive Her with extended Arms:
 Seem more delighted with her Charms:
 Wait on Her to the Park and Play:
 Put on good Humour; make Her gay:
 Be to her Virtues very kind:
 Be to her Faults a little blind:
 Let all her Ways be unconfin'd:
 And clap your PADLOCK ——— on her Mind.

H A N S C A R V E L.

* **H**ANS CARVEL, Impotent and Old,
 Married a Lafs of LONDON Mould:
 Handsome? enough; extreamly Gay:
 Lov'd Musick, Company, and Play:
 High Flights She had, and Wit at Will:
 And so her Tongue lay seldom still:
 For in all Visits who but She,
 To Argue, or to Repartée?

She made it plain, that Human Passion
 Was order'd by Predestination;
 That, if weak Women went astray,
 Their Stars were more in Fault than They:
 Whole Tragedies She had by Heart;
 Enter'd into ROXANA's Part:
 To Triumph in her Rival's Blood,
 The Action certainly was good.

How like a Vine young AMMON curl'd!
 Oh that dear Conqu'ror of the World!
 She pity'd BETTERTON in Age,
 That ridicul'd the God-like Rage.

She, first of all the Town, was told,
 Where newest INDIA Things were sold:
 So in a Morning, without Bodice,
 Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. THODY'S;
 To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen:
 What else cou'd so much Virtue mean?
 For to prevent the least Reproach,
 BETTY went with her in the Coach.

✱ But when no very great Affair
 Excited her peculiar Care;
 She without fail was wak'd at Ten;
 Drank Chocolate, then slept again:
 At Twelve She rose: with much ado
 Her Cloaths were huddl'd on by Two:
 Then; Does my Lady Dine at home?
 Yes sure; ——— but is the Colonel come?
 Next, how to spend the Afternoon,
 And not come Home again too soon;
 The Change, the City, or the Play,
 As each was proper for the Day;
 A Turn in Summer to HYDE-PARK,
 When it grew tolerably Dark.

Wife's Pleasure causes Husband's Pain:
 Strange Fancies come in HANS's Brain;
 He thought of what He did not name;
 And wou'd reform; but durst not blame.
 At first He therefore Preach'd his Wife
 The Comforts of a Pious Life:

Told

Told Her, how Transient Beauty was;
 That All must die, and Flesh was Grass:
 He bought Her Sermons, Psalms, and Graces;
 And doubled down the useful Places.
 But still the Weight of worldly Care
 Allow'd Her little time for Pray'r:
 And CLEOPATRA was read o'er,
 While SCOT, and WAKE, and Twenty more,
 That teach one to deny one's self,
 Stood unmolested on the Shelf.
 An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toilet:
 No fear that Thumb of Her's shou'd spoil it.
 In short, the Trade was still the same:
 The Dame went out: the Colonel came.

What's to be done? poor CARVEL cry'd;
 Another Batt'ry must be try'd:
 What if to Spells I had Recourse?
 'Tis but to hinder something Worse.
 The End must justify the Means:
 He only Sins who Ill intends:
 Since therefore 'tis to Combat Evil;
 'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.

Forthwith the Devil did appear
 (For name Him and He's always near)
 Not in the Shape in which He plies
 At Miss's Elbow when She lies;
 Or stands before the Nurs'ry Doors,
 To take the naughty Boy that roars:
 But without Sawcer Eye or Claw,
 Like a grave Barrister at Law.

HANS CARVEL, lay aside your Grief,
 The Devil says: I bring Relief.

100 POEMS on several Occasions.

Relief, says HANS: pray let me crave
 Your Name, Sir.——SATAN.——Sir, your Slave:
 I did not look upon your Feet:
 You'll pardon Me:——Ay now I fee't:
 And pray, Sir, when came You from Hell?
 Our Friends there, did You leave Them well?
 All well: but pr'ythee, honest HANS,
 (Says SATAN) leave your Complaisance:
 The Truth is this: I cannot stay
 Flaring in Sun-shine all the Day:
 For, *entre Nous*, We Hellish Sprites,
 Love more the Fresco of the Nights;
 And oft'ner our Receipts convey
 In Dreams, than any other Way.
 I tell You therefore as a Friend,
 E'er Morning dawns, your Fears shall end:
 Go then this Evening, Master CARVEL,
 Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel;
 Let Friends and Wine dissolve your Care;
 Whilst I the great Receipt prepare:
 To Night I'll bring it, by my Faith;
 Believe for once what SATAN saith.

Away went HANS: glad? not a little;
 Obey'd the Devil to a Tittle;
 Invited Friends some half a Dozen,
 The Colonel, and my Lady's Cousin.
 The Meat was serv'd; the Bowls were crown'd;
 Catches were sung; and Healths went round:
 Barbadoes Waters for the Close;
 'Till HANS had fairly got his Dose:
 The Colonel toasted to the best:
 The Dame mov'd off, to be undrest:

The

The Chimes went Twelve: the Guests withdrew:
 But when, or how, HANS hardly knew.
 Some Modern Anecdotes aver,
 He nodded in his Elbow Chair;
 From thence was carry'd off to Bed:
 JOHN held his Heels, and NAN his Head.
 My Lady was disturb'd: new Sorrow!
 Which HANS must answer for to Morrow.

In Bed then view this happy Pair;
 And think how HYMEN Triumph'd there.
 HANS, fast asleep, as soon as laid;
 The Duty of the Night unpaid:
 The waking Dame, with Thoughts oppress'd,
 That made Her Hate both Him and Rest:
 By such a Husband, such a Wife!
 'Twas ACME's and SEPTIMIUS' Life.
 The Lady sigh'd: the Lover snor'd:
 The punctual Devil kept his Word:
 Appear'd to honest HANS again;
 But not at all by Madam seen:
 And giving Him a Magick Ring,
 Fit for the Finger of a King;
 Dear HANS, said He, this Jewel take,
 And wear it long for SATAN's Sake:
 'Twill do your Business to a Hair:
 For long as You this Ring shall wear,
 As sure as I look over LINCOLN,
 That ne'er shall happen which You think on.

HANS took the Ring with Joy extream;
 (All this was only in a Dream)
 And thrusting it beyond his Joint,
 'Tis done, He cry'd: I've gain'd my Point. —————

What Point, said She, You ugly Beast?
 You neither give Me Joy nor Rest:
 'Tis done. ——— What's done, You drunken Bear?
 You've thrust your Finger G—d knows where.

A DUTCH PROVERB.

FIRE, Water, Woman, are Man's Ruin;
 Says wise Professor VANDER BRÜIN.
 By Flames a House I hir'd was lost
 Last Year: and I must pay the Cost.
 This Spring the Rains o'erflow'd my Ground:
 And my best Flanders Mare was drown'd.
 A Slave I am to CLARA's Eyes:
 The Gipsy knows her Pow'r, and flies.
 Fire, Water, Woman, are my Ruin:
 And great Thy Wisdom, VANDER BRÜIN.



PAULO PURGANTI

And his W I F E:

An Honest, but a Simple Pair.

Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni Virtute, quod Deceat : quod Cogitatione magis à Virtute potest quàm Re separari. Cic. de Off. L. 2.

* **B**EYOND the fix'd and settl'd Rules
Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools,
Beyond the Letter of the Law,
Which keeps our Men and Maids in Awe,
The better Sort should set before 'em
A Grace, a Manner, a Decorum;
Something, that gives their Acts a Light;
Makes 'em not only just, but bright;
And sets 'em in that open Fame,
Which witty Malice cannot blame.

For 'tis in Life, as 'tis in Painting:
Much may be Right, yet much be Wanting:
From Lines drawn true, our Eye may trace
A Foot, a Knee, a Hand, a Face:
May justly own the Picture wrought
Exact to Rule, exempt from Fault:
Yet if the Colouring be not there,
The TITIAN Stroke, the GUIDO Air;

To

To nicest Judgment show the Piece;
 At best 'twill only not displease:
 It would not gain on JERSEY's Eye:
 BRADFORD would frown, and set it by.

Thus in the Picture of our Mind
 The Action may be well design'd;
 Guided by Law, and bound by Duty;
 Yet want this *Je ne sçay quoy* of Beauty:
 And tho' it's Error may be such,
 As KNAGS and BURGESS cannot hit;
 It yet may feel the nicer Touch
 Of WICHERLEY's or CONGREVE's Wit.

What is this Talk? replies a Friend:
 And where will this dry Moral end?
 The Truth of what You here lay down
 By some Example should be shown.----
 With all my Heart,-----for once;-----read on.
 An Honest, but a Simple Pair
 (And Twenty other I forbear)
 May serve to make this THESIS clear.

A Doctor of great Skill and Fame,
 PAULO PURGANTI was his Name,
 Had a good, comely, virtuous Wife:
 No Woman led a better Life:
 She to Intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted:
 She chuckl'd when a Bawd was carted:
 And thought the Nation ne'er wou'd thrive,
 'Till all the Whores were burnt alive.

On marry'd Men, that dare be bad,
 She thought no Mercy should be had;
 They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flead,
 Or serv'd like ROMISH Priests in SWEDEN.---

In short, all Lewdness She defy'd:
And stiff was her Parochial Pride.

Yet in an honest Way, the Dame
Was a great Lover of That same;
And could from Scripture take her Cue,
That Husbands should give Wives their Due.

Her Prudence did so justly steer
Between the Gay and the Severe,
That if in some Regards She chose
To curb poor PAULO in too close;
In others She relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looser Rein.

Thus tho' She strictly did confine
The Doctor from Excess of Wine;
With Oysters, Eggs, and Vermicelli
She let Him almost burst his Belly:
Thus drying Coffee was deny'd;
But Chocolate that Lofs supply'd:
And for Tobacco (who could bear it?)
Filthy Concomitant of Claret!
(Blest Revolution!) one might see
Eringo Roots, and Bohé Tea.

She often set the Doctor's Band,
And strok'd his Beard, and squeez'd his Hand:
Kindly complain'd, that after Noon
He went to pore on Books too soon:
She held it wholesomer by much,
To rest a little on the Couch:——
About his Waste in Bed a-nights
She clung so close——for fear of Sprites.

The Doctor understood the Call ;
But had not always wherewithal.

The Lion's Skin too short, you know,
 (As PLUTARCH's Morals finely show)
 Was lengthen'd by the Fox's Tail:
 And Art supplies, where Strength may fail.

Unwilling then in Arms to meet
 The Enemy, He could not beat;
 He strove to lengthen the Campaign,
 And save his Forces by Chicane.

FABIUS, the ROMAN Chief, who thus
 By fair Retreat grew MAXIMUS,
 Shows us, that all that Warrior can do
 With Force inferior, is *Cunctando*.

One Day then, as the Foe drew near,
 With Love, and Joy, and Life, and Dear;
 Our Don, who knew this Tittle Tattle
 Did, sure as Trumpet, call to Battel;
 Thought it extreamly *à propos*,
 To ward against the coming Blow:
 To ward: but how? Ay, there's the Question:
 Fierce the Assault, unarm'd the Bastion.

The Doctor feign'd a strange Surprise:
 He felt her Pulse: he view'd her Eyes:
 That beat too fast: These rowl'd too quick:
 She was, He said, or would be Sick:
 He judg'd it absolutely good,
 That She should purge and cleanse her Blood,
 SPAW Waters for that end were got:
 If they past easily or not,
 What matters it? the Lady's Feaver
 Continu'd violent as ever.

For a Distemper of this Kind,
 (BLACKMORE and HANS are of my Mind)

If once it youthful Blood infects,
And chiefly of the Female Sex;
Is scarce remov'd by Pill or Potion;
What-e'er might be our Doctor's Notion.

One luckless Night then, as in Bed
The Doctor and the Dame were laid;
Again this cruel Feaver came,
High Pulse, short Breath, and Blood in Flame.
What Measures shall poor PAULO keep
With Madam, in this piteous taking?
She, like MACBETH, has murder'd Sleep,
And won't allow Him Rest, tho' waking.
Sad State of Matters! when We dare
Nor ask for Peace, nor offer War:
Nor LIVY nor COMINES have shown,
What in this Juncture may be done.

GROTIUS might own, that PAULO's Case is
Harder, than any which He places
Among his BELLI and his PACIS.

He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
By dint of Logic to maintain,
That all the Sex was born to grieve,
Down to her Ladyship from EVE.
He rang'd his Tropes, and preach'd up Patience;
Back'd his Opinion with Quotations,
Divines and Moralists; and run ye on
Quite thro' from SENECA to BUNYAN.
As much in vain He bid Her try
To fold her Arms, to close her Eye;
Telling Her, Rest would do Her Good;
If any thing in Nature cou'd:

So held the GREEKS quite down from GALEN,
 Masters and Princes of the Calling:
 So all our Modern Friends maintain
 (Tho' no great GREEKS) in WARWICK-LANE.

Reduce, my Muse, the wand'ring Song:
 A Tale should never be too long.

The more He talk'd, the more She burn'd,
 And sigh'd, and tost, and groan'd, and turn'd:
 At last, I wish, said She, my Dear——
 (And whisper'd something in his Ear.)
 You wish! wish on, the Doctor cries:
 Lord! when will Womankind be wife?
 What, in your Waters? are You mad?
 Why Poyson is not half so bad.
 I'll do it——But I give You Warning:
 You'll die before To-morrow Morning. ——
 'Tis kind, my Dear, what You advise;
 The Lady with a Sigh replies:
 But Life, You know, at best is Pain:
 And Death is what We should disdain.
 So do it therefore, and Adieu:
 For I will die for Love of You!——
 Let wanton Wives by Death be scar'd:
 But, to my Comfort, I'm prepar'd.

The L A D L E.

THE Scepticks think, 'twas long ago,
 Since Gods came down *Incognito*,
 To see Who were Their Friends or Foes,
 And how our Actions fell or rose:

That

That since They gave Things their Beginning;
 And set this Whirligig a Spinning;
 Supine They in their Heav'n remain,
 Exempt from Passion, and from Pain:
 And frankly leave us Human Elves,
 To cut and shuffle for our selves:
 To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
 As Matter, and as Motion jumble.

The Poets now, and Painters hold
 This *Thesis* both absurd and bold:
 And your good-natur'd Gods, They say,
 Descend some twice or thrice a-day:
 Else all these Things We toil so hard in,
 Would not avail one single Farthing:
 For when the Hero We rehearse,
 To grace His Actions, and Our Verse;
 'Tis not by dint of Human Thought,
 That to his LATIUM He is brought;
 IRIS descends by FATE's Commands,
 To guide his Steps thro' Foreign Lands:
 And AMPHITRITE clears his Way
 From Rocks and Quick-sands in the Sea.

And if You see Him in a Sketch;
 (Tho' drawn by PAULO or CARACHE)
 He shows not half his Force and Strength,
 Strutting in Armour, and at Length:
 That He may make his proper Figure,
 The Piece must yet be four Yards bigger:
 The NYMPHS conduct Him to the Field:
 One holds his Sword, and One his Shield:
 MARS standing by asserts his Quarrel:
 And FAME flies after with a Lawrel.

These

110 POEMS on several Occasions.

These Points, I say, of Speculation
 (As 'twere to save or sink the Nation)
 Men idly learned will dispute,
 Assert, object, confirm, refute:
 Each mighty angry, mighty right,
 With equal Arms sustains the Fight;
 'Till now no Umpire can agree 'em:
 So both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*,

Is it in *Equilibrio*,
 If Deities descend or no?
 Then let th' Affirmative prevail,
 As requisite to form my Tale:
 = For by all Parties 'tis confest,
 = That those Opinions are the best,
 = Which in their Nature most conduce
 = To present Ends, and private Use.

Two Gods came therefore from above,
 One MERCURY, the t' other Jove:
 The Humour was (it seems) to know,
 If all the Favours They bestow,
 Could from our own Perverseness ease Us;
 And if our Wish enjoy'd would please Us.

Discoursing largely on this Theme,
 O'r Hills and Dales Their Godships came;
 'Till well nigh tir'd at almost Night,
 They thought in proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
 That in Disguise a God or Goddess
 Exerts no supernat'ral Powers;
 But acts on Maxims much like Ours.

They spy'd at last a Country Farm,
 Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;

For

For Woods before, and Hills behind
 Secur'd it both from Rain and Wind:
 Large Oxen in the Fields were lowing:
 Good Grain was sow'd: good Fruit was growing:
 Of last Year's Corn in Barns great Store;
 Fat Turkeys gobbling at the Door:
 And Wealth (in short) with Peace consented,
 That People here should live contented:
 But did They in Effect do so?

Have Patience, Friend, and Thou shalt know,

The honest Farmer and his Wife,
 To Years declin'd from Prime of Life,
 Had struggl'd with the Marriage Noose;
 As almost ev'ry Couple does:
 Sometimes, My Plague! sometimes, My Darling!
 Kissing to Day, to Morrow snarling;
 = Jointly submitting to endure
 = That Evil, which admits no Cure.

Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd:
 Our Farmer met 'em in the Yard;
 Thought They were Folks that lost their Way;
 And ask'd them civilly to stay:
 Told 'em, for Supper, or for Bed
 They might go on, and be worse sped. —

So said, so done: the Gods consent:
 All three into the Parlour went:
 They complement: They sit: They chat;
 Fight o'er the Wars; reform the State:
 A thousand knotty Points They clear;
 Till Supper and my Wife appear.

Jove made his Leg, and kiss'd the Dame:
 Obsequious HERMES did the same,

Jove

112 POEMS on several Occasions.

Jove kiss'd the Farmer's Wife, You say.
He did————but in an honest Way:
Oh! not with half that Warmth and Life,
With which He kiss'd AMPHITRYON's Wife,————

Well then, Things handsomely were serv'd:
My Mistrefs for the Strangers carv'd.
How strong the Beer, how good the Meat,
How loud they laught, how much They eat,
In Epic sumptuous woud appear;
Yet shall be pass'd in Silence here:
For I should grieve to have it said,
That by a fine Description led,
I made my Episode too long,
Or tir'd my Friend, to grace my Song.

The Grace-Cup serv'd, the Cloth away,
Jove thought it time to show his Play:
Landlord and Landlady, He cry'd,
Folly and Jestings laid aside,
That Ye thus hospitably live,
And Strangers with good Chear receive,
Is mighty grateful to your Betters,
And makes ev'n Gods themselves your Debtors.
To give this *Thesis* plainer Proof
You have to Night beneath your Roof
A Pair of Gods: (nay never wonder)
This Youth can Fly, and I can Thunder.
I'm JUPITER, and He MERCURIUS,
My Page, my Son indeed, but spurious.
Form then Three Wishes, You and Madam:
And sure, as You already had 'em,
The Things desir'd in half an Hour
Shall all be here, and in your Pow'r.

Thank

Thank Ye, great Gods, the Woman says:
Oh! may your Altars ever blaze.

A Ladle for our Silver Dish
Is what I want, is what I Wish.——

A Ladle! cries the Man, a Ladle!
'Odzooks, CORISCA, You have pray'd ill:
What should be Great, You turn to Farce:
I Wish the Ladle in your A——.

With equal Grief and Shame my Muse
The Sequel of the Tale pursues:
The Ladle fell into the Room,
And stuck in old CORISCA's Bum.
Our Couple weep Two Wishes past,
And kindly join to form the last,
To ease the Woman's awkward Pain,
And get the Ladle out again.

M O R A L.

THIS Commoner has Worth and Parts,
Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts:
His Head aches for a Coronet:
And Who is Bless'd that is not Great?

Some Sense, and more Estate, kind Heav'n
To this well-lotted Peer has giv'n:
What then? He must have Rule and Sway:
And all is wrong, 'till He's in Play.

The Miser must make up his Plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded Sum:
The sickly Dotard wants a Wife,
To draw off his last Dregs of Life.

Against our Peace We arm our Will:
Amidst our Plenty, *Something* still

114 POEMS on several Occasions.

For Horses, Houses, Pictures, Planting,
To Thee, to Me, to Him is wanting.
That cruel *Something* unpossess'd
Corrodes, and leuens all the rest.
That *Something*, if We could obtain,
Would soon create a future Pain :
And to the Coffin, from the Cradle,
'Tis all a WISH, and all a LADLE.

Written at PARIS, 1700.

In the Beginning of

ROBE's GEOGRAPHY.

OF All that WILLIAM Rules, or ROBE
Describes, Great RHEA, of Thy Globe;
When or on Post-Horse, or in Chaise,
With much Expence, and little Ease,
My destin'd Miles I shall have gone,
By THAMES or MAESE, by PO or RHONE,
And found no Foot of Earth my own ;
GREAT MOTHER, let Me Once be able
To have a Garden, House, and Stable;
That I may Read, and Ride, and Plant,
Superior to Desire, or Want ;
And as Health fails, and Years increase,
Sit down, and think, and die in Peace.

Oblige

Oblige Thy Fav'rite Undertakers
To throw Me in but Twenty Acres:
This Number sure They may allow:
For Pasture Ten, and Ten for Plow:
'Tis all that I wou'd Wish, or Hope,
For ME, and JOHN, and NELL, and CROP.

Then, as Thou wilt, dispose the rest
(And let not FORTUNE spoil the Jest)
To Those, who at the Market-Rate
Can barter Honour for Estate.

Now if Thou grant'st Me my Request,
To make Thy Vot'ry truly blest,
Let curst Revenge, and sawcy Pride
To some bleak Rock far off be ty'd;
Nor e'er approach my Rural Seat,
To tempt Me to be Base, and Great.

And, GODDESS, This kind Office done,
Charge VENUS to command her Son,
(Where-ever else She lets Him rove)
To shun my House, and Field, and Grove:
Peace cannot dwell with Hate or Love.

Hear, gracious RHEA, what I say:
And Thy Petitioner shall Pray.



Written in the Beginning of
M E Z E R A Y's
HISTORY of *F R A N C E*.

I.

WHATE'ER thy Countrymen have done
By Law and Wit, by Sword and Gun,
In Thee is faithfully recited:
And all the Living World, that view
Thy Work, give Thee the Praises due,
At once Instructed and Delighted.

II.

Yet for the Fame of all these Deeds,
What Begger in the *Invalides*,
With Lameness broke, with Blindness smitten,
Wish'd ever decently to die,
To have been either *M E Z E R A Y*,
Or any Monarch He has written?

III.

It strange, dear Author, yet it true is,
That down from *P H A R A M O N D* to *L O U I S*,
All covet Life, yet call it Pain:
All feel the Ill, yet shun the Cure:
Can Sense this Paradox endure?
Resolve me, *C A M B R A Y*, or *F O N T A I N E*.

IV.

The Man in graver Tragic known
(Tho' his best Part long since was done)
Still on the Stage desires to tarry:

And

And He who play'd the *Harlequin*,
After the Jest still loads the Scene,
Unwilling to retire, tho' Weary.

Written in the
Nouveaux Interests des PRINCES
de l'EUROPE.

BEST be the Princes, who have fought
For Pompous Names, or wide Dominion;
Since by Their Error We are taught,
That Happiness is but Opinion.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS

Ad Animam Suam.

ANIMULA, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, Comesque Corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.



By Monsieur FONTENELLE.

MA petite Ame, ma Mignonne,
 Tu t'en vas donc, ma Fille, & Dieu sçache où Tu vas:
 Tu pars seulette, nuë, & tremblotante, Helas!
 Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?
 Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

I M I T A T E D.

POOOR little, pretty, flutt'ring Thing,
 Must We no longer live together?
 And dost Thou prune thy trembling Wing;
 To take thy Flight Thou know'st not whither?
 Thy humorous Vein, thy pleasing Folly
 Lyes all neglected, all forgot:
 And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
 Thou dread'st and hop'st Thou know'st not what.

A PASSAGE in the
MORIÆ ENCOMIUM
 of ERASMUS *Imitated.*

IN awful Pomp, and Melancholy State,
 See settl'd REASON on the Judgment Seat:
 Around Her croud DISTRUST, and DOUBT, and FEAR,
 And thoughtful FORESIGHT, and tormenting CARE:

Far

Far from the Throne, the trembling PLEASURES stand'
Chain'd up, or Exil'd by her stern Command.
Wretched her Subjects, gloomy sits the Queen;
'Till happy CHANCE reverts the cruel Scene:
And apish FOLLY with her wild Resort
Of Wit and Jest disturbs the solemn Court.

See the fantastic Minstrelsy advance,
To breathe the Song, and animate the Dance.
Blest the Usurper! happy the Surprize!
Her Mimic Postures catch our eager Eyes:
Her Jingling Bells affect our captive Ear:
And in the Sights We see, and Sounds We hear,
Against our Judgment She our Sense employs:
The Laws of troubl'd REASON She destroys:
And in their Place rejoices to indite
Wild Schemes of Mirth, and Plans of loose Delight.

To Dr. *SHERLOCK*,

ON HIS

PRACTICAL DISCOURSE

Concerning DEATH.

FORGIVE the Muse, who in unhallow'd Strains
The Saint one Moment from his GOD detains:
For sure, whate'er You do, where-e'er You are,
'Tis all but one good Work, one constant Pray'r:
Forgive Her; and intreat That GOD, to Whom
Thy favour'd Vows with kind Acceptance come,

120 POEMS on several Occasions.

To raise her Notes to that sublime Degree,
Which suits a Song of Piety and Thee.

Wond'rous good Man! whose Labours may repel
The Force of Sin, may stop the Rage of Hell:
Thou, like the BAPTIST, from thy GOD wast sent
The crying Voice, to bid the World repent.

Thee YOUTH shall study; and no more engage
Their flatt'ring Wishes for uncertain AGE;
No more with fruitless Care, and cheated Strife
Chace fleeting Pleasure thro' this Maze of Life;
Finding the wretched All They here can have,
But present Food, and but a future Grave:
Each, great as PHILIP's Victor Son, shall view
This abject World, and weeping, ask a New.

Decrepit AGE shall read Thee, and confess,
Thy Labours can assuage, where Med'cines cease:
Shall bless thy Words, their wounded Souls Relief,
The Drops that sweeten their last Dregs of Life:
Shall look to Heav'n, and laugh at all beneath;
Own Riches gather'd, Trouble; Fame, a Breath;
And LIFE an Ill, whose only Cure is DEATH.

Thy even Thoughts with so much Plainness flow;
Their Sense untutor'd INFANCY may know:
Yet to such height is all That Plainness wrought;
WIT may admire, and letter'd PRIDE be taught:
Easie in Words thy Style, in Sense sublime:

On it's blest Steps each Age and Sex may rise:
'Tis like the Ladder in the PATRIARCH's Dream,
It's Foot on Earth, it's Height above the Skies.
Diffus'd it's Virtue, boundless is it's Pow'r:
'Tis Publick Health, and Universal Cure:
Of Heav'nly MANNA 'tis a second Feast,
A Nation's Food, and All to ev'ry Taste.

To it's last Height mad BRITAIN'S Guilt was rear'd:
And various DEATH for various Crimes She fear'd:
With your kind Work her drooping Hopes revive:
You bid Her read, repent, adore, and live:
You wrest the Bolt from Heaven's avenging Hand;
Stop ready DEATH, and save a sinking Land.

O! save Us still: still bless Us with thy Stay:
O! want thy Heav'n, 'till We have learnt the Way:
Refuse to leave thy destin'd Charge too soon:
And for the Church's Good, defer thy own.
O! live: and let thy Works urge our Belief;
Live to explain thy Doctrine by thy Life;
'Till future INFANCY, baptiz'd by Thee,
Grow ripe in Years, and old in Piety;
'Till CHRISTIANS, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then in full Age, and hoary Holiness
Retire, great Teacher, to thy promis'd Bliss:
Untouch'd thy Tomb, uninjur'd be thy Dust,
As thy own Fame among the future Just;
'Till in last Sounds the dreadful Trumpet speaks:
'Till JUDGMENT calls; and quick'ned NATURE wakes:
'Till thro' the utmost Earth, and deepest Sea
Our scatter'd ATOMS find their destin'd Way,
In haste to cloath their Kindred Souls again;
Perfect our State, and build immortal Man:
Then fearless Thou, who well sustain'dst the Fight,
To Paths of Joy, and Tracts of endless Light
Lead up all those who heard Thee, and believ'd:
'Midst thy own Flock, great Shepherd, be receiv'd;
And glad all Heav'n with Millions Thou hast sav'd.



CARMEN SECULARE,

For the YEAR 1700.

TO THE

K I N G.

*Aspice, venturo latentur ut Omnia Sæc'lo:
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ
Spiritus, & quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!*

Virg. Eclog. 4.

I.

TH Y elder Look, Great JANUS, cast
Into the long Records of Ages past:
Review the Years in fairest Action drest
With noted White, Superior to the rest;
ÆRAs deriv'd, and Chronicles begun
From Empires founded, and from Battels won:
Show all the Spoils by valiant Kings achiev'd,
And groaning Nations by Their Arms reliev'd;
The Wounds of Patriots in Their Country's Cause,
And happy Pow'r sustain'd by wholesom Laws:
In comely Rank call ev'ry Merit forth:
Imprint on ev'ry Act it's Standard Worth:
The glorious Parallels then downward bring
To Modern Wonders, and to BRITAIN's King:

With

With equal Justice and Historic Care
 Their Laws, Their Toils, Their Arms with His compare:
 Confess the various Attributes of Fame
 Collected and compleat in WILLIAM's Name:
 To all the list'ning World relate.

(As Thou dost His Story read)

That nothing went before so Great,
 And nothing Greater can succeed.

II.

Thy Native LATIUM was Thy darling Care,
 Prudent in Peace, and terrible in War:
 The boldest Virtues that have govern'd Earth
 From LATIUM's fruitful Womb derive their Birth.

Then turn to Her fair-written Page:

From dawning Childhood to establish'd Age,

The Glories of Her Empire trace:

Confront the Heroes of Thy ROMAN Race:

And let the justest Palm the Victor's Temples grace.

III.

The Son of MARS reduc'd the trembling Swains,

And spread His Empire o'er the distant Plains:

But yet the SABINS violated Charms

Obscur'd the Glory of His rising Arms.

NUMA the Rights of strict Religion knew;

On ev'ry Altar laid the Incense due;

Unskill'd to dart the pointed Spear,

Or lead the forward Youth to noble War.

Stern BRUTUS was with too much Horror good,

Holding his *Fasces* stain'd with Filial Blood.

FABIUS was Wise, but with Excess of Care:

He sav'd his Country; but prolong'd the War.

While DECIUS, PAULUS, CURIUS, greatly Fought,

And by Their strict Examples taught,

124 *POEMS on several Occasions.*

How wild Desires should be controll'd;
 And how much brighter Virtue was, than Gold;
 They scarce Their swelling Thirst of Fame could hide;
 And boasted Poverty with too much Pride.
 Excess in Youth made SCIPIO less Rever'd:
 And CATO dying seem'd to own, He Fear'd.
 JULIUS with Honour tam'd ROME's foreign Foes:
 But Patriots fell, e'er the Dictator rose.
 And while with Clemency AUGUSTUS reign'd;
 The Monarch was ador'd; the City chain'd.

IV.

With justest Honour be Their Merits dress'd:
 But be Their Failings too confess'd:
 Their Virtue, like their TYBER's Flood
 Rolling, it's Course design'd the Country's Good:
 But oft the Torrent's too impetuous Speed
 From the low Earth tore some polluting Weed:
 And with the Blood of Jove there always ran
 Some viler Part, some Tincture of the Man.

V.

Few Virtues after These so far prevail,
 But that Their Vices more than turn the Scale:
 Valour grown wild by Pride, and Pow'r by Rage,
 Did the true Charms of Majesty impair;
 ROME by Degrees advancing more in Age,
 Show'd sad Remains of what had once been fair:
 'Till Heav'n a better Race of Men supplies:
 And Glory shoots new Beams from Western Skies.

VI.

Turn then to PHARAMOND, and CHARLEMAIN,
 And the long Heroes of the GALLIC Strain;
 Experienc'd Chiefs, for hardy Prowess known,
 And bloody Wreaths in vent'rous Battles won.

From

From the First WILLIAM, our great NORMAN King,
The bold PLANTAGENETS, and TUDORS bring;
Illustrious Virtues, who by turns have rose,
In foreign Fields to check BRITANNIA'S Foes:
With happy Laws Her Empire to sustain;
And with full Power assert Her ambient Main:
But sometimes too Industrious to be Great,
Nor Patient to expect the Turns of Fate,
They open'd Camps deform'd by Civil Fight:
And made proud Conquest trample over Right:
Disparted BRITAIN mourn'd Their doubtful Sway;
And dreaded Both, when Neither wou'd obey.

VII.

From DIDIER and Imperial ADOLPH trace
The Glorious Offspring of the NASSAW Race,
Devoted Lives to Publick Liberty;
The Chief still dying, or the Country free.
Then see the Kindred Blood of ORANGE flow,
From warlike CORNET, thro' the Loins of BEAU;
Thro' CHALON next; and there with NASSAW join,
From RHONE'S fair Banks transplanted to the RHINE.
Bring next the Royal List of STUARTS forth,
Undaunted Minds, that rul'd the rugged North;
'Till Heav'n's Decrees by rip'ning Times are shown;
'Till SCOTLAND'S Kings ascend the ENGLISH Throne;
And the fair Rivals live for ever One.

VIII.

JANUS, mighty Deity,
Be kind; and as Thy searching Eye
Does our Modern Story trace,
Finding some of STUART'S Race
Unhappy, pass Their Annals by:

No harsh Reflection let Remembrance raise:
 Forbear to mention, what Thou canst not praise:
 But as Thou dwell'st upon that Heav'nly * Name,
 To Grief for ever Sacred, as to Fame,
 Oh! read it to Thy self; in Silence weep;
 And Thy convulsive Sorrows inward keep;
 Lest BRITAIN'S Grief shou'd waken at the Sound;
 And Blood gush fresh from Her eternal Wound.

IX.

Whither would'st Thou further look?
 Read WILLIAM'S Acts, and close the ample Book:
 Peruse the Wonders of His dawning Life;
 How, like ALCIDES, He began;
 With Infant Patience calm'd Seditious Strife,
 And quell'd the Snakes which round his Cradle ran.

X.

Describe His Youth, attentive to Alarms,
 By Dangers form'd, and perfected in Arms:
 When Conqu'ring, mild; when Conquer'd, not disgrac'd;
 By Wrongs not lessen'd, nor by Triumphs rais'd:
 Superior to the blind Events
 Of little Human Accidents;
 And constant to His first Decree,
 To curb the Proud, to set the Injur'd free;
 To bow the haughty Neck, and raise the suppliant Knee.

XI.

His opening Years to riper Manhood bring;
 And see the Hero perfect in the King:
 Imperious Arms by Manly Reason sway'd,
 And Power Supreme by free Consent obey'd:

* M A R T.

With

With how much Haste His Mercy meets his Foes:
 And how unbounded His Forgiveness flows:
 With what Desire He makes His Subjects blest'd,
 His Favours granted ere His Throne address'd:
 What Trophies o'er our captiv'd Hearts He rears,
 By Arts of Peace more potent, than by Wars:
 How o'er Himself, as o'er the World, He Reigns,
 His Morals strength'ning, what His Law ordains.

XII.

Thro' all His Thread of Life already spun,
 Becoming Grace and proper Action run:
 The Piece by VIRTUE's equal Hand is wrought,
 Mix'd with no Crime, and shaded with no Fault:
 No Footsteps of the Victor's Rage
 Left in the Camp, where WILLIAM did engage:
 No Tincture of the Monarch's Pride
 Upon the Royal Purple spy'd:
 His Fame, like Gold, the more 'tis try'd,
 The more shall it's intrinick Worth proclaim;
 Shall pass the Combat of the searching Flame,
 And triumph o'er the vanquish'd Heat,
 For ever coming out the same,
 And losing nor it's Lustre, nor it's Weight.

XIII.

JANUS, be to WILLIAM just;
 To faithful HISTORY His Actions trust:
 Command Her, with peculiar Care
 To trace each Toil, and comment ev'ry War:
 His saving Wonders bid Her write
 In Characters distinctly bright;
 That each revolving Age may read
 The Patriot's Piety, the Hero's Deed:

And

And still the Sire inculcate to his Son
 Transmissive Lessons of the King's Renown:
 That WILLIAM's Glory still may live;
 When all that present Art can give,
 The Pillar'd Marble, and the Tablet Brass
 Mould'ring, drop the Victor's Praise:
 When the great Monuments of His Pow'r
 Shall now be visible no more:
 When SAMBRE shall have chang'd her winding Flood;
 And Children ask, where NAMUR stood.

XIV.

NAMUR, proud City, how her Tow'rs were arm'd!
 How She contemn'd th' approaching Foe!
 'Till She by WILLIAM's Trumpets was alarm'd,
 And shook, and sunk, and fell beneath His Blow.
 JOVE and PALLAS, mighty Pow'rs,
 Guided the Hero to the hostile Tow'rs.
 PERSEUS seem'd less swift in War,
 When, wing'd with Speed, he flew thro' Air.
 Embattl'd Nations strive in vain
 The Hero's Glory to restrain:
 Streams arm'd with Rocks, and Mountains red with Fire
 In vain against His Force conspire.
 Behold Him from the dreadful Height appear!
 And lo! BRITANNIA's Lions waving there.

XV.

EUROPE freed, and FRANCE repell'd
 The Hero from the Height beheld:
 He spake the Word, that War and Rage shou'd cease:
 He bid the MAESE and RHINE in Safety flow;
 And dictated a lasting Peace
 To the rejoicing World below.

To

To rescu'd States, and vindicated Crowns
His Equal Hand prescrib'd their ancient Bounds;
Ordain'd whom ev'ry Province should obey;
How far each Monarch should extend His Sway:
Taught 'em how Clemency made Pow'r rever'd;
And that the Prince Belov'd was truly Fear'd.
Firm by His Side unspotted HONOUR stood,
Pleas'd to confess Him not so Great as Good:
His Head with brighter Beams fair VIRTUE deck't,
Than Those which all His num'rous Crowns reflect:
Establish'd FREEDOM clap'd her joyful Wings;
Proclaim'd the First of Men, and best of Kings.

XVI.

Whither would the Muse aspire
With PINDAR'S Rage, without his Fire?
Pardon me, JANUS, 'twas a Fault,
Created by too great a Thought:
Mindless of the God and Day,
I from thy Altars, JANUS, stray,
From Thee, and from My self born far away.
The fiery PEGASUS disdains
To mind the Rider's Voice, or hear the Reins:
When glorious Fields and opening Camps he views;
He runs with an unbounded Loose:
Hardly the Muse can sit the headstrong Horse:
Nor would She, if She could, check his impetuous Force;
With the glad Noise the Cliffs and Vallies ring;
While She thro' Earth and Air pursues the King.

XVII.

She now beholds Him on the BELGIC Shoar;
Whilst BRITAIN'S Tears His ready Help implore,
Dissembling for Her sake his rising Cares,
And with wise Silence pond'ring vengeful Wars.

She

She thro' the raging Ocean now
Views Him advancing his auspicious Prow;
Combating adverse Winds and Winter Seas,
Sighing the Moments that defer Our Ease;
Daring to wield the Scepter's dang'rous Weight,
And taking the Command, to save the State:
Tho' e'er the doubtful Gift can be secur'd,
New Wars must be sustain'd, new Wounds endur'd.

XVIII.

Thro' rough IERNE'S Camp She sounds Alarms,
And Kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by Arms;
In the dark Marshes finds her glorious Theme;
And plunges after Him thro' BOYN'S fierce Stream.
She bids the NEREIDS run with trembling Haste,
To tell old OCEAN how the Hero past.
The God rebukes their Fear, and owns the Praise
Worthy that Arm, Whose Empire He obeys.

XIX.

Back to His ALBION She delights to bring
The humblest Victor, and the kindest King.
ALBION with open Triumph would receive
Her Hero, nor obtains His Leave:
Firm He rejects the Altars She wou'd raise;
And thanks the Zeal, while He declines the Praise.
Again She follows Him thro' BELGIA'S Land,
And Countries often sav'd by WILLIAM'S Hand;
Hears joyful Nations bless those happy Toils,
Which freed the People, but return'd the Spoils.
In various Views She tries her constant Theme;
Finds Him in Councils, and in Arms the Same:
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to save,
Tardy to Vengeance, and with Mercy, Brave.

XX. Such

XX.

Sudden another Scene employs her Sight:
She sets her Hero in another Light:
Paints His great Mind Superior to Success,
Declining Conquest, to establish Peace:
She brings ASTREA down to Earth again,
And Quiet, brooding o'er His future Reign.

XXI.

Then with unweary Wing the Goddess soars
East, over DANUBE and PROPONTIS' Shoars;
Where jarring Empires ready to engage,
Retard their Armies, and suspend their Rage;
'Till WILLIAM'S Word, like That of Fate, declares,
If They shall study Peace, or lengthen Wars.
How sacred His Renown for equal Laws,
To whom the World defers it's Common Cause!
How fair His Friendships, and His Leagues how just,
Whom ev'ry Nation courts, Whom all Religions trust!

XXII.

From the MÆOTIS to the Northern Sea,
The Goddess wings her desp'rate Way;
Sees the young MUSCOVITE, the mighty Head,
Whose Sov'reign Terror forty Nations dread,
Inamour'd with a greater Monarch's Praise,
And passing half the Earth to His Embrace:
She in His Rule beholds His VOLGA'S Force,
O'er Precipices, with impetuous Sway
Breaking, and as He rows his rapid Course,
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his Way.
But her own King She likens to His THAMES,
With gentle Course devolving fruitful Streams:
Serene yet Strong, Majestick yet Sedate,
Swift without Violence, without Terror Great.

Each

Each ardent Nymph the rising Current craves:
 Each Shepherd's Pray'r retards the parting Waves:
 The Vales along the Bank their Sweets disclose:
 Fresh Flow'rs for ever rise: and fruitful Harvest grows.

XXIII.

Yet whither wou'd th' advent'rous Goddess go?
 Sees She not Clouds, and Earth, and Main below?
 Minds She the Dangers of the LYCIAN Coast,
 And Fields, where mad BELLEROPHON was lost?

Or is Her tow'ring Flight reclaim'd
 By Seas from ICARUS's Downfall nam'd?
 Vain is the Call, and useless the Advice:
 To wise Perswasion Deaf, and human Cries,

Yet upward She incessant flies;
 Resolv'd to reach the high Empyrean Sphere,
 And tell Great Jove, She sings His Image here;
 To ask for WILLIAM an Olympic Crown,
 To CHROMIUS' Strength, and THERON's Speed unknown;
 'Till lost in trackless Fields of shining Day,

Unable to discern the Way,
 Which NASSAW's Virtue only could explore,
 Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before,
 She, from the noble Precipices thrown,
 Comes rushing with uncommon Ruin down.

Glorious Attempt! Unhappy Fate!
 The Song too daring, and the Theme too great!

Yet rather thus She wills to die,
 Than in continu'd Annals live, to sing
 A second Heroe, or a vulgar King;

And with ignoble Safety fly
 In Sight of Earth, along a middle Sky.

XXIV. To

XXIV.

To JANUS' Altars, and the numerous Throng,
That round his mystic Temple press,
For WILLIAM'S Life, and ALBION'S Peace,
Ambitious Muse reduce the roving Song.

JANUS, cast Thy forward Eye
Future, into great RHEA's pregnant Womb;
Where young Ideas brooding lye,
And tender Images of Things to come:
'Till by Thy high Commands releas'd;
'Till by Thy Hand in proper Atoms dress'd,
In decent Order They advance to Light;
Yet then too swiftly fleet by human Sight;
And meditate too soon their everlasting Flight.

XXV.

Nor Beaks of Ships in Naval Triumph born,
Nor Standards from the hostile Ramparts torn,
No Trophies brought from Battles won,
Nor Oaken Wreath, nor Mural Crown
Can any future Honours give
To the Victorious Monarch's Name:
The Plenitude of WILLIAM'S Fame
Can no accumulated Stores receive.
Shut then, auspicious God, Thy Sacred Gate,
And make Us Happy, as our King is Great.

Be kind, and with a milder Hand,
Closing the Volume of the finish'd Age,
(Tho' Noble, 'twas an Iron Page)

A more delightful Leaf expand,
Free from Alarms, and fierce BELLONA'S Rage:
Bid the great Months begin their joyful Round,
By FLORA some, and some by CERES Crown'd:

Teach

134 POEMS on several Occasions.

Teach the glad Hours to scatter, as they fly,
Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and endless Joy:
Lead forth the Years for Peace and Plenty fam'd,
From SATURN'S Rule, and better Metal nam'd.

XXVI.

Secure by WILLIAM'S Care let BRITAIN stand;
Nor dread the bold Invader's Hand:

From adverse Shoars in Safety let Her hear
Foreign Calamity, and distant War;
Of which let Her, great Heav'n, no Portion bear.
Betwixt the Nations let Her hold the Scale;
And as She wills, let either Part prevail:

Let her glad Vallies smile with wavy Corn:

Let fleecy Flocks her rising Hills adorn:

Around her Coast let strong Defence be spread:

Let fair Abundance on her Breast be shed:

And Heav'nly Sweets bloom round the Goddess' Head.

XXVII.

Where the white Towers and ancient Roofs did stand,

Remains of WOLSEY'S, or great HENRY'S Hand,

To Age now yielding, or devour'd by Flame;

Let a young PHENIX raise her tow'ring Head:

Her Wings with lengthen'd Honour let Her spread;

And by her Greatness show her Builder's Fame.

August and Open, as the Hero's Mind,

Be her Capacious Courts design'd:

Let ev'ry Sacred Pillar bear

Trophies of Arms, and Monuments of War.

The King shall there in PARIAN Marble breath,

His Shoulder bleeding fresh: and at His Feet

Disarm'd shall lye the threat'ning DEATH:

(For so was saving Jove's Decree compleat.)

Behind,

Behind, That Angel shall be plac'd, whose Shield
Sav'd EUROPE, in the Blow repell'd:
On the firm Basis, from his Oozy Bed
BOYN shall raise his Laurell'd Head;
And his Immortal Stream be known,
Artfully waving thro' the wounded Stone.

XXVIII.

And Thou, Imperial WINDSOR, stand enlarg'd,
With all the Monarch's Trophies charg'd:
Thou, the fair Heav'n, that dost the Stars inclose,
Which WILLIAM's Bosom wears, or Hand bestows
On the great Champions who support his Throne,
And Virtues nearest to His own.

XXIX.

Round ORMOND's Knee Thou ty'st the Mystic String,
That makes the Knight Companion to the King.
From glorious Camps return'd, and foreign Fields,
Bowing before thy fainted Warrior's Shrine,
Fast by his great Forefather's Coats, and Shields
Blazon'd from BOHUN's, or from BUTLER's Line,
He hangs His Arms; nor fears those Arms should shine
With an unequal Ray; or that His Deed
With paler Glory should recede,
Eclips'd by Theirs; or lessen'd by the Fame
Ev'n of His own Maternal NASSAW's Name.

XXX.

Thou smiling see'st great DORSET's Worth confest,
The Ray distinguishing the Patriot's Breast:
Born to protect and love, to help and please;
Sov'reign of Wit, and Ornament of Peace.
O! long as Breath informs this fleeting Frame,
Ne'er let me pass in Silence DORSET's Name;
Ne'er

136 POEMS on several Occasions.

Ne'er cease to mention the continu'd Debt,
Which the great Patron only would forget,
And Duty, long as Life, must study to acquit.

XXXI.

Renown'd in Thy Records shall CA'NDISH stand,
Asserting Legal Pow'r, and just Command:
To the great House thy Favour shall be shown,
The Father's Star transmissive to the Son.
From Thee the TALBOT's and the SEYMOUR's Race
Inform'd, Their Sire's immortal Steps shall trace:

Happy may their Sons receive
The bright Reward, which Thou alone canst give,

XXXII.

And if a God these lucky Numbers guide;
If sure APOLLO o'er the Verse preside;
JERSEY, belov'd by all (For all must feel

The Influence of a Form and Mind,]
Where comely Grace and constant Virtue dwell,
Like mingl'd Streams, more forcible when join'd)

JERSEY shall at Thy Altars stand;
Shall there receive the Azure Band,
That fairest Mark of Favour and of Fame,
Familiar to the VILIER's Name.

XXXIII.

Science to raise, and Knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great Master's future Charge;
To write His own Memoirs, and leave His Heirs
High Schemes of Government, and Plans of Wars;
By fair Rewards our Noble Youth to raise
To emulous Merit, and to Thirst of Praise;
To lead Them out from Ease e'er opening Dawn,
Through the thick Forest and the distant Lawn,

Where

Where the fleet Stag employs their ardent Care;
And Chafes give Them Images of War.
To teach Them Vigilance by false Alarms;
Inure Them in feign'd Camps to real Arms;
Practise Them now to curb the turning Steed,
Mocking the Foe; now to his rapid Speed
To give the Rein; and in the full Career,
To draw the certain Sword, or send the pointed Spear.

XXXIV.

Let Him unite His Subjects Hearts,
Planting Societies for peaceful Arts;
Some that in Nature shall true Knowledge found,
And by Experiment make Precept found;
Some that to Morals shall recal the Age,
And purge from vitious Dross the sinking Stage;
Some that with Care true Eloquence shall teach,
And to just Idioms fix our doubtful Speech:
That from our Writers distant Realms may know
The Thanks We to our Monarch owe;
And Schools profess our Tongue through ev'ry Land,
That has invok'd His Aid, or blest His Hand.

XXXV.

Let His high Pow'r the drooping Muses rear.
The Muses only can reward His Care:
'Tis They that guard the great ATRIDES' Spoils:
'Tis They that still renew ULYSSES' Toils:
To Them by smiling Jove 'twas giv'n, to save
Distinguish'd Patriots from the Common Grave;
To them, Great WILLIAM's Glory to recal,
When Statues moulder, and when Arches fall,
Nor let the Muses, with ungrateful Pride,
The Sources of their Treasure hide:

The

138 POEMS on several Occasions.

The Heroe's Virtue does the String inspire,
 When with big Joy They strike the living Lyre:
 On WILLIAM's Fame their Fate depends:
 With Him the Song begins: with Him it ends,
 From the bright Effluence of His Deed
 They borrow that reflected Light,
 With which the lasting Lamp They feed,
 Whose Beams dispel the Damps of envious Night.

XXXVI.

Through various Climes, and to each distant Pole
 In happy Tides let active Commerce rowl:
 Let BRITAIN's Ships export an Annual Fleece,
 Richer than ARGOS brought to ancient GREECE:
 Returning loaden with the shining Stores,
 Which lye profuse on either INDIA's Shores.
 As our high Vessels pass their wat'ry Way,
 Let all the Naval World due Homage pay;
 With hasty Reverence their Top-Honours lower,
 Confessing the asserted Power,
 To Whom by Fate 'twas given, with happy Sway
 To calm the Earth, and vindicate the Sea.

XXXVII.

Our Pray'rs are heard, our Master's Fleets shall go,
 As far as Winds can bear, or Waters flow,
 New Lands to make, new INDIES to explore,
 In Worlds unknown to plant BRITANNIA's Power;
 Nations yet wild by Precept to reclaim,
 And teach 'em Arms, and Arts, in WILLIAM's Name.

XXXVIII.

With humble Joy, and with respectful Fear
 The list'ning People shall His Story hear,

The Wounds He bore, the Dangers He sustain'd,
How far he Conquer'd, and how well he Reign'd;
Shall own his Mercy equal to His Fame;
And form their Children's Accents to His Name,
Enquiring how, and when from Heav'n He came.
Their Regal Tyrants shall with Blushes hide
Their little Lusts of Arbitrary Pride,

Nor bear to see their Vassals ty'd:
When WILLIAM's Virtues raise their opening Thought,
His forty Years for Publick Freedom fought,
EUROPE by His Hand sustain'd.
His Conquest by His Piety restrain'd,
And o'er Himself the last great Triumph gain'd.

XXXIX.

No longer shall their wretched Zeal adore
Ideas of destructive Power,
Spirits that hurt, and Godheads that devour:
New Incense They shall bring, new Altars raise,
And fill their Temples with a Stranger's Praise;
When the Great Father's Character They find
Visibly stamp'd upon the Hero's Mind;
And own a present Deity confest,
In Valour that preserv'd, and Power that blest'd.

XL.

Through the large Convex of the Azure Sky
(For thither Nature casts our common Eye)
Fierce Meteors shoot their arbitrary Light;
And Comets march with lawless Horror bright:
Those hear no Rule, no righteous Order own;
Their Influence dreaded, as their Ways unknown:
Thro' threaten'd Lands They wild Destruction throw;
Till ardent Prayer averts the Public Woe:

But

140 POEMS on several Occasions.

But the bright Orb that blesses all above,
The sacred Fire, the real Son of Jove,
Rules not His Actions by Capricious Will;
Nor by ungovern'd Power declines to Ill:
Fix'd by just Laws He goes for ever right:
Man knows His Course, and thence adores His Light.

XLI.

O JANUS! would intreated Fate conspire
To grant what BRITAIN'S Wishes could require;
Above, That Sun should cease his Way to go,
E'er WILLIAM cease to rule, and bless below:
But a relentless Destiny
Urges all that e'er was born:
Snatch'd from her Arms, BRITANNIA once must mourn
The Demi-God: The Earthly Half must die.
Yet if our Incense can Your Wrath remove;
If human Prayers avail on Minds above;
Exert, great God, Thy Int'rest in the Sky;
Gain each kind Pow'r, each Guardian Deity,
That conquer'd by the publick Vow,
They bear the dismal Mischief far away:
O! long as utmost Nature may allow,
Let Them retard the threaten'd Day:
Still be our Master's Life Thy happy Care:
Still let His Blessings with His Years increase:
To His laborious Youth consum'd in War,
Add lasting Age, adorn'd and crown'd with Peace:
Let twisted Olive bind those Laurels fast,
Whose Verdure must for ever last.

XLII.

Long let this growing ÆRA bless His Sway:
And let our Sons His present Rule obey:

On

On His sure Virtue long let Earth rely:
 And late let the Imperial Eagle fly,
 To bear the Hero thro' His Father's Sky,
 To LEDA's Twins, or He whose glorious Speed,
 On Foot prevail'd, or He who tam'd the Steed;
 To HERCULES, at length absolv'd by Fate
 From Earthly Toil, and above Envy great;
 To VIRGIL's Theme, bright CYTHEREA's Son,
 Sire of the LATIAN, and the BRITISH Throne;
 To all the radiant Names above,
 Rever'd by Men, and dear to JOVE.
 Late, JANUS, let the NASSAW-Star
 New born, in rising Majesty appear,
 To triumph over vanquish'd Night,
 And guide the prosp'rous Mariner
 With everlasting Beams of friendly Light.



H

CAR-

CARMEN SECULARE,

Latinè redditum.

Per THO. DIBBEN, è Trin: Coll: Cant:

-----Ego Dīs amicum,

Seculo festas referente Luces,

Reddidi Carmen----

Hor.

JANE Bifrons, priscos à tergo respice lapsi
 Annales ævi, felicesque ordine longo
 Evolvās Fastos, quos cætera Tempora supra
 Conspicuos Albo, sec'lis Monumenta futuris
 Urbes fundatæ, & parti posuere Triumphi.
 Aggredere insignes spoliis, lauroque decoros
 Enumerare Duces, quos nobilis ira gementem
 Impulit ulcisci populum; qui sacra cruore
 Jura Patrum sanxere suo; sceptrisve potiti
 Miserunt lætum placidis sub legibus Orbem.

Agmine perpetuo Series ornata Laborum
 Procedat; suus omnis Honos, sua debita quemque
 Laus inscripta notet: tum Nostra ad Tempora casus
 Insignes ducas, Famamque & Fata Parentum
 Mirac'lis oppone Novis, Regique BRITANNO.
 Dumque fide, curâque pari per singula curris;
 Dum varios recolis populos, variosque labores;
 Et studia, & leges, pugnataque prælia feris

Tem-

Temporibus mandas; Tute ipse fatebere, JANE,
 Omnium in AURIACO cumulari Nomine famam:
 Et dices Orbi attonito; nil Sæcula Tale
 Prima tulêre Hominum, nil Majus postera reddent.

Vertice sublimi surgat, tua Maxima cura,
 Bello & Pace potens LATIUM: Fortissima corda,
 Egregios rerum Dominos dabat ITALIA tellus,
 Felix prole virum; fœcundam hanc aspice Gentem,
 ROMANOSQUE tuos; huc vertere, & altiùs omnem
 Nascentis primâ repetens ab Origine Regni
 Expedias famam; pulchro in certamine Pubem
 Oppone AUSONIAM; & cedat sua Palma merenti.

Si potuit ferro LATII turbare Colonos
 Palantes MAVORTE fatus, si rustica latè
 Regna domare armis; raptæ sine more SABINÆ
 Surgenti famæ, cæptisque ingentibus obstant.
 Sacra Deum, sanctasque Aras, & Tempia tueri
 Cura NUMAM subiit: sed frigida Dexterâ bello,
 Non hastam torquere sciens, ensenque rotare
 Fulmineum, juvenumque manus armare frementum.
 Consiliis, esto, FABII Romana vigeant
 Arma: at res omnes gelidè tardèque ministrans,
 Dilator nimium Sapiens ingrata trahebat
 Bella. Quid immani Patrem pietate cruentum
 Ultorem BRUTUM referam, Fortesque sub armis
 ÆMILIUM, DECIUM, CURIUM? Tot magna Animorum
 Nos Exempla monent, quâ possit lege Libido
 Frænari, & quantum cedat Virtutibus Aurum:
 Hos quoque sed nimium gaudens popularibus auris,
 Hos rapit Ambitio, tumidoque Superbia fastu
 Ostentans humilesque casas, parvosque Penates.
 Sit quanquam Illustris, primos Inglorius annos

144 POEMS on several Occasions.

Scipiades egit: nec Mens invicta Catonis
Semper erat, tunc fassa metum, vel visa fateri,
Cum cessit Fato, & lucem indignata refugit.

JULIUS Externos frustra domat, omnia ROMÆ
Subjiciens, ROMAMQUE Sibi; Surgitque triumphans
Afflictos Cives super, oppressumque Senatum.
Imperium lene AUGUSTUS, Patriamque subactam
Mollia vinc'la pati jussit: sed vincula passa est,
Purpureum cultu infolito venerata Tyrannum.

Fas Veterum laudes justis celebrare Triumphis:
Fas etiam errores, atque omnia ferre sub auras.
Stare loco impatiens magnâ sese impete versat
Vivida vis animi, Patrii ceu TYBRIDIS unda,
Cui nunc lene fluens rigat agros dulcis aquæ fons;
Vortice nunc rapido volvit se turbidus Amnis;
Et limo castas obscæno polluit Undas:
Diis quanquam Geniti, atque invicti viribus essent,
Mortalem infecto fassi sunt Sanguine Matrem.

Decolor ex illo vitiis dominantibus Ætas
Degenerare ausa est: rumpit vinc'la omnia Miles
Acer, acerba fremens; Majestatemque verendam
Effrænis violat rabies: jam Segnior annis
Deficit illa olim rerum pulcherrima ROMA;
Heu! Vix agnosces veteris Vestigia Formæ:
Donec gens Divûm, nati venientibus annis,
Heroûm novus Ordo datur, nova Lumina Surgunt;
HESPERIOQUE Dies melior procedit Olympo.

Aspice ut insignis Spoliis PHARAMONDUS opimis
Ingreditur, MAGNUSQUE Aquilis qui Lilia junxit
CAROLUS; inde Alii, quos GALLICA terra Triumphis
Dives alit, genus acre Virûm, spectataque bello
Pectora. Sed major nunc rerum apparet Imago:

Sanguinæ en! Lauri, victriciaque arma WILHELMI
 NORMANNI: Viden' externis quanta intonet oris
 TEUDORUM manus armipotens, & Nomina magna,
 PLANTAGENUM metuenda Domus? quid plurima Virtus
 Amborum potuit, Te, victrix ANGLIA, testor,
 Quam labor Heroûm imperio Maria omnia circum
 Afferuit, fundansque Armis & Legibus ornans:
 Felix, si nunquam regnandi dira cupido
 Cognatas acies paribus concurrere telis
 Egisset; Patriæque in viscera vertere Vires:
 Illa afflicta sedet, variis incerta Triumphis,
 Cui det colla Jugo, quem sit passura Tyrannum:

Quò DESIDERÎ soboles, quò CÆSAR ADOLPHUS,
 NASSOVIIQUE alii rapiunt, celeberrima Proles?
 Omnes Illustres, omnes in utrumque parati,
 Aut Patriam tutari, aut certæ occumbere Morti.
 Hos juxta AURIACUS pleno fluit agmine Sanguis,
 Immortale genus: Primusque en! Martius Auctor
 CORNIGER; inde Heros qui BELLO à corpore nomen
 Obtinuit; nosco crines, frontemque venustum
 FRANCIGENÆ Juvenis; Domus hinc CHALONIA mixta est
 NASSOVIIIS; sedesque novas, RHENUMQUE bicornem
 Inde petit, linquens RODANUM, ripamque Sonantem.

Jamque STUARTIADUM Series longissima Regum
 Emicat. Illa diu magnâ ditione tenebat
 Effrænem Populum, & duris Regna horrida glebis:
 Donec Fata Deûm, & lustris labentibus Ætas
 SCOTORUM manibus transcribi Sceptra jubebant
 ANGLICA; feceruntque Omnes uno ore BRITANNOS:

Atque hîc, Magne Deus, cùm res scrutabere nostras,
 Sis bonus O! passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti
 Si quid forte Tibi occurrat de Gente STUARTUM

Infelix; (utcunque ferent ea fata Minore)
 Pro Patriâ, obtestor, pro Majestate BRITANNI
 Imperii, nihil Ingratum, nihil Acre dolores
 Obductos vulgare finas: Preme, JANE, tenebris,
 Quæ laudare nequis; Teque ad Meliora reserves.
 Utque erit ad * NOME N ventum, quod flebile semper;
 Semper honoratum (sic, Dii, voluistis) habemus;
 Supprime singultus, submissâ & voce dolores
 Hos compeſce, Tuo ne docta BRITANNIA Luctu
 Ire iterùm in lachrymas, iterùm gemebunda querelam
 Integret infandam; ſtilletque cruore recenti
 Æternùm crudele patens ſub Pectore vulnus.

Quò jam Raptus abis? NASSOVI, JANE, labores
 Aggredere O! magnos, atque amplum claude Volumen.

En! intans victor, nutu dum temperat iras
 Turbati Populi; jacet en! TIRYNTHIUS alter;
 Ardentefque Hoſtes, & ſibila Colla tumentes
 Sternit; & in cunis Infans Se vindicat Heros.

En! quantis tollit ſe rebus firmior Ætas?
 Quales Primitiæ Juvenis, bellicue ferocis
 Dura Rudimenta, & primis nova Gloria in Armis?
 Sublimis Marte adverſo, Mitifque ſecundo,
 Eventus omnes, & ineluctabile Fatum
 Subjecit pedibus: Non Mens elata Triumphis,
 Non depreſſa Malis; ſed in omnia Pectus Honeſtum
 Fertur idem, Fatis contraria Fata rependens.
 Dum Curas hominum, dum Spes contemnit inanes,
 Fortunæque vices cæcas; quocunque cadat res,
 Hoc animo fixum ſedet, æternùmque ſedebit,
 “ *Parcere Subjeſtis, & debellare Superbos.*

* MARIÆ.

En!

En! totum Heroem, Maturum, & Sceptra tenentem
Contemplare Virum: en! ut justâ fulminet Irâ
Terrarum egregius Vindex; placidusque volentes
Per Populos det jura; infesto & leniat Hosti
Pectora flexanimus Victor; mitisque jacentum
Dat vitam lachrymis! quo Pectora fida suorum
Amplecti studio properat? quàm totus in Illis?
Quàm curas Pater indulgens descendit in omnes?
Nec Regem pudet Officio certare Priorem.
Hâc arte, O Bellis ingens, ingentior almâ
Morum temperie, devincis corda benignis
Assueta Imperiis: longos hâc arte Triumphos
Maxime Victor agis, cum Teque, animosque Tuorum,
Pacatumque regas æquis Virtutibus Orbem.

Per varias Vitæque vices, Operumque colores
Idem cautus Honos, metuens & Gratia culpæ,
Puraque simplicitas totâ descripta Tabellâ
Effulget; Constansque sibi servatur ad inum.
Victoris castra ingrederis? Certamina nulla
Cum Victis, belli nulla horrida signa cruenti
Apparent infixâ agris: Non Militis ardor
Turbavit pectus; nec Purpura picta superbos
Induxit Regum fastus: sed Fama peric'lo
Explorata (velut fulvum fornacibus aurum)
Emicat innocuo: frustrâ Vulcania pestis
Circùm immanè fremit: Contemptorique minatur
Flamma suo: cæco contra dominata furori
Ardens spectatur Virtus, Pondusque Nitoremque
Illæsum fervans; & Amico vivit in Igne.

Unum, JANE, oro (quando Nos nostraque morti
Debemur) magni saltem mirac'la WILHELMI
Exuperare, Virumque finas volitare per ora;

Ut nati natorum, & qui nascentur ab illis
 Virtutem ex Illo moniti, pulchrumque Laborem
 Cognoscant, & Sancta procul Vestigia adorent.
 Exoriare aliquis, Regis qui gesta BRITANNI,
 Fataque Fortunasque docens, Moresque Manusque
 (Argumentum ingens!) vivis committere chartis
 Ausis, & serum producere Nomen in ævum:
 Cùm Statuæ, multo cùm victum tempore Marmor,
 Æraque labentur; cùm bello Sævior omni
 Invidiosa Dies Famæ monumenta BRITANNÆ
 Delebit; tardis cùm SABIS flexibus ibit
 Per terras mutata novas; serique Nepotes
 Quærent, quâ stabant immania Saxa NAMURCÆ.

En! Urbem, dicent, quæ quondam condidit Astris
 Ambitiosa Caput; toties quæ pertulit omnem
 Irrisi Nubem belli: sed non ita sensit
 Armatos BRITONAS; non irrita tela WILHELMI
 Experta est; vastis dum Victor Turribus instans,
 Cum Populo, & Signis victricibus, & magnis Diis,
 Fundamenta quatit: Mortaliaque Agmina frustra
 Contra NASSOVIVM atque JOVEM, contraque MINERVAM
 Tela tenent: medio discrimine cædis & ignis,
 Ceu PERSEUS per aperta volans, Ipse arduus Arces
 Oppositas Scandit; frustra que objecta retardant
 Flumina, flammarumque globi, Scopulique minaces:
 En! tandem Summis insultans Arcibus Heros,
 Atque ANGLI juxtâ, fulgentia Signa, Leones.

Et jam finis erat; cùm Victor vertice ab alto
 Despexit GALLUM attonitum, & tum libera vinc'lo
 Littoraque, & latos populos; Pacemque silenti
 Indulfit felicem Orbi: longè audiit æther,
 Et terræ, & fluvii; jamque ibat mollior undis

MOSA;

MOSA; ferusque suas RHENUS compescuit iras.
 Continuo leges æternaque fœdera certis
 Imposuit Manus æqua locis; quam singula Metam,
 Et quem quæque ferat Dominum, quem quæque recuset
 Gens, semel edixit; Mirantemque admonet Orbem,
 Quantus Amor Populi, quanta & Reverentia mitem
 Prosequitur Regem: Comes indivisus amico
 Adstat HONOS lateri: supra caput explicat alas
 LIBERTAS firmata novas; Pulchræque Sorores,
 Et VIRTUS & FAMA, pari discrimine certant,
 Utrum ornare magis Regemne, Virumne deceret.

Quid Loquor? aut ubi sum? quis Me per opaca viarum
 Ire furor suadet? quos MUSA assurgit in Ausus?
 Dum Vatis Furias THEBANI concipit (Ignes
 O si conciperet similes!) Te, JANE, relinquit,
 Teque, Arasque tuas, ut Coelum & sidera tentet;
 Demens! quæ nimbos & non imitabile fulmen
 PINDARICUM simulare ausa est. Da, JANE, furenti,
 Da veniam MUSÆ, sua quam rapit ampla volentem
 Materia; & tollit volvens sub Naribus ignem
 PEGASUS ardua in astra; neque audit anhelus habenas.
 Cum latos campos, immensumque aspicit æquor,
 Expatiat Equus; vix hæret MUSA frementi;
 Nec scit, quâ sit iter; nec si sciat, Imperet illi.
 Saxa per, & scopulos, & depressas convalles
 Insequitur Regem; Tellusque sub ungue tonanti
 Icta gemit; reboant Sylvæque, & magnus Olympus.

Nunc casus MUSA antiquos, annosque reducit
 Præteritos, Patriisque Virum meditatur in arvis.
 Hic BRITONUM motus curâ, lachrymisque Suorum,
 Consilium vultu tegit; & Secum ante peractum
 Belli & Regnorum volvit sub Pectore fatum:

Et mox armatas Hyberno sydere classes
 Molitur; contrâque iras Coelique, Marisque
 Impavidus grande urget iter; tum sanguine multo
 Tutandas ANGLORUM Arces, oblataque Regna
 Occupat; amisso fluitantem errare Magistro
 Sensit; & Ipse Ratem turbatis rexit in undis.
 Jamque alias hinc in Lachrymas, alia horrida Bella,
 Per desolatæ Regna infelicia IERNES
 Diva Virum sequitur; Fluctusque irrumpit in altos
 BOVINDÆ Bello undantis; tum NAÏDAS ad Se
 Impatiens trepidas vocat; hortaturque Sorores
 Maturare fugam, quantusque emerferat Heros,
 OCEANO narrare Patri: vanum Ille timorem
 Ridet; eamque Manum victis agnoscit in undis,
 Imperio dignam Pelagi, sævoque Tridente.

Hinc pleno BRITONUM Victor subit ostia velo
 Stans celsâ in puppi: Pueri, inuptæque Puellæ,
 Effusique Patres resonantis littora circum

Sacra canunt Reduci; Sed reppulit Ille molestum
 Officium; poscitque Animos, Laudesque recusat.
 Mox charos iterùm BELGAS, sedesque Suorum,
 Et Patriam, & totiès raptos ex hoste Penates
 Hospes adit: Varii Populi, diversaque Signa,
 Externique Duces omnes socia Arma ferentes
 Communem celebrare Ducem; quàm tardus ad Iram,
 Quàm placidus Victor, fortunatusque laborum
 Securus Palmæ, dum prædam rejicit Heros!

Nunc versæ Scenæ discedunt: altera rerum
 Nunc surgit facies: aliâ sub Luce videri
 Heros grandis amat; Successuque Altior ipso
 Innumeris Belli Spoliis, partisque Trophæis
 Pacem lætus emit; Jam VIRGO reddita terras

Pacatas visit; jamque aurea Tempora circum
Felices secura quatit CONCORDIA pennas.

Mox ad DANUBIUM, raucæque PROPONTIDIS undam.
EÖASQUE plagas alis audacibus ardens
MUSA volat; lethi quæ jam discrimine parvo
Stant acies, utrinque necem lugubrè minantes:
Hi motus animorum, iræ, infandique paratus,
Compressâ belli rabie, suspensa tenentur;
Donec consilia ingentis spectata WILHELMII
Ostendant, Pacemne colant, an in arma ferantur.
Quæ regio in terris, ubi Regis fœdera Sancta,
Aut Leges placidæ ignotæ? Quæ Regna per Orbem
(Qualemunque Fidem, Dominum quemcunque fatentur)
Communem AURIACO dubitent submittere Causam?

Hinc ad Hyperboream glaciem, montesque nivales
Urget Diva viam; quæ MOSCOVITICUS altum
Fulminat ad Tanaïm CÆSAR; nutuque tremendo
Jura quaterdenis Juvenis dat gentibus unus;
Hic tamen, Hic CÆSAR perculsus Nomine Regis
Majoris, non Legatis, neque dulce Ministris
Officium impatiens cessit; Se, Se Ipse, Suumque
Objecit Caput, infidi Maris omnia vincens
Tædia, dimidiumque Orbis post Terga relinquens,
Tangeret ut Sanctam, per quam stetit ANGLIA, dextram.
Hujus in imperio tumidum, magnûmque fluentem
Cernere erat VOLGAM; multâ cui spumeus undâ,
Saxosûmque sonans, obstantia pondera torrens
Aut secum rapit, aut immiti gurgite mergit.
Sed Nostram, sed MUSA suum tibi, TAME, tuisque
Rivis assimulat Regem: non Annis abundans,
Sed plenus per opima virûm Fortem absque Furore
Fundit aquam, tarloque procul Languore Serenam:

Quos

Quoscunque O! BRITONUM lambis pulcherrimus agros,
 Omnia ibi ridere facis: Tibi candida N A ï s
 Purpureas inter violas, & sauvè rubentes
 Vota facit resoluta rosas: Te lentus in umbrâ
 Labentem expectat Pastor: Te mollia Prata,
 Te sitiunt croceis halantes floribus Horti.

Quò feror? Unde abii? Tuque, audacissima M U S A,
 Quò peritura ruis? Si formidabile littus,
 Si Lycios temnas saltus, fataliaque Arva,
 Bellerophontæi quæ signavère furores:
 I, sequere infidos ventos, nova Nomina lapsu
 Subjectis positura undis: Ea furda monenti
 Ardet in Astra magis; perque inconcessa Diei
 Luxurians Spatia æterni, petit intima Divûm
 Sacra, JOVEM, similemque JOVIS, dictura WILHELMUM;
 Indefessa illi maturos poscit Honores;
 Illi ut Olympiaca referantur præmia palmæ,
 Quam Velox THERON, quam vastis viribus ingens
 Sperabat nunquam CHROMIUS: M U S A M Illius ergo
 Per nitidos orbes Lucis, camposque patentes
 Dulcis raptat amor: juvat explorare Priorum
 Curæ iter ignotum: sed inextricabilis error,
 Et cæcæ ambages, quas una resolvere Virtus
 N A S S O V I I novit, securam, & vana tumentem
 Exuperant longè Divam; jamque æthere toto
 Præcipitata agitur; jam torti fulminis instar
 Fertur; & horrificis tonat exanimata ruinis.
 O Cæptum Sublime! infelix exitus ausi
 Nobilis! O M U S A, & Vires pro Nomine tanto
 Exiguæ! sed sic potiùs cecidisse juvabit
 Audentem, quàm venâ humili inferiora secutam
 Radere iter medium, tutasque extendere pennas.

Nunc

Nunc ad Te, & Tua Sacra, Pater, turbamque Sonantem
 (Matres atque Viros) quæ circum plurima clausas
 Fusa fores, Pacem BRITONUM, Vitamque WILHELM
 Ardens implorat, nunc Ambitiosa vagantes
 MUSA modos revocet: Tuque O! quâ sæcula fronte
 JANE vides ventura, RHEÆ genetricis in alvum
 Descendas, partûs ubi semina prima futuri,
 Et teneræ Species, simulachraque carcere clausæ
 Mixta jacent; donec magnum per inane coacta
 Mox durare jubes, & Rerum sumere formas.
 Tum Tua vox, divine Autor, Tua cæca relaxat
 Spiramenta manus; justis emissâ Figuris
 Dum vestit Junctura decens & amabilis Ordo.
 Sed nimiùm brevis hora fugam meditata perennem
 Transfit: & æternam repetunt nascentia noctem.

Non de Navali surgentes ære Triumpho,
 Captivi Currus, ereptaque ab hoste Trophæa;
 Non Civilis honos Quercûs, non umbra Coronæ
 Muralis, Laurique novum decus addere Regi
 ANGLIACO possunt; satis Illum conscia Virtus,
 Gestaque sublimem tollunt: ad sydera raptim
 Vi propriâ nituntur, opisque haud indiga nostræ.
 Nunc ergò, ut Populus felix cum Rege potenti
 Fortunis paribus surgat; compagibus arctis
 Claudantur Belli portæ: Et jam, Mystice Custos,
 Mitior O! jam, Dive, precor, melioribus Orbis
 Auspiciis, aliosque dies, aliumque tenorem
 Tandem habeat, jubeas: hîc ferrea desinat Ætas
 (Magna, esto, sed Ferrea erat) fassusque Metallum
 Pulchrius, Annorum se gratior explicet Ordo.
 Haud iterùm pavidos Bellum turbabit Agrestes;
 At secura Quies, at mollis Somnus, Amores

Jucundi,

Jucundi, suavesque Joci cum dulcibus Horis
Perpetuum ducant orbem: Hoc à cardine rerum
Paulatim incipiant magni procedere Menses:

Atque his flava CERES, his formosissima FLORA
Aspiret; surgatque novo gens Aurea sæclo.

Immunis belli, dextraque innixa WILHELM
Terra BRITANNA sui sedeat; spectetque ruinas,
Et cladem, & Lachrymas, quarum pars nulla futura est,
Externas; iræque hominum miseretur inanis.

Illa inter motas fatum immutabile Gentes
Dispenfet; vincantque Illæ quas vincere mavult
Sic noto celsos tuti sub Matribus agni
Balatu implebunt colles: Sic vallibus imis,
Irriguos Amnes inter, Seges aurea in altum
Surget; & ipse suas mirabitur ANGELIA messes:
Delicias Diva æternas dum pectore pleno
Fundet; & Ambrosios spirabit vertice odores.

Aulaï Antiquæ cæcis exorta Ruinis
(Quà *Turres Albas*, veterum penetralia Regum
WOLSEI fabricata manu, HENRICIQUE Labores,
Cernere erat) juvenile caput Phœnicis ad instar
Regia sublimis tollat, melioribus, oro,
Auspiciis; & quæ fuerit minùs obvia flammis.
Alta, Augusta, ingens, Dominoque simillima magno,
Pandat se veneranda Domus: Captiva Columnæ
Arma ferant sacræ, belli monumenta cruenti,
Spiculaque clypeosque atque horrida sanguine Signa:
Stabunt & Parii lapides, mediusque WILHELMUS
En spirans: Humerusque recens à vulnere vivis
Rorabit guttis: metuens pro Vindice mundi
A tergo apparet GENIUS, capitique minacem
Avertit Mortem: jacet illa innoxia, inermis

(Nam

(Nam sic consuluit Jovis indulgentia terris)
Intrepidi ante pedes Herois. Tu quoque magnam
Partem opere in tanto, viridi BOVINDA reclinans
Lecto, habeas, imo Senior de gurgite visus
Lauriferum quassare Caput: Saxum evomit undas;
Æternique cadunt cæso de marmore Rivi.

Tuque O! quæ Famæ servas monumenta BRITANNÆ,
Regis opus, Regumque decus, cape dona Tuorum,
Inclyta WINSORIÆ turris. Tu, Stellifer æther,
Signa geris, quibus Ipse suum & delecta suorum
Pectora distinguit, Divisque accedere jussit
NASSOVIVS, proprioque Pater decoravit honore.

Tu circum ORMONDI robustum mystica nectens
Vinc'la genu, potuisti Equitem socium addere Regi:
Redditus his Victor terris, Spoliisque potitus,
Suppliciter venerans Divi sub MILITIS Aram
Vota facit: veterum juxta decora alta Parentum,
BOTLEROS inter, victriciaque arma BOHUNI
Ipse suum clypeum, suaque æmula signa superbis
Postibus aptavit, tanti non immemor Hæres
Nominis, aut Proavum dubitans extendere famam;
Utcunque Illa novi secum grave pondus honoris
Attulit OSSORIDÆ mater NASSOVIA Genti.

SACVILLI Tu, Diva, latus, Tu lumine pectus
Sanctum ornas, ubi dulcis Honos, ubi mille placendi
Conjurant Artes; labor unus & una voluptas,
Tollere depressos, & sustentare jacentes.
Hos brevis informet fragiles dum Spiritus artus,
Indictus nunquam nostris SACVILLUS abibit
Carminibus; nunquam labetur pectore chari
Officium capitis: Munus quia maximus Ille
Confert; collatique olim meminisse recusat.

Jura

Jura fidemque Patrum, libertatemque CAVENDOS
 Afferere audentes, Tuus amplo vestit honore
 Diva, favor: Stabit longum fortuna per ævum
 Alta Domûs; patrioque nitebunt fidere nati.

Per Te SANCTMAURI, per Te TALBOTIA proles,
 Felices Ambo, vestigia magna Parentum
 Ambo lustrantes, faxum hoc immobile dum Tu
 Servas, Nomina erunt. Tuque, O pars maxima Musæ,
 O Decus, O Nostrum, cui pulchro in corpore Virtus
 Emicat, & sincera Fides, & Gratia morum,
 Has, JERSÆE, (preces valeant si vatis amici,
 Si Deus hoc Carmen, Deus hoc inspiret APOLLO)
 Has tanges aras; hinc cingula sacra decoro
 Aptabis lateri, veterisque insignia famæ
 VILLERIIS sueta, & Tibi non indebita fumes.

Artibus intentum melior tum cura vocabit
 Heroa ANGLIACUM, mirantem Annalibus Orbem
 Exornare suis, ferosque docere Nepotes
 Imperii Arcana, & magna exemplaria Belli.
 Hinc, ut Virtutem dociles, verumque Laborem
 Cognoscant, Laudisque animi accendantur amore;
 Regis ad exemplum portis se Prima Juventus
 Effundens, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent;
 Per saltus, gelidumque Nemus, præruptaque saxa,
 Nunc Cervos turbabit agens; nunc ardua in armis,
 Et vigil ad vocem, quâ fictum Buccina signum
 Bellica dat, grave Martis opus, sub imagine lusûs,
 Paulatim ex tanto assuescat tolerare Magistro:
 Et nunc altus Eques spatiis magna atria circum
 Curvatis fertur; luctantia nunc premit ora
 Bellatoris Equi; nunc torto verberare pronus
 Dat lora, & medio fervens in pulvere, strictum

Aut ensem quatit, aut certam jacet impiger hastam.

Pacis amans, studiisque favens, focia agmina jungant
Sancta Corona fenum, exemplis monitura minores,

Qui Virtutis honos, & quid Sapientia possit.

Hos rerum juvet obscuros penetrare recessus,

Et varias causas, Naturæ arcana modestæ,

Indiciis aperire novis clarisque repertis.

Illos degeneri audentes succurere sec'lo,

Cura gravis maneat Morum, & labor Hercule dignus,

Exonerare repletum immundâ sorde Theatrum.

Sermones Alii patrios, incertaque verba

Ad leges fixas revocent, Veneresque decoras;

Ut latè ANGLIACIS instructa Annalibus Orbis

Gaudeat, & Nostram resonet gens Singula linguam,

Vindictis ante pedes Quæcunque effusa BRITANNI,

Miserat aut oppressa Preces, aut libera Grates.

Neglectum in primis Carmen, MUSAMQUE jacentem
Tollat amica manus: nam respondere labori

MUSA pio novit, Regisque rependere Amores.

Illa Patrum cineres sanctos, venerandaque Busta

Vulgari secernit humo, famamque silenti

Vindicat à tumulo: per MUSAM notus ULYSSES

Spirat adhuc; coramque Virum jam cernere fas est:

MUSÆ AGAMEMNONIAS palmas, semperque recentes

Conservare datur Lauros: Eadem Illa WILHELMI

(Cùm statuæ, solidoque Arcus de marmore ficti

Deficient) longo Nomen sacrum afferet ævo.

Haud verò par officium, partesque premamus

Ingrati alternas; cùm nîl sine CÆSARE pulchrum,

Nîl altum MUSÆ labor inchoat: altera junctam

Alterius sic poscit opem, & conjurat amicè.

Ignæus hinc numeris Vigor, & cœlestis Origo;

Hinc

Hinc effulgentes æternâ luce CAMÆNÆ,
 Informi cedente situ, tenebrisque fugatis,
 Invida squallentis vincent oblivia Noctis.

Securos BRITONUM Commercia libera portus
 Omni ex parte petent; totum demissa per Orbem
 Pulchrior hinc ARGO, meliori & vellere dives
 Annua dona feret; Spoliisque redibit onusta,
 INDIAM in EUROPAM portans, gazamque nitentem,
 Quæ diffusa jacet, quâ Sol utrumque recurrens
 Aspicit Oceanum. Quascunque BRITANNICA Pinus
 Ingreditur sublimis aquas, submittat Honores
 Navita quisque suos; puppesque Insigne superbum
 Inclinent, fassæ, quem TETHYS omnibus undis
 Elegit, Dominum; quem vasto Immobile Fatum
 Destinat Imperio, Terrâque Marique potentem.

Audivere preces Divi: jamque ANGLICA classis,
 Quâ dabit aura viam, tutum per aperta profundis
 Curret iter, nova Regna petens, nova Littora visens,
 Ignotumque suis mittens sub legibus Orbem.

Alter tum GANGES, atque altera quæ feret aurum
 INDIA NASSOVIO cedit: Populique feroces
 Arma, Artes, Moresque scient, Nomenque WILHELMI.

Suppliciter venerans, demisso lumine stabit
 Agmen agreste Virum; miramque loquentis ab ore
 Historiam eripiens, nunc Famam & Fata WILHELMI,
 Vulnera, Sudorem, Palmasque, Peric'laque discet,
 Quæ quibus anteferat dubitans; nunc Quantus in armis,
 Qualis in Hoste fuit, quos Bello & Pace Triumphos
 Erexit: Matres, ut coelo decidit Heros,
 Tum natis referent: & vox, quam proferet Infans
 Prima WILHELMUS erit: tenebris inhonesta Tyranni
 Indecores Capita abscondent, tum dira suorum

Supplicia,

Supplicia, indignos gemitus, justasque querelas
Ferre indignantes; cum conscia Fama, Pudorque
Provocat ad meliora Animos; cum bella WILHELMI
Bella quaterdenos læsis pro gentibus Annos
Confecta Audierint, tandemque silentibus armis,
(Majus opus) partos felici Pace triumphos.

Non dehinc hos miseros Mysteria dira docebit
Barbara Relligio: nulla horrida Numina finget
Vana Superstitio, Divumque immania Monstra;
NASSOVII Virtus cum se mirantibus offert,
Præsentem confessa Deum; Cum signa decoris
Divini, Æternæque patent vestigia Mentis
Heröis descripta Animis, & vindice Dextrâ.

Scilicet horrendi justâ sine lege Cometæ
Incertam lucem quatiunt, & Crine minaces
Sanguineo lugubrè rubent, tristesque trementi
Indicunt iras Orbi; nisi publica vota
Avertant lævum miseris Mortalibus Omen.
At verò justis Mundum qui temperat horis,
Vera Jovis proles, Coelo purissimus Ignis,
Non errore vago, cæcâque libidine fertur;
Certus iter fixum peragit: curfusque Diurnos
Observant homines, & sanctum Sydus adorant.

O JANE, O! Divum si flectere Fata liceret;
Si Parcæ ANGLORUM precibus mitescere scirent;
Sol iste ante suum cessaret currere Coelum,
Quàm REX NASSOVIVS terræ se subtrahet orbæ
Addendus Superis: sed inexorabile Numen
Omne premit mortale: adderit, volventibus Annis,
Dira futura Dies, & ineluctabile tempus,
Cum pars Semidei moesto Materna Sepulchro
Condetur; Dominusque suis plorabitur Absens.

At vos, O Divi, si quid pia vota valebunt,
 Vos precor, Æterni, quorum hæc sub numine Tellus;
 Tuque, O Sancte, Tuis, Bifrons, Coelestia firma
 Pectora consiliis; Sociique per Æthera Divi,
 Dic, in amicitiam coeant, Tecumque BRITANNAM
 Conjurent servare Domum: Communibus omnium
 Orati precibus, magno procul Omine tristem,
 Dii, removete Diem; multosque benignius Annos
 Accumulate sacro Capiti: da, JANE, senectam
 Immunem Curis, placidâque quiete potitam:
 Sat Bello, EUROPAEQUE datum est: satîs arma Juventus
 Sensit: & ingentes testatur terra Triumphos.
 Canitiem novus ornet Honos; dum tempora circum
 Victrices inter Lauros assurgat Oliva.

En! Hujus, JANE, auspiciis nascentia longum
 Sec'la habeant omen Pacis; lætique Nepotes
 Seros jucundis agitent sub Legibus annos;
 Ante ferat quàm Cœlo animam Jovis Armiger alto,
 Nobile onus, Patrioque Heros poscatur Olympo;
 Ambo ubi LEDÆI, ceu qui Pedes ibat in hostem,
 Ceu luctantis Equi spumantia qui regit ora;
 Magnus ubi ALCIDES Fato, & JUNONIS iniquæ
 Sævis ereptus jussis; ubi grande MARONIS
 Argumentum, Auctor LATII, Regnique BRITANNI;
 Otia agunt: ubi tot radiantia Nomina toto
 Æthere nota satîs, quos omnes æquus amavit
 JUPITER, & meritis Homines donavimus aris:
 Serò, JANE Pater, cœlo decus adde patenti
 NASSOVIVM Sydus, quod amicâ luce coruscum
 Fulgeat, & dubiis ostendat littora Nautis.



An O D E.

Inscribed to the Memory of the

Hon^{ble} Col. George Villiers,

Drowned in the River *Piava*, in the
Country of *Friuli*. 1703.

In Imitation of *Horace*, Ode 28. Lib. 1.

*Te Maris & Terræ numeroque carentis arenae
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta, &c.*

* SAY, dearest VILLIERS, poor departed Friend,
(Since fleeting Life thus suddenly must end)
Say, what did all thy busie Hopes avail,
That anxious Thou from Pole to Pole didst fail;
E'er on thy Chin the springing Beard began
To spread a doubtful Down, and promise Man?
What profited thy Thoughts, and Toils, and Cares,
In Vigour more confirm'd, and riper Years?
To wake e'er Morning-dawn to loud Alarms,
And march 'till close of Night in heavy Arms?
To scorn the Summer Suns and Winter Snows,
And search thro' ev'ry Clime thy Country's Foes?
That Thou might'st Fortune to thy Side ingage;
That gentle Peace might quell BELLONA's Rage;
And ANNA's Bounty crown Her Soldier's hoary Age?

}
In

162 POEMS on several Occasions.

× In vain We think that free-will'd Man has Pow'r
 To hasten or protract th' appointed Hour.
 Our Term of Life depends not on our Deed:
 Before our Birth our Funeral was decreed.
 Nor aw'd by Foresight, nor mis-led by Chance,
 Imperious Death directs His Ebon Lance; [Dance.
 Peoples great HENRY's Tombs; and leads up HOLBEN's }
 Alike must ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
 Sustain the universal Tyrant's Rage:
 For neither WILLIAM's Pow'r, nor MARY's Charms
 Could or repel, or pacifie his Arms:
 Young CHURCHILL fell, as Life began to bloom:
 And BRADFORD's trembling Age expects the Tomb.
 Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
 One Moment's Respite for the learned Head:
 Judges of Writings and of Men have dy'd;
 MECÆNAS, SACKVILLE, SOCRATES, and HYDE:
 And in their various Turns the Sons must tread
 Those gloomy Journeys, which their Sires have led.
 The ancient Sage, who did so long maintain,
 That Bodies die, but Souls return again,
 With all the Births and Deaths He had in Store,
 Went out PYTHAGORAS, and came no more.
 And modern AS — L, whose capricious Thought
 Is yet with Stores of wilder Nations fraught,
 Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting Breath,
 Which play'd so idly with the Darts of Death.
 Some from the stranded Vessel force their Way;
 Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea:
 Some who escape the Fury of the Wave,
 Sicken on Earth, and sink into a Grave:

In Journeys or at home, in War or Peace,
By Hardships Many, Many fall by Ease.
Each changing Season does it's Poison bring;
Rheums chill the Winter, Agues blast the Spring:
Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour,
All act subservient to the Tyrant's Pow'r:
And when obedient Nature knows His Will,
A Fly, a Grapestone, or a Hair can kill.

For restless PROSERPINE for ever treads
In Paths unseen, o'er our devoted Heads;
And on the spacious Land, and liquid Main
Spreads slow Disease, or darts afflictive Pain:
Variety of Deaths confirms her endless Reign.

On curst PIAVA's Banks the Goddess stood,
Show'd her dire Warrant to the rising Flood;
When What I long must love, and long must mourn,
With fatal Speed was urging his Return;
In his dear Country to disperse his Care,
And arm himself by Rest for future War;
To chide his anxious Friends officious Fears,
And promise to their Joys his elder Years.

Oh! destin'd Head; and oh! severe Decree;
Nor native Country Thou, nor Friend shalt see;
Nor War hast thou to wage, nor Year to come:
Impending Death is thine, and instant Doom.

Hark! the imperious Goddess is obey'd:
Winds murmur, Snows descend; and Waters spread:
Oh! Kinsman, Friend, ——— Oh! vain are all the Cries
Of human Voice; strong Destiny replies;
Weep You on Earth; for He shall sleep below:
Thence None return; and thither All must go.

Who-

164 POEMS on several Occasions.

Whoe'er Thou art, whom Choice or Business leads
To this sad River, or the neighb'ring Meads;
If Thou may'st happen on the dreary Shoars
To find the Object which This Verse deplores;
Cleanse the pale Corps with a religious Hand
From the polluting Weed and common Sand;
Lay the dead Hero graceful in a Grave;
(The only Honour He can now receive)
And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw;
And plant the Warrior Lawrel o'er his Brow:
Light lye the Earth; and flourish green the Bough.

So may just Heav'n secure thy future Life
From foreign Dangers, and domestick Strife:
And when th' Infernal Judges dismal Pow'r
From the dark Urn shall throw Thy destin'd Hour;
When yielding to the Sentence, breathless Thou
And pale shalt lye, as what Thou buriest now;
May some kind Friend the piteous Object see,
And equal Rites perform, to That which once was Thee.

PROLOGUE *spoken at Court before the QUEEN, on Her Majesty's Birth Day, 1704.*

SHINE forth, Ye Planets, with distinguish'd Light,
As when Ye hallow'd first this Happy Night:
Again transmit your Friendly Beams to Earth,
As when BRITANNIA joy'd for ANNA's Birth:
And Thou, propitious Star, whose sacred Pow'r
Presided o'er the Monarch's Natal Hour,

Thy

Thy Radiant Voyages for ever run,
 Yielding to none but CYNTHIA, and the Sun:
 With Thy fair Aspect still illustrate Heav'n:
 Kindly preserve what Thou hast greatly giv'n:
 Thy Influence for thy ANNA We implore:
 Prolong One Life; and BRITAIN asks no more:
 For Virtue can no ampler Power express,
 Than to be Great in War, and Good in Peace:
 For Thought no higher Wish of Bliss can frame,
 Than to enjoy that Virtue STILL THE SAME.
 Entire and sure the Monarch's Rule must prove,
 Who founds Her Greatness on Her Subjects Love;
 Who does our Homage for our Good require;
 And Orders that which We should first Desire:
 Our vanquish'd Wills that pleasing Force obey:
 Her Goodness takes our Liberty away:
 And haughty BRITAIN yields to Arbitrary Sway.

Let the young AUSTRIAN then Her Terrors bear,
 Great as He is, Her Delegate in War:

Let Him in Thunder speak to both his SPAINS,
 That in these Dreadful Isles a Woman Reigns.
 While the Bright Queen does on Her Subjects show'r
 The gentle Blessings of Her softer Pow'r;
 Gives sacred Morals to a vicious Age,
 To Temples Zeal, and Manners to the Stage;
 Bids the chaste Muse without a Blush appear:
 And Wit be that which Heav'n and She may hear.

MINERVA thus to PERSEUS lent Her Shield;
 Secure of Conquest, sent Him to the Field:
 The Hero acted what the Queen ordain'd:
 So was His Fame compleat, and ANDROMEDA unchain'd.

Mean time amidst Her Native Temples fate
 The Goddess, studious of Her GRECIAN's Fate;

Taught 'em in Laws and Letters to excell,
 In Acting justly, and in Writing well.
 Thus whilst She did Her various Pow'r dispose;
 The World was free from Tyrants, Wars, and Woes:
 Virtue was taught in Verse, and A T H E N S' Glory rose.

A LETTER to
 Monsieur *Boileau Despreaux*;
 Occasion'd by the
 VICTORY at *BLLENHEIM*,
 1704.

----*Cupi dum, Pater optime, vires*
Deficiunt: neque enim Quivis horrentia Pilis
Agmina, nec Fractâ pereuntes cuspidè Gallos----
 Hor. Sat. 1. L. 2.

SINCE hir'd for Life, thy Servile Muse must sing
 Successive Conquests, and a glorious King;
 Must of a Man Immortal vainly boast;
 And bring him Lawrels, whatsoe'er they cost:
 What Turn wilt Thou employ, what Colours lay
 On the Event of that Superior Day,
 In which one ENGLISH Subject's prosp'rous Hand
 (So Jove did will; so ANNA did command:)
 Broke the proud Column of thy Master's Praise,
 Which sixty Winters had conspir'd to raise?

From the lost Field a hundred Standards brought
 Must be the Work of Chance, and Fortune's Fault:

BAVARIA'S Stars must be accus'd, which shone,
That fatal Day the mighty Work was done,
With Rays oblique upon the GALLIC Sun.
Some DÆMON envying FRANCE mis-led the Fight:
And MARS mistook, tho' LOUIS order'd right.

When thy * young Muse invok'd the tuneful Nine,
To say how LOUIS did not pass the RHINE,
What Work had We with WAGENINGHEN, ARNHEIM,
Places that could not be reduc'd to Rhime;
And tho' the Poet made his last Efforts,
WURTS——who could mention in Heroic——WURTS?
But, tell me, hast thou reason to complain
Of the rough Triumphs of the last Campaign?
The DANUBE rescu'd, and the Empire sav'd,
Say, is the Majesty of Verse retriev'd?
And would it prejudice thy softer vein,
To sing the Princes, LOUIS and EUGENE?
Is it too hard in happy Verse to place
The VANS and VANDERS of the RHINE and MAES?
Her Warriors ANNA sends from TWEED and THAMES,
That FRANCE may fall by more harmonious Names.
Can'st thou not HAMILTON or LUMLY bear?
Would INGOLDSBY or PALMES offend thy Ear?
And is there not a Sound in MARLBRO'S Name,
Which Thou and all thy Brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to Verse, and sure of endless Fame?

CUTTS is in Meeter something harsh to read:
Place me the Valiant GOURAM in his stead:
Let the Intention make the Number good:
Let generous SYLVIVS speak for honest WOOD.

* Epistre 4. du Sr. Boileau Dépreaux au Roy.

En vain, pour Te Loier, &c.

168 POEMS on several Occasions.

And tho' rough CHURCHILL scarce in Verse will stand,
So as to have one Rhime at his Command;
With Ease the Bard reciting BLENHEIM's Plain,
May close the Verse, rememb'ring but the DANE.

I grant, old Friend, old Foe (for such We are
Alternate, as the Chance of Peace and War)
That we Poetic Folks, who must restrain
Our measur'd Sayings in an equal Chain,
Have Troubles utterly unknown to Those,
Who let their Fancy loose in rambling Prose.

For Instance now, how hard it is for Me
To make my Matter and my Verse agree?
In one great Day on HOCHSTET's fatal Plain
FRENCH and BAVARIANS twenty thousand slain;
Push'd thro' the DANUBE to the Shoars of STYX
Squadrons eighteen, Battalions twenty six:
Officers Captive made and private Men,
Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten.
Tents, Ammunition, Colours, Carriages,
Cannons, and Kettle-Drum: ——— sweet Numbers these.
But is it thus You ENGLISH Bards compose?
With RUNICK Lays thus tag insipid Prose?
And when you should your Heroes Deeds rehearse,
Give us a Commissary's List in Verse?

Why Faith, DEPREAUX, there's Sense in what You say:
I told You where my Difficulty lay:
So vast, so numerous were great BLENHEIM's Spoils,
They scorn the Bounds of Verse, and mock the Muse's Toils.
To make the rough Recital aptly chime,
Or bring the Sum of GALLIA's Loss to Rhime,
'Tis mighty hard: What Poet would essay
To count the Streamers of my Lord Mayor's Day?

To

To number all the several Dishes drest
By honest LAMB, last Coronation Feast?
Or make Arithmetic and Epic meet;
And NEWTON's Thoughts in DRYDEN's Stile repeat?

O Poet, had it been APOLLO's Will,
That I had shar'd a Portion of thy Skill;
Had this poor Breast receiv'd the Heav'nly Beam;
Or could I hope my Verse might reach my Theam;
Yet, BOILEAU, yet the lab'ring Muse should strive,
Beneath the Shades of MARLBRO's Wreaths to live:
Should call aspiring Gods to bless her Choice;
And to their Fav'rites Strain exalt her Voice,
Arms and a Queen to Sing; Who, Great and Good,
From peaceful THAMES to DANUBE's wond'ring Flood
Sent forth the Terror of her high Commands,
To save the Nations from invading Hands,
To prop fair Liberty's declining Cause,
And fix the jarring World with equal Laws.

The Queen should sit in WINDSOR's sacred Grove;
Attended by the Gods of War and Love:
Both should with equal Zeal Her Smiles implore,
To fix Her Joys, or to extend Her Pow'r.

Sudden, the NYMPHS and TRITON's should appear;
And as great ANNA's Smiles dispel their Fear,
With active Dance should Her Observance claim;
With Vocal Shell should sound Her happy Name.
Their Master THAMES should leave the neighb'ring Shoar,
By his strong Anchor known, and Silver Oar;
Should lay his Ensigns at his Sov'raign's Feet,
And Audience mild with humble Grace intreat.

To Her his dear Defence he should complain,
That whilst He blesses Her indulgent Reign;

170 POEMS on several Occasions.

Whilst furthest Seas are by his Fleets survey'd,
And on his happy Banks each INDIA laid;
His Breth'ren MAES, and WAAL, and RHINE, and SAAR
Feel the hard Burthen of oppressive War:
That DANUBE scarce retains his rightful Course
Against two Rebel Armies neighb'ring Force:
And All must weep sad Captives to the SEIN,
Unless unchain'd and freed by BRITAIN'S Queen.

The valiant Sov'reign calls Her Gen'ral forth;
Neither recites Her Bounty, nor His Worth:
She tells Him, He must EUROPE'S Fate redeem,
And by That Labour merit Her Esteem:
She bids Him wait Her to the Sacred Hall;
Shows Him Prince EDWARD, and the conquer'd GAUL;
Fixing the bloody Cross upon His Breast,
Says, He must Dye, or succour the Distress'd:
Placing the Saint an Emblem by His Side,
She tells Him, Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless Pride.

The Hero bows obedient, and retires:
The Queen's Commands exalt the Warrior's Fires.
His Steps are to the silent Woods inclin'd,
The great Design revolving in his Mind:
When to his Sight a Heav'nly Form appears:
Her Hand a Palm, her Head a Lawrel wears.

Me, She begins, the fairest Child of JOVE,
Below for ever fought, and blest'd above;
Me, the bright Source of Wealth, and Power, and Fame;
(Nor need I say, VICTORIA is my Name)
Me the great Father down to Thee has sent:
He bids Me wait at Thy distinguish'd Tent,
To execute what ANNA'S Wish would have:
Her Subject Thou, I only am Her Slave.

Dare

Dare then; Thou much belov'd by smiling Fate:
 For ANNA's Sake, and in Her Name, be Great:
 Go forth, and be to distant Nations known,
 My future Fav'rite, and My darling Son.
 At SCHELLENBERG I'll manifest sustain
 Thy glorious Cause; and spread my Wings again,
 Conspicuous o'er Thy Helm, in BLENHEIM's Plain.

}

The Goddess said, nor would admit Reply;
 But cut the liquid Air, and gain'd the Sky.

His high Commission is thro' BRITAIN known:
 And thronging Armies to His Standard run.
 He marches thoughtful; and He speedy sails:
 (Bless Him, ye Seas! and prosper Him, ye Gales!)
 BELGIA receives Him welcome to her Shores;
 And WILLIAM's Death with lessen'd Grief deplores.
 His Presence only must retrieve That Loss:
 MARLBRO to Her must be what WILLIAM was.
 So when great ATLAS, from these low Abodes
 Recall'd, was gather'd to his Kindred-Gods;
 ALCIDES respited by prudent Fate,
 Sustain'd the Ball, nor droop'd beneath the Weight.

Secret and Swift behold the Chief advance;
 Sees half the Empire join'd, and Friend to FRANCE:
 The BRITISH General dooms the Fight; His Sword
 Dreadful He draws: The Captains wait the Word.
 ANNE and St. GEORGE, the charging Hero cries:
 Shrill Echo from the neighb'ring Wood replies
 ANNE and St. GEORGE.——At That auspicious Sign
 The Standards move; the adverse Armies join.
 Of Eight great Hours, Time measures ought the Sands;
 And EUROPE's Fate in doubtful Balance stands:

172 POEMS on several Occasions.

The Ninth, VICTORIA comes:---o'er MARLBOROUGH'S Head
Confess'd She sits; the Hostile Troops recede:---
Triumphs the GODDESS, from her Promise freed.

The Eagle, by the BRITISH Lion's Might
Unchain'd and Free, directs her upward Flight:
Nor did She e'er with stronger Pinions soar
From TYBER'S Banks, than now from DANUBE'S Shoar.

Fir'd with the Thoughts which these Ideas raise,
And great Ambition of my Country's Praise;
The ENGLISH Muse should like the MANTUAN rise,
Scornful of Earth and Clouds, should reach the Skies,
With Wonder (tho' with Envy still) pursu'd by Human
Eyes.

But We must change the Style --- Just now I said,
I ne'er was Master of the tuneful Trade.
Or the small Genius which my Youth could boast
In Prose and Business lies extinct and lost.
Bless'd, if I may some younger Muse excite;
Point out the Game, and animate the Flight:
That from *Marseilles* to *Calais* FRANCE may know,
As We have Conqu'rors, We have Poets too;
And either Laurel does in BRITAIN grow:
That, tho' amongst our selves, with too much Heat,
We sometimes wrangle, when We should debate;
(A consequential Ill which Freedom draws;
A bad Effect, but from a Noble Cause)
We can with universal Zeal advance,
To curb the faithless Arrogance of FRANCE.
Nor ever shall BRITANNIA'S Sons refuse
To answer to thy Master, or thy Muse;
Nor want just Subject for victorious Strains;
While MARLBOROUGH'S Arm Eternal Laurel gains;
And where old SPENCER sung, a new ELISA reigns.

FOR

FOR

The PLAN of a FOUNTAIN,

On which is

*The Effigies of the QUEEN on a Tri-
umphal Arch,*

The Figure of the DUKE of MARL-
BOROUGH beneath,

AND

*The Chief Rivers of the World round the
whole Work.*

*Y E active Streams, where-e'er your Waters flow,
Let distant Climes and furthest Nations know,
What Ye from THAMES and DANUBE have been taught,
How ANNE Commanded, and how MARLBOROUGH Fought.

*Quacunque aeterno properatis, Flumina, lapsu,
Divisis latè Terris, Populisque remotis
Dicite, nam vobis TAMISIS narravit & ISTER,
ANNA quid Imperiis potuit, quid MARLBURUS Armis.*

The CHAMELEON.

AS the Chameleon, who is known
 To have no Colours of his own;
 But borrows from his Neighbour's Hue
 His White or Black, his Green or Blue;
 And struts as much in ready Light,
 Which Credit gives Him upon Sight;
 As if the Rain-bow were in Tail
 Settld on Him, and his Heirs Male:
 So the young 'Squire, when first He comes
 From Country Schloe to WILL's or TOM's;
 And equally, in Truth, is fit
 To be a Statesman, or a Wit;
 Without one Notion of his own,
 He SanTERS wildly up and down;
 'Till some Acquaintance, good or bad,
 Takes notice of a staring Lad;
 Admits Him in among the Gang:
 They jest, reply, dispute, harangue:
 He acts and talks, as They befriend Him,
 Smear'd with the Colours, which They lend Him.

Thus merely, as his Fortune chances,
 His Merit or his Vice advances.

If happily He the Sect pursues,
 That read and comment upon News;
 He takes up Their mysterious Face:
 He drinks his Coffee without Lace.
 This Week his mimic-Tongue runs o'er
 What they have said the Week before.

His

His Wisdom sets all EUROPE right;
And teaches MARLBORÔ when to Fight.

Or if it be his Fate to meet
With Folks who have more Wealth than Wit;
He loves cheap Port, and double Bub;
And settles in the *Hum-Drum* Club:
He learns how Stocks will Fall or Rise;
Holds Poverty the greatest Vice;
Thinks Wit the Bane of Conversation;
And says, that Learning spoils a Nation.

But if, at first, He minds his Hits,
And drinks *Champaine* among the Wits;
Five deep He Toasts the tow'ring Lasses;
Repeats you Verses wrote on Glasses;
Is in the Chair; prescribes the Law;
And Lies with Those he never saw.

MERRY ANDREW.

SLY MERRY ANDREW, the last *Southwark* Fair
(At *Barthol'mew* He did not much appear;
So peevish was the Edict of the May'r,
At *Southwark* therefore as his Tricks He show'd,
To please our Masters, and his Friends, the Croud;
A huge Neats-Tongue He in his Right Hand held:
His Left was with a good Black-Pudding fill'd.
With a grave Look, in this odd Equipage,
The clownish Mimic traverses the Stage:
Why how now, ANDREW! cries his Brother Droll,
To Day's Conceit, methinks, is something dull:

Come

176 POEMS on several Occasions.

Come on, Sir, to our worthy Friends explain,
 What does Your Emblematic Worship mean?
 Quoth ANDREW; Honest English let Us speak:
 Your Emble --- (what d'ye call't?) is Heathen Greek.
 To Tongue or Pudding Thou hast no Pretence:
 Learning Thy Talent is; but Mine is Sense.
 That busie Fool I was, which Thou art now;
 Desirous to Correct, not knowing how;
 With very good Design, but little Wit,
 Blaming or Praising Things, as I thought fit.
 I for this Conduct had what I deserv'd;
 And dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
 But Thanks to my indulgent Stars, I Eat;
 Since I have found the Secret to be Great.
 O dearest ANDREW, says the humble Droll,
 Henceforth may I Obey, and Thou Controll;
 Provided Thou impart Thy useful Skill.
 Bow then, says ANDREW; and, for once, I will.
 Be of your Patron's Mind, whate'er He says;
 Sleep very much; Think little; and Talk less:
 Mind neither Good nor Bad, nor Right nor Wrong;
 But Eat your Pudding, Slave; and Hold your Tongue.
 A Rev'rend Prelate stopt his Coach and Six,
 To laugh a little at our ANDREW's Tricks.
 But when He heard him give this Golden Rule;
 Drive on; (He cry'd,) This Fellow is no Fool.



A S I M I L E.

DEAR THOMAS, didst Thou never pop
Thy Head into a Tin-man's Shop?

There, THOMAS, didst Thou never see:

('Tis but by way of Simile)

A SQUIRREL spend his little Rage,

In jumping round a rowling Cage?

The Cage, as either Side turn'd up,

Striking a Ring of Bells a-top———?

Mov'd in the Orb, pleas'd with the Chimes,

The foolish Creature thinks he climbs:

But here or there, turn Wood or Wire,

He never gets two Inches higher.

So fares it with those merry Blades,

That frisk it under PINDUS' Shades.

In noble Songs, and lofty Odes,

They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods.

Still Dancing in an airy Round,

Still pleas'd with their own Verses Sound,

Brought back, how fast so'er they go,

Always aspiring, always low.

The F L I E S.

SAY, Sire of Insects, mighty SOL,

(A Fly upon the Chariot-Pole

Cries out) what Blue-Bottle alive

Did ever with such Fury drive?

Tell

Tell, BELZEBUB, Great Father, tell,
 (Says t' other, perch'd upon the Wheel)
 Did ever any Mortal Fly

Raise such a Cloud of Dust, as I?

My Judgment Turn'd the whole Debate:
 My Valor Sav'd the sinking State.
 So talk two Idle buzzing Things;
 Toss up their Heads, and stretch their Wings:
 But let the Truth to Light be brought:
 This neither Spoke, nor t' other Fought:
 No Merit in their own Behav'or:
 Both rais'd, but by their Party's Favor.

From the Greek.

GREAT BACCHUS, born in Thunder and in Fire,
 By Native Heat asserts His dreadful Sire.
 Nourish'd near shady Rills and cooling Streams,
 He to the Nymphs avows his Am'rous Flames.
 To all the Breth'ren at the *Bell* and *Vine*,
 The Moral says; Mix Water with your Wine.

E P I G R A M.

FRANK Carves very ill, yet will palm all the Meats:
 He Eats more than Six; and Drinks more than he Eats.
 Four Pipes after Dinner he constantly smokes;
 And seasons his Whifs with impertinent Jokes.

Yet

Yet fighting, he says, We must certainly break;
And my cruel Unkindness compells him to speak:
For of late I invite Him—but Four Times a Week.

A N O T H E R.

TO JOHN I ow'd great Obligation;
But JOHN, unhappily, thought fit
To publish it to all the Nation:
Sure JOHN and I are more than Quit.

A N O T H E R.

YES, every Poet is a Fool:
By Demonstration NED can shew it:
Happy, cou'd NED's inverted Rule
Prove every Fool to be a Poet.

A N O T H E R.

THY Naggs (the leanest Things alive)
So very hard Thou lov'st to drive;
I heard thy anxious Coach-man say,
It costs Thee more in Whips, than Hay.

*To a Person who wrote Ill, and spake
Worse against Me.*

LYE, PHILO, untouch'd on my peaceable Shelf;
Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed Thee:
I've no Envy to Thee, and some Love to my Self:
Then why shou'd I answer; since first I must read Thee?

Drunk with HELICON's Waters and double-brew'd Bub,
Be a Linguist, a Poet, a Critic, a Wag;
To the solid Delight of thy Well-judging Club,
To the Damage alone of thy Bookseller BRAG.

Pursue me with Satyr: what Harm is there in't?
But from all *viva voce* Reflection forbear;
There can be no Danger from what Thou shalt Print:
There may be a little from what Thou may'st swear.

On the Same Person.

WHILE faster than his costive Brain indites,
PHILO's quick Hand in flowing Letters writes;
His Case appears to Me like honest TEAGUE's,
When he was run away with, by his Legs.
PHOEBUS, give PHILO o'er Himself Command;
Quicken his Senses, or restrain His Hand;
Let Him be kept from Paper, Pen, and Ink:
So may He cease to Write, and learn to Think.

Quid

Quid sit futurum Cras fuge quærere.

*FOR what To-morrow shall disclose,
 May spoil what You To-night propose:
 ENGLAND may change; or CLOE stray:
 Love and Life are for To-day.

The Nut-brown Maid.

A P O E M,

Written Three Hundred Years Since.

BE it right or wrong, these Men among
 On Women do complayne;
 Affyrmynge this, how that it is
 A Labour spent in vaine,
 To love Them wele; for never a dele
 They love a Man againe.
 For lete a Man do what He can,
 Ther Favour to attayne;
 Yet yf a new do Them pursue,
 Ther furst trew Lover than
 Laboureth for nought; for from her Thought
 He is a banishyd Man.

182 POEMS on several Occasions.

I say not nay, but that all day
 It is bothe writ and sayde,
 That Woman's Fayth is, as who saythe,
 All utterly decayed.
 But nevertheless right good Witnes
 I'this case might be layde,
 That They love trewe, and contynew,
 Record *the Nut-brown Mayde*.
 Which from her Love (whan Her to prove,
 He came to make his mone)
 Wold not depart; for in her Herte
 She lovyd but Him alone.

Than betwene Us, lettens discusse,
 What was all the maner
 Between them too: We wyll also
 Telle all the peyne and fere
 That She was in. Now I begynne,
 So that ye me answere.
 Wherefore all Ye, that present be,
 I pray Ye give an Eare.

M A N.

I am the Knyght: I come by Nyght,
 As secret as I can;
 Saying, alas! thus standeth the Case,
 I am a banishyd Man,

W O M A N,

And I your Wylle for to fulfyll
 In this wyl not refuse;
 Trusting to shew, in Wordis fewe,
 That Men have an ille use,
 (To ther own shame) Women to blame,
 And causeless them accuse.

There

Therefore to You I anfwere now,
 Alle Wymen to excuse:
 M'yn own Herte dere, with You what chere,
 I pray You telle anone;
 For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but You alone.

M A N.

It stondeth so : a dede is do,
 Wherefore moche harm shall growe:
 My Desteny is for to dey
 A shamfull Deth, I trowe:
 Or ellis to flee : the one must be:
 None other way I knowe.
 But to withdrawe, as an Outlaw,
 And take me to my Bowe.
 Wherefore adew, my owne Herte trewe:
 None other red I can;
 For I must to the grene Wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

O Lord! what is this worldis blyffe,
 That chaungeth as the Mone?
 My Somers day, in lusty May,
 Is derked before the None.
 I here You saye, Farwell! nay, nay;
 We departe not soo sone:
 Why say Ye so? wheder wyl Ye goe?
 Alas! what have Ye done?
 Alle my welfare to sorrow and care
 Shulde chaunge, yf Ye were gon;
 For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but You alone.

M A N.

M A N.

I can beleve, it shall you greeve,
 And shomwhat you distrayne;
 But afterwarde your paynes harde,
 Within a day or tweyne,
 Shal sone aslake; and Ye shal take
 Comfort to you agayne.

Why should Ye nought? for to make thought,
 Your labour were in vayne.

And thus I do, and pray you too,
 As hertely as I can;

For I muste to the grene Wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Now sythe that Ye have shewed to Me

The Secret of your mynde;

I shal be playne to you againe,

Lyke as Ye shal Me fynde.

Syth it is so, that Ye wyll goe,

I wol not leve behynde:

Shal never be sayd, *the Nut-brown Mayde*

Was to her Love unkynd.

Make You redy; for so am I,

Allthough it were anone:

For in my mynd, of al Mankynde,

I love but You alone.

M A N.

Yet I You rede, to take good hede,

What Men wyl think and sey;

Of Yonge and Olde it shal be tolde,

That Ye be gone away:

Your wanton wylle, for to fulfyll;

In grene Wode you to play;

And

And that Ye myght from your delyte
 Noo lenger make delay.
 Rather than Ye should thus for me,
 Be called an ylle Woman;
 Yet wold I to the grene Wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Though it be songe, of Old and Yonge,
 That I shuld be to blame;
 Their's be the charge, that speke so Large,
 In hurting of my Name.
 For I wyl prove, that feythful Love
 It is devoyd of Shame;
 In your Distress, and Hevyness,
 To parte wyth You the same.
 And sure all thoo that doo not so,
 Trewe Lovers ar they none:
 But in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but You alone.

M A N.

I counfel you, remember how,
 It is noo Mayden's lawe,
 Nothing to dought, but to renne out
 To Wode with an Outlawe.
 For Ye must there, in your hand bere
 A Bowe redy to drawe:
 And as a Theef, thus must Ye lyve,
 Ever in Drede and Awe.
 Whereby to You gret harme myght grow;
 Yet I had lever than,
 That I had to the grene Wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

W O M A N.

I think not nay; but as Ye faye,
 It is noo Mayden's lore;
 But Love may make Me for your sake,
 As I have said before,
 To com on fote, to Hunte and Shote,
 To gete us Mete in Store.
 For so that I your Company
 May have, I ask noo more:
 From whiche to parte, it makith myn Herte
 As colde as ony Ston.
 For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but You alone.

M A N.

For an Outlawe, this is the Lawe,
 That Men hym Take and Binde,
 Wythout pytee Hanged to bee,
 And waver with the Wynde,
 Yf I had neede, as God forbede,
 What resons coude Ye finde?
 For sothe I trowe, Ye and your Bowe
 Shuld draw for fere behynde.
 And noo Merveyle; for lytel avayle
 Were in your Council than:
 Wherefore I to the Wode wyl goe,
 Alone, a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Full well knowe Ye, that Wymen be
 But febyl for to Fyght:
 Noo Womanhede it is in deede,
 To bee bold as a Knyght.
 Yet in suche fere Yf that Ye were,
 With Enemy's day and nyght;

I wolde withstonde, wyth bowe in honde,
 To greve them as I myght;
 And You to save, as Wymen have
 From dethe many one:
 For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but You alone.

M A N.

Yet take good hede! for ever I drede,
 That Ye coude not sustein
 The thorney Weyes, the depe Valeis,
 The Snowe, the Frost, the Reyn,
 The Cold, the Hete. For Drye or Wete,
 We must lodge on the Playn;
 And us above, noon other Rose,
 But a Brake, Bush, or twayne;
 Whiche sone shulde greve you, I beleve;
 And Ye wolde gladly than,
 That I had to the grene Wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Syth I have here been partynere
 With You of Joy and Blyffe;
 I must also, parte of your woo
 Endure, as Reson is.
 Yet am I sure of one plesure;
 And, shortly, it is this:
 That where Ye bee, mee seemeth, par-dy,
 I could not fare amyss.
 Without more Speche, I you besече,
 That We were soon a-gone:
 For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but You alone.

M A N.

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M A N.

Yf Ye goo thedyr, Ye must confider,
 Whan Ye have lust to dyne,
 Ther shall no Mete be for to gete,
 Nor Drink, Bere, Ale, ne Wine;
 Ne Shetis clene, to lye betwene,
 Made of Thred and Twyne;
 Noon other House, but Levys and Bowes,
 To kever your Head and myn.
 O myn Herte fwete, this ylle Dyet
 Shuld make you Pale and Wan:
 Wherefore I to the Wode wyl goe,
 Alone, a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Among the wylde Dere, such an Archier,
 As Men say that Ye bee,
 We may not fayle of good Vitayle,
 Where is so grete plente.
 And Watir cleere of the Ryvere
 Shall be full fwete to Me;
 With whiche in hele, I shal right welle
 Endure, as Ye shall see.
 And er We goe, a Bed or two
 I can provide anone;
 For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but You alone.

M A N.

Loo! yet before, Ye must do more,
 Yf Ye wyl go with Me:
 As cutte your Here, up by your Ere,
 Your Kurtel by the Knee.
 Wyth Bowe in Honde, for to wythstonde
 Your Enemys, yf nede be:

And

And this same Nyght, before Day-lyght,

To Wode-ward wyl I Flee.

And yf Ye wille al this fulfyll,

Do it shortly as Ye can:

Ellis wil I to the grene Wode goe,

Alone, a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

I shall as now do more for You,

Than longeth to Womanhede,

To short my Here, a Bow to bere,

To Shote in tyme of nede:

O my sweet Moder, before all other,

For You have I most Drede:

But now Adiew! I must ensue,

Where Fortune duth Me lede.

All this make Ye, and lete Us Flee:

The day run fast upon:

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,

I love but You alone.

M A N.

Nay, nay, not so: Ye shal not go;

And I shal telle Ye why:

Your Appetyte is to be light

Of Love, I wele espie.

For right as Ye have sayde to Me,

In lykewyse hardely

Ye wolde answere, whosoever it were,

In way of Company.

It is sayd of Olde; sone Hote, sone Colde;

And so is a Woman:

Wherefore I to the Wode wyl go,

Alone, a banishyd Man.

K

W O M A N.

W O M A N.

Yf Ye take hede, yt is noo nede
 Such wordis to fay bee Me:
 For ofte Ye preyd, and longe assayed,
 Er I you lovid, par-dy.
 And though that I of Auncestry
 A Baron's Daughter bee;
 Yet have You proved, how I You Loved,
 A Squyer of low Degree:
 And ever shal, what so befalle,
 To dey therefore anone;
 For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but You alone.

M A N.

A Baron's Childe to be begyled,
 It were a cursed Dede:
 To be Felawe with an Outlawe,
 Almighty God forbede!
 It better were, the pore Squyer
 Alone to Forest Spede;
 Than Ye shall saye, another Daye,
 That by that wicked Dede
 Ye were betrayed. Wherefore, good Maide,
 The best rede that I can,
 Is that I to the grene Wode go,
 Alone, a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Whatsoever befalle, I never shalle
 Of this thing You upbraid:
 But yf Ye go, and leave Me so,
 Then have Ye Me betraid.
 Remember Ye wele, how that Ye dele;
 For yf Ye, as Ye sayde,

Be so unkynde, to leve behynde
 Your Love, *the Nut-brown Maid*:
 Trust Me truely, that I shall deye
 Sone after Ye be gone;
 For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but You alone.

M A N.

Yf that Ye went, Ye shulde repent;
 For in the Forrest now
 I have purveid me of a Maide,
 Whom I Love more than You.
 Another fayrer than e'er Ye were;
 I dare it well avowe:
 And of You bothe, Eche shulde be wrothe,
 Wyth other, as I trowe.
 It were myn Ese, to lyve in Pese:
 So wyl I, yf I can:
 Wherefore I to the Wode wyl go,
 Alone, a banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Though in the Wode, I undirstode,
 Ye had a Paramour;
 All this may nought remove my Thought,
 But that I will be Your.
 And She shall fynde Me soft and kynde,
 And curteis every hour;
 Glad to fulfyll all that She wylle
 Commaunde Me to my Pow'r.
 For had Ye loo, an hundred moo;
 Yet wolde I be that One;
 For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but You alone.

K 2

M A N.

192 POEMS on several Occasions.

M A N.

Myn owne dere Love, I see the Prove,
 That Ye be kynde and trewe;
 Of Mayde and Wyf, in al my Lyf,
 The best that ever I knew.
 Be morey and glad; be no more sad;
 The case is chaunged newe;
 For it were Ruthe, that for your Trouth,
 Ye shuld have cause to rewe.
 Be not dismayed; whatsoever I sayd
 To you whan I began:
 I wyl not to the grene Wode go;
 I am no banishyd Man.

W O M A N.

Theis tidingis be more glad to me,
 Than to be made a Quene;
 Yf I were sure, they should endure:
 But it is often seen,
 When Men wyl breke Promyse, they speke
 The wordis on the Splene.
 Ye shape some Wyle, Me to begyle,
 And stele fro me, I wene.
 Then were the case wurs than it was;
 And I more woo begon;
 For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
 I love but You alone.

M A N.

Ye shall not nede further to drede:
 I wyl not disparage
 You. God defende; syth you descende
 Of so grete a Lynage.
 Now understande, to *Westmerlande*,
 Whiche is my Herytage,

I wyl you bringe ; and with a Rynge,
 By wey of Maryage
 I wyl you take, and Lady make,
 As shortly as I can.
 Thus have ye wone an Erlic's Son,
 And not a banishyd Man.

H E N R Y and E M M A,

A P O E M,

Upon the Model of

The N U T - B R O W N M A I D.

T O C L O E.

* **T**HOU, to whose Eyes I bend ; at whose Command,
 (Tho' low my Voice, tho' artless be my Hand)
 I take the sprightly Reed, and sing, and play;
 Careless of what the cens'ring World may say:
 Bright C L O E, Object of my constant Vow,
 Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious Brow?
 Wilt thou with Pleasure hear Thy Lover's Strains,
 And with one Heav'nly Smile o'erpay His Pains?
 No longer shall *the Nut brown Maid* be old ;
 Tho' since her Youth three hundred Years have roll'd.
 At Thy Desire, She shall again be rais'd ;
 And her reviving Charms in lasting Verse be prais'd.

No longer Man of Woman shall complain,
 That He may Love, and not be Lov'd again:
 That We in vain the fickle Sex pursue,
 Who change the Constant Lover for the New.
 Whatever has been writ, whatever said
 Of Female Passion feign'd, or Faith decay'd;
 Henceforth shall in my Verse refuted stand,
 Be said to Winds, or writ upon the Sand.

And while my Notes to future Times proclaim
 Unconquer'd Love, and ever-during Flame;
 O fairest of the Sex! be Thou my Muse:
 Deign on my Work thy Influence to diffuse.
 Let me partake the Blessings I rehearse;
 And grant me Love, the just Reward of Verse.

As Beauty's potent Queen, with ev'ry Grace
 That once was E M M A's, has adorn'd Thy Face;
 And as Her Son has to My Bosom dealt
 That constant Flame, which faithful H E N R Y felt:
 O let the Story with Thy Life agree;
 Let Men once more the bright Example see;
 What E M M A was to Him, be Thou to Me.
 Nor send Me by thy Frown from Her I love,
 Distant and sad, a banish'd Man to rove.
 But oh! with Pity long intreated Crown
 My Pains and Hopes; and when thou say'st that One
 Of all Mankind thou lov'st; Ch! think on Me alone.

WH E R E beauteous I S I S and her Husband T A M E
 With mingl'd Waves for ever flow the Same,
 In Times of Yore an antient Baron liv'd;
 Great Gifts bestow'd, and great Respect receiv'd.

When

When dreadful EDWARD with successful Care
 Led his free BRITONS to the GALLIC War;
 This Lord had Headed his appointed Bands,
 In firm Allegiance to his King's Commands;
 And (all due Honors faithfully discharg'd)
 Had brought back his Paternal Coat enlarg'd
 With a new Mark, the Witness of his Toil,
 And no inglorious Part of Foreign Spoil.

From the loud Camp retir'd, and noisy Court,
 In Honorable Ease and Rural Sport,
 The Remnant of his Days He safely past;
 Nor found they Lagg'd too slow, nor Flew too fast.
 He made his Wish with his Estate comply,
 Joyful to Live, yet not afraid to Dye.

One Child He had, a Daughter chaste and fair,
 His Age's Comfort, and his Fortune's Heir.
 They call'd her EMMA; for the beauteous Dame
 Who gave the Virgin Birth, had born the Name.
 The Name th'indulgent Father doubly lov'd;
 For in the Child the Mother's Charms improv'd.
 Yet as when little round his Knees She plaid;
 He call'd her oft in Sport His *Nut-brown Maid*:
 The Friends and Tenants took the fondling Word;
 As still they please, who imitate their Lord:
 Usage confirm'd what Fancy had begun:
 The mutual Terms around the Lands were known;
 And EMMA and *the Nut-brown Maid* were One.

As with her Stature, still her Charms encreas'd;
 Thro' all the Isle her Beauty was confess'd.
 Oh! what Perfections must that Virgin share,
 Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are Fair?
 From distant Shires repair the noble Youth,
 And find, Report for once had lessen'd Truth.

By Wonder first, and then by Passion mov'd,
 They came; they saw; they marvell'd; and they lov'd.
 By public Praises, and by secret Sighs
 Each own'd the gen'ral Pow'r of E M M A's Eyes.
 In Tilts and Turnaments the Valiant strove,
 By glorious Deeds to purchase E M M A's Love.
 In gentle Verse the Witty told their Flame,
 And grac'd their choicest Songs with E M M A's Name.
 In vain they Combated, in vain they Writ:
 Useless their Strength, and impotent their Wit.
 Great V E N U S only must direct the Dart,
 Which else will never reach the Fair one's Heart,
 Spight of th' Attempts of Force, and soft Effects of Art.
 Great V E N U S must prefer the happy One:
 In H E N R Y's Cause her Favour must be shown:
 And E M M A, of Mankind, must Love but Him alone.

While These in Public to the Castle came,
 And by their Grandeur justify'd their Flame;
 More secret Ways the careful H E N R Y takes;
 His Squires, his Arms, and Equipage forsakes:
 In borrow'd Name, and false Attire array'd,
 Oft he finds Means to see the beauteous Maid.

When E M M A hunts, in Huntsman's Habit drest,
 H E N R Y on Foot pursues the bounding Beast.
 In his right Hand his beachen Pole he bears:
 And graceful at his Side his Horn he wears.
 Still to the Glade, where She has bent her Way,
 With knowing Skill he drives the future Prey.
 Bids her decline the Hill, and shun the Brake;
 And shews the Path her Steed may safest take.
 Directs her Spear to fix the glorious Wound;
 Pleas'd, in his Toils to have her Triumph Crown'd:
 And blows her Praises in no common Sound.

A Falc'ner HENRY is, when E M M A Hawks :
 With her of Tarsels, and of Lures he talks.
 Upon his Wrist the tow'ring Merlin stands ;
 Practis'd to rise, and stoop, at her Commands.
 And when Superior now the Bird has flown,
 And headlong brought the tumbling Quarry down;
 With humble Rev'rence he accosts the Fair ;
 And with the honor'd Feather decks her Hair.
 Yet still, as from the sportive Field She goes,
 His down-cast Eye reveals his inward Woes.
 And by his Look and Sorrow is exprest,
 A nobler Game pursu'd than Bird or Beast.

A Shepherd now along the Plain he roves ;
 And, with his jolly Pipe, delights the Groves.
 The neighb'ring Swains around the Stranger throng,
 Or to admire, or emulate his Song :
 While, with soft Sorrow, he renews his Lays,
 Nor heedful of their Envy, nor their Praise.
 But soon as E M M A's Eyes adorn the Plain,
 His Notes he raises to a nobler Strain,
 With dutiful Respect and studious Fear ;
 Lest any careless Sound offend her Ear.

A frantick Gipsy now the House He haunts,
 And in wild Phrases speaks dissembled Wants.
 With the fond Maids in Palmistry he deals :
 They Tell the Secret first, which he Reveals:
 Says who shall Wed, and who shall be Beguil'd ;
 What Groom shall Get, and Squire maintain the Child.
 But when bright E M M A wou'd her Fortune know ;
 A softer Look unbends his op'ning Brow.
 With trembling Awe he gazes on her Eye ;
 And in soft Accents forms the kind Reply ;

That She shall prove as Fortunate as Fair ;
And H Y M E N ' s choicest Gifts are All reserv'd for Her.

Now oft had H E N R Y chang'd his sly Disguise,
Unmark'd by all, but beauteous E M M A ' s Eyes:
Oft had found Means alone to see the Dame,
And at her Feet to breath his am'rous Flame ;
And oft, the Pangs of Absence to remove
By Letters, soft Interpreters of Love :
Till Time and I n d u s t r y (the mighty Two
That bring our Wishes nearer to our View)
Made him perceive, that the inclining Fair
Receiv'd his Vows with no reluctant Ear ;
That V E N U S had confirm'd her equal Reign,
And dealt to E M M A ' s Heart a share of H E N R Y ' s Pain.

While C U P I D smil'd, by kind Occasion blest'd,
And, with the Secret kept, the Love increas'd ;
The am'rous Youth frequents the silent Groves ;
And much He meditates ; for much He loves.
He loves : 'tis true ; and is belov'd again :
Great are his Joys : But will they long remain ?
E M M A with Smiles receives his present Flame :
But smiling, will She ever be the same ?
Beautiful Looks are rul'd by fickle Minds ;
And Summer Seas are turn'd by sudden Winds.
Another Love may gain her easie Youth :
Time changes Thought ; and Flatt'ry conquers Truth.
O impotent Estate of human Life !
Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal Strife :
Where fleeting Joy does lasting Doubt inspire ;
And most We Question, what We most Desire.
Amongst thy various Gifts, great Heav'n, bestow
Our Cup of Love unmix'd ; forbear to throw

Bitter

Bitter Ingredients in; nor pall the Draught
With nauseous Grief: for our ill-judging Thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable Taste:
Or deems it not sincere; or fears it cannot last.

With Wishes rais'd, with Jealousies oppress'd
(Alternate Tyrants of the Human Breast)
By one great Tryal He resolves to prove
The Faith of Woman, and the Force of Love.
If scanning E M M A's Virtues, He may find
That beauteous Frame inclose a steady Mind.
He'll fix his Hope, of future Joy secure;
And live a Slave to H Y M E N's happy Pow'r.
But if the Fair one, as he fears, is frail;
If pois'd aright in Reason's equal Scale,
Light fly her Merits, and her Faults prevail;
His Mind He vows to free from am'rous Care,
The latent Mischief from his Heart to tear,
Resume his Azure Arms, and shine again in War.

South of the Castle in a verdant Glade
A spreading Beach extends her friendly Shade:
Here oft the Nymph His breathing Vows had heard:
Here oft Her Silence had Her Heart declar'd.
As active Spring awak'd her Infant Buds;
And genial Life-inform'd the verdant Woods;
H E N R Y, in Knots involving E M M A's Name,
Had half express'd, and half conceal'd his Flame
Upon This Tree: and as the tender Mark
Grew with the Year, and widen'd with the Bark;
V E N U S had heard the Virgin's soft Address,
That, as the Wound, the Passion might increase,
As potent Nature shed her kindly Show'rs,
And deck'd the various Mead with op'ning Flow'rs;

Upon

Upon This Tree the Nymph's obliging Care
 Had left a frequent Wreath for HENRY's Hair:
 Which as with gay Delight the Lover found;
 Pleas'd with his Conquest, with her Present crown'd,
 Glorious thro' all the Plains He oft had gone,
 And to each Swain the Mystic Honor shown;
 The Gift still prais'd, the Giver still unknown.

His secret Note the troubled HENRY writes;
 To the known Tree the Lovely Maid invites:
 Imperfect Words and dubious Terms express,
 That unforeseen Mischance disturb'd his Peace;
 That He must something to Her Ear commend,
 On which Her Conduct, and His Life depend.

Soon as the Fair one had the Note receiv'd;
 The remnant of the Day alone She griev'd:
 For diff'rent This from ev'ry former Note,
 Which VENUS dictated, and HENRY wrote;
 Which told her all his future Hopes were laid
 On the dear Bosom of *his Nut-brown Maid*;
 Which always bless'd her Eyes, and own'd her Pow'r;
 And bid her oft Adieu, yet added more.

Now Night advanc'd. The House in Sleep were laid,
 The Nurse experienc'd, and the prying Maid;
 And last That Sprite, which does incessant haunt
 The Lover's Steps, the ancient Maiden Aunt.
 To her dear HENRY EMMA wings her Way,
 With quicken'd Pace repairing forc'd Delay.
 For Love, fantastic Pow'r, that is afraid
 To stir abroad 'till Watchfulness be laid;
 Undaunted then, o'er Cliffs and Valleys strays;
 And leads his Vot'ries safe thro' pathless Ways.
 Not ARGUS with his Hundred Eyes shall find,
 Where CUPID goes; tho' He poor Guide is blind.

The Maiden first arriving, sent her Eye
To ask, if yet it's Chief Delight were nigh:
With Fear, and with Desire, with Joy, and Pain
She sees, and runs to meet Him on the Plain.
But oh! his Steps proclaim no Lover's Haste:
On the low Ground his fix'd Regards are cast:
His artful Bosom heaves dissembl'd Sighs;
And Tears suborn'd fall copious from his Eyes.

With Ease, alas! we Credit what we Love:
His painted Grief does real Sorrow move
In the afflicted Fair; Adown her Cheek
Trickling the genuine Tears their Current break.
Attentive stood the mournful Nymph: the Man
Broke Silence first: the Tale alternate ran.

M A N.

SINCERE O tell me, hast thou felt a Pain,
EMMA, beyond what Woman knows to feign?
Has Thy uncertain Bosom ever strove
With the first Tumults of a real Love?
Hast Thou now dreaded, and now blest his Sway,
By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
Thy Virgin Softness hast Thou e'er bewail'd;
As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd?
And wept the potent God's resistless Dart,
His killing Pleasure, his Ecstatic Smart,
And heav'nly Poison thrilling thro' thy Heart?
If so, with Pity view my wretched State;
At least deplore, and then forget my Fate:
To some more happy Knight reserve thy Charms,
By Fortune favor'd, and successful Arms:
And only, as the Sun's revolving Ray
Brings back each Year this melancholy Day;

Per-

Permit one Sigh, and set apart one Tear,
 To an abandon'd Exile's endless Care.
 For Me, alas! Out-cast of Human Race,
 Love's Anger only waits, and dire Disgrace:
 For lo! these Hands in Murther are imbru'd;
 These trembling Feet by Justice are pursu'd:
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
 A shameful Death attends my longer Stay;
 And I this Night must fly from Thee and Love,
 Condemn'd in lonely Woods a banish'd Man to rove.

E M M A.

What is our Bliss, that changeth with the Moon;
 And Day of Life, that darkens e'er 'tis Noon?
 What is true Passion, if unblest it dies?
 And where is E M M A's Joy, if H E N R Y flies?
 If Love, alas! be Pain; the Pain I bear,
 No Thought can figure, and no Tongue declare.
 Ne'er faithful Woman felt, nor false one feign'd
 The Flames, which long have in my Bosom reign'd:
 The God of Love himself inhabits there,
 With all his Rage, and Dread, and Grief, and Care,
 His Complement of Stores, and total War.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my Love;
 And let my Deed at least my Faith approve.
 Alas! no Youth shall my Endearments share;
 Nor Day nor Night shall interrupt my Care:
 No future Story shall with Truth upbraid
 The cold Indiff'rence of *the Nut-brown Maid*:
 Nor to hard Banishment shall H E N R Y run;
 While careless E M M A sleeps on Beds of Down.
 View Me resolv'd, where-e'er Thou lead'st, to go,
 Friend to thy Pain, and Partner of thy Woe:

For

For I attest fair VENUS, and her Son,
That I, of all Mankind, will love but Thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Let Prudence yet obstruct Thy vent'rous Way;
And take good heed, what Men will think and say;
That Beauteous E M M A vagrant Courtes took;
Her Father's House and civil Life forfok;
That full of youthful Blood, and fond of Man,
She to the Wood-land with an Exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd Fame is ne'er regain'd;
And Virgin Honor once, is always stain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming Evil shun:
Better not do the Deed, than weep it done.
No Penance can absolve our guilty Fame;
Nor Tears, that wash out Sin, can wash out Shame:
Then fly the sad Effects of desp'rate Love;
And leave a banish'd Man thro' lonely Woods to rove.

E M M A.

Let E M M A's hapless Case be falsely told
By the rash Young, or the ill-natur'd Old:
Let ev'ry Tongue it's various Censures chuse;
Absolve with Coldness, or with Spight accuse:
Fair Truth at last her radiant Beams will raise;
And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's Praise.
Let then thy Favour but indulge my Flight;
O! let my Presence make thy Travels light;
And potent VENUS shall exalt my Name
Above the Rumors of censorious Fame:
Nor from that busie Demon's restless Pow'r
Will ever E M M A other Grace implore,
Than that this Truth should to the World be known;
That I, of all Mankind, have lov'd but Thee alone.

H E N R Y.

H E N R Y.

But canst Thou wield the Sword, and bend the Bow?
 With active Force repel the sturdy Foe?
 When the loud Tumult speaks the Battle nigh,
 And winged Deaths in whistling Arrows fly;
 Wilt Thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay,
 Perform thy Part, and share the dangerous Day?
 Then, as thy Strength decays, thy Heart will fail,
 Thy Limbs all trembling, and thy Cheeks all pale:
 With fruitless Sorrow Thou, inglorious Maid,
 Wilt weep thy Safety by thy Love betray'd:
 Then to thy Friend, by Foes o'er-charg'd, deny
 Thy little useless Aid, and Coward fly:
 Then wilt thou curse the Chance that made Thee love
 A banish'd Man, condemn'd in lonely Woods to rove.

E M M A.

With fatal Certainty THALESTRIS knew
 To send the Arrow from the twanging Yew:
 And great in Arms, and foremost in the War,
 BONDUCA brandish'd high the BRITISH Spear.
 Could Thirst of Vengeance, and Desire of Fame
 Excite the Female Breast with Martial Flame?
 And shall not Love's diviner Pow'r inspire
 More hardy Virtue, and more gen'rous Fire?

Near Thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
 And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy Side.
 Tho' my Inferior Strength may not allow,
 That I should bear, or draw the Warrior Bow;
 With ready Hand I will the Shaft supply,
 And joy to see thy Victor Arrows fly.
 Touch'd in the Battel by the Hostile Reed,
 Should'st Thou (but Heav'n avert it!) should'st Thou bleed;
 To

To stop the Wounds my finest Lawn I'd tear;
Wash them with Tears, and wipe them with my Hair:
Blest, when my Dangers and my Toils have shown,
That I, of all Mankind, could love but Thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But canst Thou, tender Maid, canst Thou sustain
Afflictive Want, or Hunger's pressing Pain?
Those Limbs, in Lawn and softest Silk array'd,
From Sun-beams guarded, and of Winds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove? Can they resist
The parching Dog-star, and the bleak North-East?
When chill'd by adverse Snows, and beating Rain,
We tread with weary Steps the longsome Plain;
When with hard Toil We seek our Ev'ning Food,
Berries and Acorns, from the neighb'ring Wood;
And find among the Cliffs no other House,
But the thin Covert of some gather'd Boughs;
Wilt Thou not then reluctant send thine Eye
Around the dreary Waste; and weeping try
(Tho' then, alas! that Tryal be too late)
To find thy Father's Hospitable Gate,
And Seats, where Ease and Plenty brooding fate?
Those Seats, whence long excluded Thou must mourn:
That Gate, for ever barr'd to thy Return:
Wilt Thou not then bewail ill-fated Love,
And hate a banish'd Man, condemn'd in Woods to rove?

E M M A.

Thy Rise of Fortune did I only wed,
From it's Decline determin'd to recede?
Did I but purpose to embark with Thee,
On the smooth Surface of a Summer's Sea;

While

206 POEMS on several Occasions.

While gentle ZEPHYRS play in prosp'rous Gales;
And Fortune's Favour fills the swelling Sails:
But would forsake the Ship, and make the Shoar,
When the Winds whistle, and the Tempests roar?
No, HENRY, no: One Sacred Oath has ty'd
Our Loves; One Destiny our Life shall guide;
Nor Wild, nor Deep our common Way divide.

When from the Cave Thou risest with the Day,
To beat the Woods, and rouse the bounding Prey;
The Cave with Moss and Branches I'll adorn,
And chearful sit, to wait my Lord's Return.
And when Thou frequent bring'st the smitten Deer;
(For seldom, Archers say, Thy Arrows err)
I'll fetch quick Fewel from the neighb'ring Wood,
And strike the sparkling Flint, and dress the Food:
With humble Duty and officious Haste,
I'll cull the furthest Mead for Thy Repast:
The choicest Herbs I to Thy Board will bring;
And draw Thy Water from the freshest Spring:
And when at Night with weary Toil oppress'd,
Soft Slumbers Thou enjoy'st, and wholesome Rest;
Watchful I'll guard Thee, and with Midnight Pray'r
Weary the Gods to keep Thee in their Care;
And joyous ask at Morn's returning Ray,
If Thou hast Health, and I may bless the Day.
My Thought shall fix, my latest Wish depend
On Thee, Guide, Guardian, Kinsman, Father, Friend:
By all these sacred Names be HENRY known
To EMMA's Heart: and grateful let Him own,
That She, of all Mankind, could love but Him alone.

H E N R Y.

Vainly thou tell'st Me, what the Woman's Care
Shall in the Wildness of the Wood prepare:

Thou,

Thou, e'er thou goest, unhapp'yeſt of thy Kind,
 Muſt leave the Habit, and the Sex behind.
 No longer ſhall thy comely Treſſes break
 In flowing Ringlets on thy ſnowy Neck;
 Or ſit behind thy Head, an ample Round,
 In graceful Breeds with various Ribbon bound:
 No longer ſhall the Boddice aptly lac'd,
 From thy full Boſome to thy ſlender Waſte,
 That Air and Harmony of Shape expreſs,
 Fine by Degrees, and beautifully leſs:
 Nor ſhall thy lower Garments artful Pleat,
 From thy fair Side dependent to thy Feet,
 Arm their chaſte Beauties with a modeſt Pride,
 And double ev'ry Charm they ſeek to hide.
 Th' Ambroſial Plenty of Thy ſhining Hair
 Cropt off and loſt, ſcarce lower than Thy Ear
 Shall ſtand uncouth: a Horſe-man's Coat ſhall hide
 Thy taper Shape, and Comelineſs of Side:
 The ſhort Trunk-Hoſe ſhall ſhow Thy Foot and Knee
 Licentious, and to common Eye-ſight free:
 And with a bolder Stride, and looſer Air,
 Mingl'd with Men, a Man Thou muſt appear.

Nor Solitude, nor gentle Peace of Mind,
 Miſtaken Maid, ſhalt Thou in Foreſts find:
 'Tis long, ſince CYNTHIA and her Train were there;
 Or Guardian Gods made Innocence their Care.
 Vagrants and Out-laws ſhall offend Thy View;
 For ſuch muſt be my Friends, a hideous Crew
 By adverſe Fortune mix'd in Social Ill,
 Train'd to aſſault, and disciplin'd to kill:
 Their common Loves, a lewd abandon'd Pack,
 The Beadle's Lash ſtill flagrant on their Back;

By

208 POEMS on several Occasions.

By Sloth corrupted, by Disorder fed,
 Made bold by Want, and prostitute for Bread:
 With such must E M M A hunt the tedious Day,
 Assist their Violence, and divide their Prey:
 With such She must return at setting Light,
 Tho' not Partaker, Witness of their Night.
 Thy Ear, inur'd to charitable Sounds,
 And pitying Love, must feel the hateful Wounds
 Of Jest obscene, and vulgar Ribaldry,
 The ill-bred Question, and the lewd Reply;
 Brought by long Habitude from Bad to Worse,
 Must hear the frequent Oath, the direful Curse,
 That latest Weapon of the Wretches War,
 And Blasphemy, sad Comrade of Despair.

Now, E M M A, now the last Reflection make,
 What Thou would'st follow, what Thou must forsake:
 By our ill-omen'd Stars, and adverse Heav'n,
 No middle Object to thy Choice is given.
 Or yield thy Virtue, to attain thy Love;
 Or leave a banish'd Man, condemn'd in Woods to rove.

E M M A.

O Grief of Heart! that our unhappy Fates
 Force Thee to suffer what thy Honor hates:
 Mix Thee amongst the Bad; or make Thee run
 Too near the Paths, which Virtue bids Thee shun.
 Yet with her H E N R Y still let E M M A go;
 With Him abhor the Vice, but share the Woe:
 And sure My little Heart can never err
 Amidst the worst; if H E N R Y still be there.

Our outward Act is prompted from within;
 And from the Sinner's Mind proceeds the Sin:

By her own Choice free Virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the Force of outward Objects mov'd.
Who has assay'd no Danger, gains no Praise.
In a small Isle, amidst the widest Seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her Seat:
In vain the Syrens sing, the Tempests beat:
Their Flatt'ry She rejects, nor fears their Threat.

For Thee alone these little Charms I drest:
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy Test.
In comely Figure rang'd my Jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd for Thee alone:

For Thee again they shall be laid aside:
The Woman, HENRY, shall put off her Pride
For Thee: my Cloaths, my Sex exchang'd for Thee,
I'll mingle with the People's wretched Lee;
O Line extream of human Infamy!

Wanting the Scissors, with these Hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my Flight) this load of Hair.
Black Soot, or yellow Walnut shall disgrace
This little Red and White of EMMA's Face.
These Nails with Scratches shall deform my Breast,
Lest by my Look, or Color be express'd
The Mark of ought High-born, or ever better dress'd.
Yet in this Commerce, under this Disguise,
Let Me be grateful still to HENRY's Eyes.
Lost to the World, let Me to Him be known:
My Fate I can absolve; if He shall own,
That leaving all Mankind, I love but Him alone.

H E N R Y.

O wildest Thought of an abandon'd Mind!
Name, Habit, Parents, Woman left behind,

210 POEMS on several Occasions.

Ev'n Honor dubious, Thou preferr'ft to go
 Wild to the Woods with Me: Said E M M A fo?
 Or did I dream what E M M A never faid?
 O guilty Error! and O wretched Maid!
 Whose roving Fancy would resolve the fame
 With Him, who next should tempt her eafie Fame;
 And blow with empty Words the fufceptible Flame.
 Now why should doubtful Terms thy Mind perplex?
 Confefs thy Frailty, and avow the Sex:
 No longer loofe Defire for conftant Love
 Miftake; but fay, 'tis Man with whom Thou long'ft to rove.

E M M A.

Are there not Poifons, Racks, and Flames, and Swords;
 That E M M A thus muft die by H E N R Y 's Words?
 Yet what could Swords or Poifon, Racks or Flame,
 But mangle and disjoint this brittle Frame?
 More fatal H E N R Y 's Words; they murder E M M A 's Fame.

And fall thefe Sayings from that gentle Tongue,
 Where civil Speech, and foft Perfuaſion hung;
 Whoſe artful Sweetnefs and harmonious Strain,
 Courting my Grace, yet courting it in vain,
 Call'd Sighs, and Tears, and Wiſhes to it's Aid;
 And, whiſt it H E N R Y 's glowing Flame convey'd,
 Still blam'd the Coldnefs of *the Nut-brown Maid*?

Let envious Jealouſie, and canker'd Spight
 Produce my Action to ſevereſt Light,
 And tax my open Day, or ſecret Night.
 Did e'er my Tongue ſpeak my unguarded Heart
 The leaſt inclin'd to play the Wanton's Part?
 Did e'er my Eye One inward Thought reveal,
 Which Angels might not hear, and Virgins tell?

And

And hast Thou, HENRY, in my Conduct known
One Fault, but That which I must ever own,
That I, of all Mankind, have lov'd but Thee alone?

H E N R Y.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving Me alone:
Each Man is Man; and all Our Sex is One.
False are our Words; and fickle is our Mind:
Nor in Love's Ritual can We ever find
Vows made to last, or Promises to bind.

By Nature prompted, and for Empire made,
Alike by Strength or Cunning We invade:
When arm'd with Rage We march against the Foe;
We lift the Battel-Ax, and draw the Bow:
When fir'd with Passion We attack the Fair;
Delusive Sighs and brittle Vows We bear:
Our Falshood and our Arms have equal Use;
As they our Conquest, or Delight produce.

The foolish Heart Thou gav'st, again receive,
The only Boon departing Love can give.
To be less Wretched, be no longer True:
What strives to fly Thee, why should'st Thou pursue?
Forget the Present Flame, indulge a New.
Single the loveliest of the am'rous Youth;
Ask for his Vow; but hope not for his Truth.
The next Man (and the next Thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his Gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let Thy CUPID aim his Arrows right;
Be Wise and False, shun Trouble, seek Delight;
Change Thou the first, nor wait Thy Lover's Flight.

Why should'st Thou weep? let Nature judge our Case.
I saw Thee Young, and Fair; pursu'd the Chase

Of

Of Youth, and Beauty: I another saw
 Fairer, and Younger: yielding to the Law
 Of our all-ruling Mother, I pursu'd
 More Youth, more Beauty: Blest Vicissitude!
 My active Heart still keeps it's pristine Flame;
 The Object alter'd, the Desire the same.

This Younger Fairer pleads her rightful Charms:
 With present Power compels me to her Arms.
 And much I fear, from my subjected Mind
 (If Beauty's Force to constant Love can bind)
 That Years may roll, e'er in Her turn the Maid
 Shall weep the Fury of my Love decay'd;
 And weeping follow Me, as Thou dost now,
 With idle Clamours of a broken Vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy Wishes err
 So wide, to hope that Thou may'st live with Her.
 Love, well Thou know'st, no Partnership allows:
 CUPID averse rejects divided Vows:
 Then from thy foolish Heart, vain Maid, remove
 An useless Sorrow, and an ill-starr'd Love;
 And leave me, with the Fair, at large in Woods to rove.

E M M A.

Are we in Life thro' one great Error led?
 Is each Man perjur'd, and each Nymph betray'd?
 Of the Superior Sex art Thou the worst?
 Am I of Mine the most compleatly Curst?
 Yet let me go with Thee; and going prove,
 From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent Beauty, this Triumphant Fair,
 This happy Object of our diff'rent Care,
 Her let me follow; Her let me attend,
 A Servant: (She may scorn the Name of Friend.)

What

What She demands, incessant I'll prepare :
 I'll weave Her Garlands ; and I'll pleat Her Hair :
 My busie Diligence shall deck Her Board ;
 (For there at least I may approach my Lord)
 And when Her HENRY's softer Hours advise
 His Servant's Absence ; with dejected Eyes
 Far I'll recede, and Sighs forbid to rise.

Yet when encreasing Grief brings slow Disease;
 And ebbing Life, on Terms severe as these,
 Will have it's little Lamp no longer fed;
 When HENRY's Mistress shows him EMM A dead ;
 Rescue my poor Remains from vile Neglect :
 With Virgin Honors let my Herse be deckt,
 And decent Emblem ; and at least persuade
 This happy Nymph, that EMM A may be laid,
 Where Thou, dear Author of my Death, where She
 With frequent Eye my Sepulchre may see.
 The Nymph amidst her Joys may haply breath
 One pious Sigh, reflecting on my Death,
 And the sad Fate which She may one Day prove,
 Who hopes from HENRY's Vows Eternal Love.
 And Thou forsworn, Thou cruel, as Thou art,
 If EMM A's Image ever touch'd thy Heart ;
 Thou sure must give one Thought, and drop one Tear
 To Her, whom Love abandon'd to Despair ;
 To Her, who dying, on the wounded Stone
 Bid it in lasting Characters be known,
 That, of Mankind, She lov'd but Thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Hear, solemn Jove ; and, conscious VENUS, hear ;
 And Thou, bright Maid, believe Me, whilst I swear ;

L

No

No Time, no Change, no future Flame shall move
The well-plac'd Basis of my lasting Love.

O Powerful Virtue! O Victorious Fair!

At least excuse a Tryal too severe:

Receive the Triumph, and forget the War.

No banish'd Man, condemn'd in Woods to rove,
Intreats thy Pardon, and implores thy Love:

No perjur'd Knight desires to quit thy Arms,

Fairest Collection of thy Sexe's Charms,

Crown of my Love, and Honor of my Youth:

HENRY, thy HENRY with Eternal Truth,

As Thou may'st wish, shall all his Life imploy,

And found his Glory in his EMMA's Joy.

In Me behold the Potent EDGAR's Heir,

Illustrious Earl: Him terrible in War

Let LOYRE confess; for She has felt His Sword,

And trembling fled before the BRITISH Lord.

Him great in Peace and Wealth fair DEVA knows;

For she amidst his spacious Meadows flows;

Inclines her Ura upon his fatten'd Lands;

And sees his num'rous Herd imprint her Sands.

And Thou, my Fair, my Dove, shalt raise thy Thought

To Greatness next to Empire; shalt be brought

With solemn Pomp to my Paternal Seat;

Where Peace and Plenty on Thy Word shall wait.

Music and Song shall wake the Marriage-Day:

And while the Priests accuse the Bride's Delay;

Myrtles and Roses shall obstruct Her Way.

Friendship shall still Thy Evening Feasts adorn;

And blooming Peace shall ever bless Thy Morn.

Succeeding Years their happy Race shall run;

And Age unheeded by Delight come on;

While

While yet Superior Love shall mock his Pow'r:
And when old Time shall turn the fated Hour,
Which only can our well-ty'd Knot unfold;
What rests of Both, One Sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my E M M A's Breast
(That Heav'n of Softness, and that Seat of Rest)
Ye Doubts and Fears, and All that know to move
Tormenting Grief, and All that trouble Love,
Scatter'd by Winds recede, and wild in Forests rove.

E M M A.

O Day the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and End of anxious E M M A's Woes!
Sire of her Joy, and Source of her Delight;
O! wing'd with Pleasure take thy happy Flight,
And give each future Morn a Tincture of thy White.
Yet tell thy Votary, potent Queen of Love.
H E N R Y, my H E N R Y, will He never rove?
Will He be ever Kind, and Just, and Good?
And is there yet no Mistress in the Wood?
None, none there is: The Thought was rash and vain;
A false Idea, and a fancy'd Pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd Heart,
And anxious Jealousie's corroding Smart;
Nor other Inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.

Hence let the Tides of Plenty ebb and flow,
And F O R T U N E's various Gale unheeded blow.
If at my Feet the Suppliant Goddess stands,
And sheds her Treasure with unwearied Hands;
Her present Favor cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd Grace:

If She reclaims the Temporary Boon,
 And tries her Pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;
 Secure of Mind I'll obviate her Intent,
 And unconcern'd return the Goods She lent.
 Nor Happiness can I, nor Misery feel,
 From any Turn of her Fantastic Wheel:
 Friendship's great Laws, and Love's superior Pow'rs
 Must mark the Colour of my future Hours.
 From the Events which Thy Commands create
 I must my Blessings or my Sorrows date;
 And HENRY's Will must dictate EMMA's Fate.

Yet while with close Delight and inward Pride
 (Which from the World my careful Soul shall hide)
 I see Thee, Lord and End of my Desire,
 Exalted high as Virtue can require;
 With Pow'r invested, and with Pleasure chear'd;
 Sought by the Good, by the Oppressor fear'd;
 Loaded and blest with all the affluent Store,
 Which human Vows at smoaking Shrines implore;
 Grateful and humble grant Me to employ
 My Life, subservient only to thy Joy;
 And at my Death to bless thy Kindness shown
 To Her, who of Mankind could love but Thee alone.

WHILE thus the constant Pair alternate said,
 Joyful above them and around them play'd
 Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous Crowd;
 Smiling They clapt their Wings, and low They bow'd:
 They tumbled all their little Quivers o'er,
 To chuse propitious Shafts; a precious Store:
 That when their God should take his future Darts,
 To strike (however rarely) constant Hearts,

His

His happy Skill might proper Arms imploy,
 All tipt with Pleasure, and all wing'd with Joy:
 And Those, They vow'd, whose Lives should imitate
 These Lovers Constancy, should share their Fate.

The Queen of Beauty stop'd her bridled Doves;
 Approv'd the little Labour of the LOVES;
 Was proud and pleas'd the mutual Vow to hear;
 And to the Triumph call'd the God of War:
 Soon as She calls, the God is always near.

Now MARS, she said, let FAME exalt her Voice;
 Nor let thy Conquests only be her Choice:
 But when She sings great EDWARD from the Field
 Return'd, the Hostile Spear and Captive Shield
 In CONCORD's Temple hung, and GALLIA taught to yield:
 And when, as prudent SATURN shall compleat
 The Years design'd to perfect BRITAIN's State,
 The swift-wing'd Power shall take her Trump again,
 To sing Her Fav'rite ANNA's wond'rous Reign;
 To recollect unweary'd MARLBORÔ's Toils,
 Old RUFUS' Hall unequal to his Spoils;
 The BRITISH Soldier from his high Command
 Glorious, and GAUL thrice Vanquish'd by his Hand:
 Let Her at least perform what I desire;
 With second Breath the Vocal Brass inspire;
 And tell the Nations in no Vulgar Strain,
 What Wars I manage, and what Wreaths I gain.

And when Thy Tumults and Thy Fights are past;
 And when Thy Lawrels at my Feet are cast;
 Faithful may'st Thou like *British* HENRY prove;
 And EMMA-like let me return Thy Love.

Renown'd for Truth let all Thy Sons appear;
 And constant Beauty shall reward their Care.

218 POEMS on several Occasions.

MARS smil'd, and bow'd: the CYPRIAN Deity
 Turn'd to the glorious Ruler of the Sky:
 And Thou, She smiling said, Great God of Days
 And Verse, behold my Deed, and sing my Praise.
 As on the *British* Earth, my Fav'rite Isle,
 Thy gentle Rays and kindest Influence smile,
 Thro' all her laughing Fields and verdant Groves,
 Proclaim with Joy these memorable Loves.
 From ev'ry annual Course let One great Day,
 To celebrated Sports and Floral Play
 Be set aside; and in the softest Lays
 Of Thy Poetic Sons, be solemn Praise,
 And everlasting Marks of Honour paid,
 To the true Lover, and the Nut brown Maid.



A N
O D E,
Humbly Inscrib'd to the
Q U E E N.

ON THE
GLORIOUS SUCCESS
O F
Her MAJESTY'S Arms,
M DCC VI.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER'S Style.

*Te non paventis funera Galliæ,
Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ:
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
Compositis venerantur Armis.* Hor.

Printed in the Year M DCC XXI.

OF THE

GENERAL

OF THE

GLORIOUS

OF

HISTORICAL

M D C C X I

Written in the Year M D C C X I

By the Author

Benjamin Franklin

Printer of the

Copyright in the Year M D C C X I

Printed in the Year M D C C X I



T H E
P R E F A C E.



WHEN I first thought of Writing upon this Occasion, I found the Ideas so great and numerous, that I judg'd them more proper for the Warmth of an Ode, than for any other sort of Poetry: I therefore set HORACE before Me for a Pattern, and particularly his famous Ode, the Fourth of the Fourth Book,

Qualem ministrum fulminis Alitem, &c.

which He wrote in Praise of DRUSUS after his Expedition into GERMANY, and of AUGUSTUS upon his happy Choice of That General. And in the following Poem, tho' I have endeavour'd to Imitate all the great Strokes of that Ode, I have taken the Liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the Subject and my own Imagination carry'd Me. As to the Style, the Choice I made of following the Ode in Latin, determin'd Me in English to the Stanza; and herein it was im-

P R E F A C E.

possible not to have a Mind to follow Our great Countryman SPENSER; which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the Manner of my Expression, and the Turn of my Number: Having only added one Verse to his Stanza, which I thought made the Number more Harmonious; and avoided such of his Words, as I found too obsolete. I have however retain'd some few of them, to make the Colouring look more like SPENSER's. Behest, Command; Band, Army; Prowess, Strength; I weet, I know; I ween, I think; whilom, heretofore; and Two or Three more of that Kind, which I hope the Ladies will pardon me, and not judge my MUSE less handsome, though for once she appears in a Farthingal. I have also in SPENSER's Manner, used Cæsar for the Emperor, Boya for Bavaria, Bavar for that Prince, Ister for Danube, Iberia for Spain, &c.

That Noble Part of the Ode which I just now mention'd,

*Gens, quæ Cremato Fortis ab Illo
Jactata Tuscis æquoribus &c.*

where HORACE praises the Romans, as being Descended from ÆNEAS, I have turn'd to the Honor of the BRITISH Nation, descended from BRUTE, likewise a TROJAN. That this BRUTE, Fourth or Fifth from ÆNEAS, settled in ENGLAND, and built LONDON, which he call'd

P R E F A C E.

call'd Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a Story which (I think) owes its Original if not to GEOFFRY of Monmouth, at least to the Monkish Writers, yet is not rejected by Our great CAMDEN, and is told by MILTON, as if (at least) He was pleas'd with it; though possibly He does not believe it: However it carries a Poetical Authority, which is sufficient for our Purpose. It is as certain that BRUTE came into ENGLAND, as that ÆNEAS went into ITALY; and upon the Supposition of these Facts, VIRGIL wrote the best Poem that the World ever read, and SPENSER paid Queen ELIZABETH the greatest Compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of Criticism, that I bring my Hero

From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with Blood:

whereas He was not born, when that City was destroy'd. VIRGIL, in the Case of his own ÆNEAS relating to DIDO, will stand as a sufficient Proof, that a Man in his Poetical Capacity is not accountable for a little Fault in Chronology.

My Two Great Examples, HORACE and SPENSER, in many Things resemble each other: Both have a Height of Imagination, and a Majesty of Expression in describing the Sublime; and Both know to temper those Talents, and sweeten the Description, so as to make it Lovely as well as Pompous: Both have equally That agreeable Manner of
mixing

P R E F A C E.

mixing Morality with their Story, and That Curiosa Felicitas in the Choice of their Diction, which every Writer aims at, and so very few have reach'd: Both are particularly fine in their Images, and Knowing in their Numbers. Leaving therefore our Two Masters to the Consideration and Study of Those, who design to Excell in Poetry, I only beg Leave to add, That it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted PARNASSUS, and all the flow'ry Roads on that Side the Country; though I thought my self indispensably obliged, upon the present Occasion, to take a little Journey into Those Parts.





An O D E,

Humbly Inscrib'd to the

Q U E E N.

I.



W H E N Great AUGUSTUS govern'd An-
tient ROME, [Wars;
And sent his Conqu'ring Bands to Foreign
Abroad when Dreaded, and Belov'd at
Home,

He saw his Fame encreasing with his Years;
H O R A C E, Great Bard (so Fate ordain'd) arose;
And Bold, as were his Countrymen in Fight,
Snatch'd their fair Actions from degrading Prose,
And set their Battels in Eternal Light:
High as their Trumpets Tune His Lyre he strung;
And with his Prince's Arms He moraliz'd his Song.

II.

When bright ELIZA rul'd BRITANNIA's State,
Widely distributing Her high Commands;
And boldly Wise, and fortunately Great,
Freed the glad Nations from Tyrannick Bands;
An equal Genius was in SPENSER found:
To the high Theme He match'd his Noble Lays:
He travell'd ENGLAND o'er on Fairy Ground,
In Mystic Notes to Sing his Monarch's Praise:
Reciting wond'rous Truths in pleasing Dreams,
He deck'd ELIZA's Head with GLORIANA's Beams.

III. But,

III.

But, Greatest ANNA! while Thy Arms pursue
 Paths of Renown, and climb Ascents of Fame,
 Which nor AUGUSTUS, nor ELIZA knew;
 What Poet shall be found to sing Thy Name?
 What Numbers shall record, what Tongue shall say
 Thy Wars on Land, Thy Triumphs on the Main?
 O Fairest Model of Imperial Sway!
 What Equal Pen shall write thy wond'rous Reign?
 Who shall Attempts and Feats of Arms rehearse,
 Not yet by Story told, nor parallel'd by Verse?

IV.

Me all too mean for such a Task I weet:
 Yet if the Sovereign Lady deigns to Smile,
 I'll follow HORACE with impetuous Heat,
 And cloath the Verse in SPENSER'S Native Style.
 By these Examples rightly taught to sing,
 And smit with Pleasure of my Country's Praise,
 Stretching the Plumes of an uncommon Wing,
 High as OLYMPUS I my Flight will raise:
 And latest Times shall in my Numbers read
 ANNA'S Immortal Fame, and MARLBORÔ's hardy Deed.

V.

As the strong Eagle in the silent Wood,
 Mindless of warlike Rage, and hostile Care,
 Plays round the rocky Cliff, or crystal Flood;
 'Till by Jove's high Behests call'd out to War,
 And charg'd with Thunder of his angry King,
 His Bosom with the vengeful Message glows:
 Upward the Noble Bird directs his Wing;
 And tow'ring round his Master's Earth-born Foes,
 Swift He collects his fatal Stock of Ire;
 Lifts his fierce Talon high, and darts the forked Fire.

VI. Sedate

VI.

Sedate and calm thus Victor MARLBOROUGH fate,
 Shaded with Laurels, in his Native Land;
 'Till ANNA calls Him from his soft Retreat,
 And gives Her Second Thunder to his Hand.
 Then leaving sweet Repose, and gentle Ease,
 With ardent Speed He seeks the distant Foe:
 Marching o'er Hills and Vales, o'er Rocks and Seas,
 He meditates, and strikes the wond'rous Blow.
 Our Thought flies slower than Our General's Fame:
 Grasps He the Bolt? (We ask) when He has hurl'd the Flame.

VII.

When fierce BAVARON JUDOIGN's spacious Plain
 Did from afar the BRITISH Chief behold;
 Betwixt Despair, and Rage, and Hope, and Pain,
 Something within his warring Bosom roll'd:
 He views that Fav'rite of Indulgent Fame,
 Whom whilom He had met on ISTER's Shoar:
 Too well, alas! the Man He knows the same,
 Whose Prowess there repell'd the BOYAN Pow'r;
 And sent Them trembling thro' the frighted Lands,
 Swift as the Whirlwind drives ARABIA's scatter'd Sands.

VIII.

His former Losses He forgets to grieve;
 Absolves his Fate, if with a kinder Ray
 It now would shine, and only give Him leave
 To Balance the Account of BLENHEIM's Day:
 So the fell Lion in the lonely Glade,
 His Side still smarting with the Hunter's Spear,
 Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
 Roars terrible, and meditates new War;
 In fullen Fury traverses the Plain,
 To find the vent'rous Foe, and Battel Him again.

IX. Mis-

IX.

Misguided Prince! no longer urge Thy Fate,
 Nor tempt the Hero to unequal War;
 Fam'd in Misfortune, and in Ruin Great,
 Confess the Force of MARLBORÔ's stronger Star.
 Those Laurel Groves (the Merits of thy Youth)
 Which Thou from MAHOMET didst greatly gain,
 While bold Assertor of resistless Truth,
 Thy Sword did Godlike Liberty maintain,
 Must from thy Brow their falling Honors shed;
 And their transplanted Wreaths must deck a worthier Head.

X.

Yet cease the Ways of Providence to blame,
 And Human Faults with Human Grief confess:
 'Tis Thou art chang'd; while Heav'n is still the same:
 From Thy ill Councils date Thy ill Success.
 Impartial Justice holds Her equal Scales;
 'Till stronger Virtue does the Weight incline:
 If over Thee thy glorious Foe prevails;
 He now Defends the Cause, that once was Thine.
 Righteous the War, the Champion shall subdue;
 For JOVE's great Handmaid POWER, must JOVE's De-
 [crees pursue.

XI.

Hark! the dire Trumpets sound their shrill Alarms:
 AUVERQUERQUE, branch'd from the renown'd NASSAWS,
 Hoary in War, and bent beneath his Arms,
 His Glorious Sword with Dauntless Courage draws.
 When anxious BRITAIN mourn'd her parting Lord,
 And all of WILLIAM that was Mortal Dy'd;
 The faithful Hero had receiv'd This Sword
 From His expiring Master's much-lov'd Side.
 Oft from it's fatal Ire has LOUIS flown, [BRE run.
 Where-e'er Great WILLIAM led, or MAESE and SAM-

XII. But

XII.

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd Hour
 To Thee, proud GAUL, behold thy justest Fear,
 The Master Sword, Disposer of thy Power:
 'Tis That which CÆSAR gave the BRITISH Peer.
 He took the Gift: Nor ever will I sheath
 This Steel (so ANNA's high Behests ordain)
 The General said, unless by Glorious Death
 Absolv'd, 'till Conquest has confirm'd Your Reign.
 Returns like these Our Mistress bids us make,
 When from a Foreign Prince a Gift Her BRITONS take,

XIII.

And now fierce GALLIA rushes on her Foes,
 Her Force augmented by the BOYAN Bands:
 So VOLGA's Stream, increas'd by Mountain Snows,
 Rolls with new Fury down thro' RUSSIA's Lands.
 Like two great Rocks against the raging Tide
 (If Virtue's Force with Nature's We compare)
 Unmov'd the Two united Chiefs abide,
 Sustain the Impulse, and receive the War.
 Round their firm Sides in vain the Tempest beats;
 And still the foaming Wave with lessen'd Pow'r retreats.

XIV.

The Rage dispers'd, the Glorious Pair advance,
 With mingl'd Anger, and collected Might,
 To turn the War, and tell aggressing FRANCE,
 How BRITAIN's Sons, and BRITAIN's Friends can fight.
 On Conquest fix'd, and covetous of Fame,
 Behold Them rushing thro' the GALLIC Host.
 Thro' standing Corn so runs the sudden Flame,
 Or Eastern Winds along SICILIA's Coast.
 They deal their Terrors to the adverse Nation:
 Pale Death attends their Arms, and ghastly Desolation.

XV. But

XV.

But while with fiercest Ire BELLONA glows ;
 And EUROPE rather Hopes than Fears Her Fate ;
 While BRITAIN presses Her afflicted Foes ;
 What Horror damps the Strong, and quells the Great ?
 Whence look the Soldiers Cheeks dismay'd and pale ?
 Erst ever dreadful, know They now to dread ?
 The Hostile Troops, I ween, almost prevail ;
 And the Pursuers only not recede.
 Alas! their lessen'd Rage proclaims their Grief!
 For anxious, lo ! They croud around their falling Chief.

XVI.

I thank Thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce BAVAR;
 Let BOYA's Trumpet grateful Iö's found:
 I saw Him fall, their Thunderbolt of War: ———
 Ever to Vengeance sacred be the Ground ———
 Vain Wish! short Joy! the Hero mounts again
 In greater Glory, and with fuller Light:
 The Ev'ning Star so falls into the Main,
 To rise at Morn more prevalently bright.
 He rises safe: but near, too near his Side,
 A good Man's grievous Loss, a faithful Servant dy'd.

XVII.

Propitious MARS! the Battel is regain'd:
 The Foe with lessen'd Wrath disputes the Field:
 The BRITON fights, by fav'ring Gods sustain'd:
 Freedom must live; and lawless Power must yield.
 Vain now the Tales which fab'ling Poets tell,
 That wav'ring CONQUEST still desires to rove !
 In MARLBRO's Camp the Goddess knows to dwell:
 Long as the Hero's Life remains her Love.
 Again FRANCE flies: again the Duke pursues:
 And on RAMILIA's Plains He BLENHEIM's Fame renews.

XVIII. Great

XVIII.

Great Thanks, O Captain great in Arms! receive
From Thy Triumphant Country's publick Voice:
Thy Country greater Thanks can only give
To ANNE, to Her who made those Arms Her Choice.
Recording SCHELLENBERG's, and BLENHEIM's Toils,
We dreaded lest Thou should'st those Toils repeat:
We view'd the Palace charg'd with GALLIC Spoils;
And in those Spoils We thought thy Praise compleat:
For never GREEK, We deem'd, nor ROMAN Knight,
In Characters like these did e'er his Acts indite.

XIX.

Yet mindless still of Ease, Thy Virtue flies
A Pitch to Old and Modern Times unknown:
Those goodly Deeds which We so highly prize,
Imperfect seem, great Chief, to Thee alone.
Those Heights, where WILLIAM's Virtue might have staid,
And on the Subject World look'd safely down,
By MARLBRO pass'd, the Props and Steps were made,
Sublimer yet to raise his Queen's Renown:
Still gaining more, still fighting what He gain'd,
Nought done the Hero deem'd, while ought undone remain'd.

XX.

When swift-wing'd RUMOR told the mighty GAUL,
How lessen'd from the Field BAVAR was fled;
He wept the Swiftness of the Champion's Fall;
And thus the Royal Treaty-Breaker said:
And lives He yet, the Great, the Lost BAVAR,
Ruin to GALLIA, in the Name of Friend?
Tell Me, how far has Fortune been severe?
Has the Foe's Glory, or our Grief an End?
Remains there, of the Fifty Thousand lost,
To save our threaten'd Realm, or guard our shatter'd Coast?

XXI. To

XXI.

To the close Rock the frighted Raven flies,
 Soon as the rising Eagle cuts the Air:
 The shaggy Wolf unseen and trembling lyes,
 When the hoarse Roar proclaims the Lion near.
 Ill-starr'd did We our Forts and Lines forsake,
 To dare our BRITISH Foes to open Fight:
 Our Conquest We by Stratagem should make:
 Our Triumph had been founded in our Flight.
 'Tis Our's, by Craft and by Surprize to gain:
 'Tis Their's, to meet in Arms, and Battel in the Plain.

XXII.

The ancient Father of this Hostile Brood,
 Their boasted BRUTE, undaunted snatch'd his Gods
 From burning TROY, and XANTHUS red with Blood,
 And fix'd on Silver THAMES his dire Abodes;
 And this be TROYNOVANTE, He said, the Seat
 By Heav'n ordain'd, My Sons, Your lasting Place:
 Superior here to all the Bolts of Fate
 Live, mindful of the Author of your Race,
 Whom neither GREECE, nor War, nor Want, nor Flame,
 Nor Great PELEIDES' Arm, nor JUNO's Rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their TUDOR's hence, and STUART's Off-spring flow:
 Hence EDWARD, dreadful with his Sable Shield,
 TALBOT, to GALLIA's Pow'r Eternal Foe,
 And SEYMOUR, fam'd in Council, or in Field:
 Hence NEVIL, Great to Settle or Dethrone,
 And DRAKE, and CA'NDISH, Terrors of the Sea:
 Hence BUTLER's Sons, o'er Land and Ocean known,
 HERBERT's, and CHURCHILL's Warring Progeny:
 Hence the long Roll which GALLIA should conceal:
 For, oh! Who vanquish'd, loves the Victor's Fame to tell?

XXIV. En-

XXIV.

Envy'd BRITANNIA, sturdy as the Oak,
Which on her Mountain-Top She proudly bears,
Eludes the Ax, and sprouts against the Stroke;
Strong from her Wounds, and greater by her Wars.
And as Those Teeth, which CADMUS sow'd in Earth,
Produc'd new Youth, and furnish'd fresh Supplies:
So with young Vigor, and succeeding Birth,
Her Losses more than recompens'd arise;
And ev'ry Age She with a Race is Crown'd,
For Letters more Polite, in Battels more renown'd.

XXV.

Obstinate Pow'r, whom Nothing can repel;
Not the fierce SAXON, nor the cruel DANE,
Nor deep Impression of the NORMAN Steel,
Nor EUROPE's Force amass'd by envious SPAIN,
Nor FRANCE on universal Sway intent,
Oft breaking Leagues, and oft renewing Wars,
Nor (frequent Bane of weaken'd Government)
Their own intestine Feuds, and mutual Jars;
Those Feuds and Jars, in which I trusted more,
Than in My Troops, and Fleets, and all the GALLIC Pow'r.

XXVI.

To fruitful RHEIMS, or fair LUTETIA's Gate
What Tidings shall the Messenger convey?
Shall the loud Herald our Success relate,
Or mitred Priest appoint the Solemn Day?
Alas! my Praises They no more must Sing;
They to my Statue now must Bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their Immortal King:
Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the GALLIC Pow'r——
The *Woman Chief* is Master of the War:
Earth She has freed by Arms, and vanquish'd Heav'n by Pray'r.

XXVII. While

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd Foe's Despair commends
 Thy Council and Thy Deed, Victorious Queen,
 What shall Thy Subjects say, and what Thy Friends?
 How shall Thy Triumphs in Our Joy be seen?
 Oh! daign to let the Eldest of the NINE
 Recite BRITANNIA Great, and GALLIA Free:
 Oh! with her Sister SCULPTURE let her join
 To raise, Great ANNE, the Monument to Thee;
 To Thee, of all our Good the Sacred Spring;
 To Thee, our dearest Dread; to Thee, our softer KING.

XXVIII.

Let EUROPE fav'd the Column high erect,
 Than TRAJAN's higher, or than ANTONINE's;
 Where sembling Art may carve the fair Effect,
 And full Atchievement of Thy great Designs.
 In a calm Heav'n, and a serener Air,
 Sublime the QUEEN shall on the Summit stand,
 From Danger far, as far remov'd from Fear,
 And pointing down to Earth Her dread Command.
 All Winds, all Storms that threaten Human Wee,
 Shall sink beneath Her Feet, and spread their Rage below.

XXIX.

There Fleets shall strive by Winds and Waters tost;
 'Till the young AUSTRIAN ON IBERIA's Strand,
 Great as ÆNEAS on the LATIAN Coast,
 Shall fix his Foot: and This, be This the Land,
 Great Jove, where I for ever will remain
 (The Empire's other Hope shall say) and here
 Vanquish'd, Intomb'd I'll lye; or Crown'd, I'll Reign—
 O Virtue, to thy BRITISH Mother dear!
 Like the fam'd TROJAN suffer and abide;
 For ANNE is Thine, I ween, as VENUS was His Guide.

XXX. There,

XXX.

There, in Eternal Characters engrav'd,
 VIGO, and GIBRALTAR, and BARCELONE,
 Their Force destroy'd, their Privileges sav'd,
 Shall ANNA's Terrors, and Her Mercies own
 SPAIN, from th' Usurper BOURBON's Arms retriev'd,
 Shall with new Life and grateful Joy appear,
 Numb'ring the Wonders which That Youth atchiev'd,
 Whom ANNA clad in Arms, and sent to War;
 Whom ANNA sent to claim IBERIA's Throne;
 And made Him more than King, in calling Him Her Son.

XXXI.

There ISTER pleas'd, by BLENHEIM's glorious Field
 Rolling, shall bid his Eastern Waves declare
 GERMANIA sav'd by BRITAIN's ample Shield,
 And bleeding GAUL afflicted by her Spear:
 Shall bid Them mention MARLBORÔ, on that Shore
 Leading his Islanders, renown'd in Arms,
 Thro' Climes, where never BRITISH Chief before
 Or pitch'd his Camp, or sounded his Alarms:
 Shall bid Them bless the QUEEN, who made his Streams
 Glorious as those of BOYN, and safe as those of THAMES.

XXXII.

BRABANTIA, clad with Fields, and crown'd with Tow'rs,
 With decent Joy shall her Deliv'rer meet;
 Shall own Thy Arms, Great QUEEN, and bless Thy Pow'rs,
 Laying the Keys beneath Thy Subject's Feet.
 FLANDRIA, by Plenty made the Home of War,
 Shall weep her Crime, and bow to CHARLES restor'd;
 With double Vows shall bless Thy happy Care,
 In having drawn, and having sheath'd the Sword.
 From these their Sister Provinces shall know,
 How ANNE supports a Friend, and how forgives a Foe.

XXXIII. Bright

XXXIII.

Bright Swords, and crested Helms, and pointed Spears
 In artful Piles around the Work shall lye;
 And Shields indented deep in ancient Wars,
 Blazon'd with Signs of GALLIC Heraldry;
 And Standards with distinguish'd Honors bright,
 Marks of high Pow'r and National Command,
 Which VALOIS' Sons, and BOURBON's bore in Fight,
 Or gave to FOIX', or MONTMORANCY's Hand:
 Great Spoils, which GALLIA must to BRITAIN yield,
 From CRESSY's Battel sav'd, to grace RAMILLIA's Field.

XXXIV.

And as fine Art the Spaces may dispose,
 The knowing Thought and curious Eye shall see
 Thy Emblem, Gracious QUEEN, the BRITISH Rose,
 Type of sweet Rule, and gentle Majesty:
 The NORTHERN Thistle, whom no Hostile Hand
 Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
 HIBERNIA's Harp, Device of Her Command,
 And Parent of Her Mirth, shall there be seen:
 Thy vanquish'd Lillies, FRANCE, decay'd and torn,
 Shall with disorder'd Pomp the lasting Work adorn.

XXXV,

Beneath, Great QUEEN, oh! very far beneath,
 Near to the Ground, and on the humble Base,
 To save Her self from Darkness, and from Death,
 That MUSE desires the last, the lowest Place;
 Who tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling String;
 For the fair Fame of ANNE and ALBION's Land,
 Who durst of War and Martial Fury Sing:
 And when Thy Will, and when Thy Subject's Hand
 Had quell'd those Wars, and bid that Fury cease;
 Hangs up her grateful Harp to Conquest, and to Peace.

C A N-

CANTATA.

Set by Monsieur GALLIARD.

R E C I T.

BENEATH a verdant Lawrel's ample Shade,
His Lyre to mournful Numbers strung,
HORACE, immortal Bard, supinely laid,
To VENUS thus address'd the Song:
Ten thousand little Loves around
List'ning, dwelt on ev'ry Sound.

A R I E T.

Potent VENUS, bid Thy Son
Sound no more His dire Alarms.

Youth on silent Wings is flown:

Graver Years come rolling on.

Spare my Age, unfit for Arms:

Safe and Humble let Me rest,

From all Am'rous Care releas'd.

Potent VENUS, bid Thy Son

Sound no more His dire Alarms.

R E C I T.

Yet, VENUS, why do I each Morn prepare

The fragrant Wreath for CLOE's Hair?

Why, why do I all Day lament and sigh,

Unless the beauteous Maid be nigh?

And why all Night pursue Her in my Dreams,

Thro' Flow'ry Meads, and Crystal Streams?

R E C I T.

Thus sung the Bard; and thus the Goddess spoke:

Submissive bow to Love's imperious Yoke:

M

Ev'ry

Ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
 Shall own My Rule, and fear My Rage:
 Compell'd by Me Thy Muse shall prove,
 That all the World was born to love.

A R I E T.

Bid Thy destin'd Lyre discover
 Soft Desire, and gentle Pain:
 Often praise, and always love Her:
 Thro' her Ear her Heart obtain.
 Verse shall please, and Sighs shall move Her:
 CUPID does with PHOEBUS reign.

Her Right Name.

AS NANCY at Her Toylet sat,
 Admiring This, and blaming That;
 Tell Me, She said; but tell Me true;
 The Nymph who cou'd your Heart subdue,
 What Sort of Charms does She possess?
 Absolve Me Fair One: I'll confess;
 With Pleasure I reply'd. Her Hair,
 In Ringlets rather dark than fair,
 Does down her Iv'ry Bosom roll,
 And hiding Half, adorns the Whole.
 In her high Forehead's fair half-round
 LOVE sits in open Triumph crown'd:
 He in the Dimple of her Chin,
 In private State by Friends is seen.
 Her Eyes are neither black, nor grey;
 Nor fierce, nor feeble is their Ray:

Their

Their dubious Lustre seems to show
 Something that speaks nor Yes, nor No.
 Her Lips no living Bard, I weet,
 May say, how Red, how Round, how Sweet:
 Old HOMER only cou'd indite
 Their vagrant Grace, and soft Delight:
 They stand Recorded in his Book,
 When HELEN smil'd, and HEBE spoke——
 The Gipsy turning to her Glafs,
 Too plainly show'd, She knew the Face:
 And which am I most like, She said,
 Your CLOE, or Your Nut-brown Maid?

Written in an OVID.

OVID is the surest Guide,
 You can name, to show the Way
 To any Woman, Maid, or Bride,
 Who resolves to go astray.

A TRUE MAID.

NO, no; for my Virginity,
 When I lose that, says ROSE, I'll dye:
 Behind the Elmes, last Night, cry'd DICK,
 ROSE, were You not extr eamly Sick?

A N O T H E R.

TEN Months after FLORIMEL happen'd to wed,
 And was brought in a laudable Manner to Bed;
 She warbl'd Her Groans with so charming a Voice,
 That one half of the Parish was stun'd with the Noise.
 But when FLORIMEL deign'd to lie privately in,
 Ten Months before She and her Spouse were a-kin;
 She chose with such Prudence her Pangs to conceal,
 That her Nurse, nay her Midwife, scarce heard her once
 squeal.

Learn, Husbands, from hence, for the Peace of your Lives,
 That Maids make not half such a Tumult, as Wives.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

ON His Death-Bed poor LUBIN lies;
 His Spouse is in Despair:
 With frequent Sobs, and mutual Cries,
 They Both express their Care.

A diff'rent Cause, says Parson SLY,
 The same Effect may give:
 Poor LUBIN fears, that He shall Die;
 His Wife, that He may Live.



Another REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

FROM her own Native FRANCE as old ALISON past,
 She reproach'd *English* NELL with Neglect or with
 Malice,
 That the Slattern had left, in the Hurry and Hast,
 Her Lady's Complexion, and Eye-brows at CALAIS.

A N O T H E R.

HER Eye-brow-Box one Morning lost,
 (The best of Folks are oft'nest crost)
 Sad HELEN thus to JENNY said,
 Her careless but afflicted Maid;
 Put me to Bed then, wretched JANE:
 Alas! when shall I rise again?
 I can behold no Mortal now:
 For what's an Eye without a Brow?

On the same Subject.

IN a dark Corner of the House
 Poor HELEN sits, and sobs and cries:
 She will not see her Loving Spouse,
 Nor her more dear *Picquet*-Allies:
 Unless She finds her Eye-brows,
 She'll e'en weep out her Eyes.

On the Same.

H E L E N was just flipt into Bed :
 Her Eye-brows on the Toilet lay :
 Away the Kitten with them fled,
 As Fees belonging to her Prey.

For this Misfortune careless J A N E,
 Assure your self, was loudly rated :
 And Madam getting up again,
 With her own Hand the Mouse-Trap baited.

On little Things, as Sages write,
 Depends our Human Joy, or Sorrow :
 If We don't catch a Mouse To-night,
 Alas! no Eye-brows for To-morrow.

P H Y L L I S's A G E.

* **H** O W old may P H Y L L I S be, You ask,
 Whose Beauty thus all Hearts engages?
 To Answer is no easie Task:
 For She has really two Ages.

Stiff in Brocard, and pinch'd in Stays,
 Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on;
 All Day let Envy view her Face;
 And P H Y L L I S is but Twenty-one.

Paint,

Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aside,
At Night Astronomers agree,
The Evening has the Day bely'd;
And PHYLIS is some Forty-three.

Forma Bonum Fragile.

WHAT a frail Thing is Beauty, says Baron LE CRAS,
Perceiving his Mistress had one Eye of Glass:
And scarcely had He spoke it;
When She more confus'd, as more angry She grew,
By a negligent Rage prov'd the Maxim too true:
She dropt the Eye, and broke it.

A Critical Moment.

HOW capricious were Nature and Art to poor NELL?
She was painting her Cheeks at the time her Nose fell.

An EPIGRAM.

Written to the Duke de NOAILLES.

VAIN the Concern which You express,
That uncall'd ALARD will possess
Your House and Coach, both Day and Night;
And that MACKBETH was haunted less
By BANQUO's restless Spright.

With Fifteen Thousand Pound a Year,
 Do You complain, You cannot bear
 An Ill, You may so soon retrieve?
 Good ALARD, faith, is modefter
 By much, than You believe.

Lend Him but fifty *Louis'd'or*;
 And You shall never see Him more:
 Take the Advice; *Probatum est*.
 Why do the Gods indulge our Store,
 But to secure our Rest?

EPILOGUE to PHÆDRA.

Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield, who acted Ismena.

LADIES, To-night your Pity I implore
 For one, who never troubled You before:
 An OXFORD-Man, extreamly read in GREEK,
 Who from EURIPIDES makes PHÆDRA speak;
 And comes to Town, to let Us Moderns know,
 How Women lov'd two thousand Years ago.
 If that be all, said I, e'en burn your Play:
 I' gad! We know all that, as well as They:
 Show Us the youthful, handsome Charioteer,
 Firm in his Seat, and running his Career;
 Our Souls would kindle with as gen'rous Flames,
 As e'er inspir'd the antient GRECIAN Dames:
 Ev'ry ISMENA would resign her Breast;
 And ev'ry dear HIPPOLYTUS be blest.

But,

But, as it is, Six flouncing FLANDERS Mares
Are e'en as good, as any Two of Theirs:
And if HIPPOLYTUS can but contrive
To buy the gilded Chariot; JOHN can drive.

Now of the Bustle You have seen To-day,
And PHÆDRA's Morals in this Scholar's Play,
Something at least in Justice should be said:
But this HIPPOLYTUS so fills One's Head——
Well! PHÆDRA liv'd as chastly as She cou'd;
For she was Father JOVE's own Flesh and Blood.
Her aukward Love indeed was odly fated:
She and her POLY were too near related:
And yet that Scruple had been laid aside,
If honest THESEUS had but fairly dy'd:
But when He came, what needed He to know,
But that all Matters stood in *Statu quo*?
There was no harm, You see; or grant there were:
She might want Conduct; but He wanted Care.
'Twas in a Husband little less than rude,
Upon his Wife's Retirement to intrude——
He should have sent a Night or two before,
That He would come exact at such an Hour:
Then He had turn'd all Tragedy to Jest;
Found ev'ry Thing contribute to his Rest;
The *Picquet*-Friend dismiss'd, the Coast all clear,
And Spouse alone impatient for her Dear.

But if these gay Reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty PHÆDRA from her Fate;
If your more serious Judgment must condemn
The dire Effects of her unhappy Flame:
Yet, Ye chaste Matrons, and Ye tender Fair,
Let Love and Innocence engage your Care:

My Spotless Flames to your Protection take;
And spare poor PHÆDRA for ISMENA's sake.

EPILOGUE to LUCIUS.

Spoken by Mrs. HORTON.

THE Female Author who recites To-day,
Trusts to her Sex the Merit of her Play.
Like Father BAYES securely She sits down:
Pitt, Box and Gallery, Gad! All's our Own.
In antient GREECE, She says, when SAPPHO writ,
By their Applause the Critics show'd their Wit.
They tun'd their Voices to her LYRIC String;
Tho' they cou'd All do something more, than Sing.
But one Exception to this Fact we find;
That Booby PHAON only was unkind,
An ill-bred Boat-man, rough as Waves and Wind.
From SAPPHO down thro' all succeeding Ages,
And now on FRENCH, or on ITALIAN Stages,
Rough Satyrs, fly Remarks, ill-natur'd Speeches,
Are always aim'd at Poets that wear Breeches.
Arm'd with LONGINUS, or with RAPIN, No Man
Drew a sharp Pen upon a Naked Woman.
The blust'ring Bully in our neighb'ring Streets
Scorns to attack the Female that He meets:
Fearless the Petticoat contemns his Frowns:
The Hoop secures, whatever it surrounds.
The many-color'd Gentry there above,
By turns are rul'd by Tumult, and by Love:
And while their Sweet-hearts their Attention fix,
Suspend the Din of their damn'd clatt'ring Sticks.

Now

Now Sirs——

To You our Author makes Her soft Request,
 Who speak the kindest, and who write the best.
 Your *Sympathetic* Hearts She hopes to move,
 From tender Friendship, and endearing Love.
 If PETRARCH's Muse did LAURA's Wit rehearse,
 And COWLEY flatter'd dear ORINDA's Verse;
 She hopes from You——Pox take her! Hopes and Fears?
 I plead her Sexe's Claim: what matters Hers?
 By Our full Pow'r of Beauty We think fit,
 To damn this *Salique* Law impos'd on Wit:
 We'll try the Empire You so long have boasted;
 And if We are not Prais'd, We'll not be Toasted.
 Approve what One of us presents To-night;
 Or ev'ry Mortal Woman here shall write:
 Rural, Pathetic, Narrative, Sublime,
 We'll write to You, and make You write in Rhime;
 Female Remarks shall take up all Your Time.
 Your Time, poor Souls! we'll take your very Money;
 Female Third Days shall come so thick upon Ye.
 As long as We have Eyes, or Hands, or Breath,
 We'll Look, or Write, or Talk You All to Death.
 Unless Ye yield for Better and for Worse:
 Then the She-Pegasus shall gain the Course;
 And the Grey Mare will prove the better Horse.



THE

THE
THIEF *and the* CORDELIER,
A BALLAD.

To the Tune of
King JOHN, and the ABBOT of CANTERBURY.

WHO has e'er been at PARIS, must needs know the
Greve,

The fatal Retreat of th' unfortunate Brave;
Where Honor and Justice most odly contribute,
To ease Hero's Pains by a Halter and Gibbet.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the Shackles, which Force had put on;
And the Hangman compleats, what the Judge but begun:
There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Post,
Find their Pains no more balk'd, and their Hopes no more
Derry down, &c. [crost.

Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets are known;
And the King, and the Law, and the Thief has His own:
But my Hearers cry out; What a duce dost Thou ayl?
Cut off thy Reflections; and give Us thy Tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas

'Twas there then, in civil Respect to harsh Laws,
And for want of false Witness, to back a bad Cause,
A NORMAN, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear:
And Who to assist, but a grave CORDELIER?

Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire, whose good Grace was to open the Scene,
Seem'd not in great Haste, that the Show shou'd begin:
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart;
And often took Leave; but was loath to Depart.'

Derry down, &c.

What frightens You thus, my good Son? says the Priest:
You Murther'd, are Sorry, and have been Confest.
O Father! My Sorrow will scarce save my Bacon:
For 'twas not that I Murther'd, but that I was Taken.

Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy Head with such Fancies:
Rely on the Aid You shall have from Saint FRANCIS:
If the Money You promis'd be brought to the Chest;
You have only to Dye: let the Church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And what will Folks say, if they see You afraid?
It reflects upon Me; as I knew not my Trade:
Courage, Friend; To-day is your Period of Sorrow;
And Things will go better, believe Me, To-Morrow.

Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our Hero reply'd in a Fright:
He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think of To-night.

Tell

250 POEMS on several Occasions.

Tell your Beads, quoth the Priest, and be fairly truss'd up:
For You surely To-night shall in PARADISE Sup.

Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er sumptuous the Treat;
Parblew, I shall have little Stomach to Eat:

I should therefore esteem it great Favor, and Grace;
Wou'd You be so kind, as to go in my Place.

Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot;
But our Actions, You know, with our Duty must suit.

The Feast, I propos'd to You, I cannot taste:
For this Night, by our Order, is mark'd for a Fast.

Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the Hangman, He said;
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome Blade:

For Thy Cord, and My Cord both equally tie;
And We Live by the Gold, for which other Men Dye.

Derry down, &c.

An *E P I T A P H.*

Stet quicunque volet potens

Aule culmine lubrico, &c.

Senec.

INTERR'D beneath this Marble Stone,

Lie Saunt'ring JACK, and Idle JOAN.

While rolling Threescore Years and One

Did round this Globe their Courses run;

If Human Things went Ill or Well;
 If changing Empires rose or fell;
 The Morning past, the Evening came;
 And found this Couple still the same.
 They Walk'd and Eat, good Folks: What then?
 Why then They Walk'd and Eat again:
 They soundly slept the Night away:
 They did just Nothing all the Day:
 And having bury'd Children Four,
 Wou'd not take Pains to try for more.
 Nor Sister either had, nor Brother;
 They seem'd just Tally'd for each other.

Their Moral and Oeconomy
 Most perfectly They made agree:
 Each Virtue kept it's proper Bound,
 Nor Trespass'd on the other's Ground.
 Nor Fame, nor Censure They regarded:
 They neither Punish'd, nor Rewarded.
 He car'd not what the Footmen did:
 Her Maids She neither prais'd, nor chid:
 So ev'ry Servant took his Course;
 And bad at First, They all grew worse.
 Slothful Disorder fill'd His Stable;
 And fluttish Plenty deck'd Her Table.
 Their Beer was strong; Their Wine was *Port*;
 Their Meal was large; Their Grace was short,
 They gave the Poor the Remnant-meat,
 Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the Church and Parish Rate;
 And took, but read not the Receipt:
 For which They claim'd their *Sunday's* Due,
 Of slumb'ring in an upper Pew.

No Man's Defects sought They to know ;
 So never made Themselves a Foe.
 No Man's good Deeds did They commend ;
 So never rais'd Themselves a Friend.
 Nor cherish'd They Relations poor :
 That might decrease Their present Store :
 Nor Barn nor House did they repair :
 That might oblige Their future Heir.

They neither Added, nor Confounded :
 They neither Wanted, nor Abounded.
 Each *Christmas* They Accompts did clear ;
 And wound their Bottom round the Year.
 Nor Tear, nor Smile did They imploy
 At News of Publick Grief, or Joy.
 When Bells were Rung, and Bonfires made ;
 If ask'd, They ne'er deny'd their Aid :
 Their Jugg was to the Ringers carry'd ;
 Who ever either Dy'd, or Marry'd.
 Their Billet at the Fire was found ;
 Who ever was Depos'd, or Crown'd.

Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wife ;
 They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd advise :
 Without Love, Hatred, Joy, or Fear,
 They led——a kind of——as it were :
 Nor Wish'd, nor Car'd, nor Laugh'd, nor Cry'd :
 And so They liv'd ; and so They dy'd.



HORACE Lib. I. Epist. IX.

*Septimius, Claudii, nimirum intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias: &c.*

Imitated.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr. *H A R L E Y*.

DEAR DICK, how e'er it comes into his Head,
Believes, as firmly as He does his Creed,
That You and I, SIR, are extremely great;
Tho' I plain MAT, You *Minister of State*.
One Word from Me, without all doubt, He says,
Wou'd fix his Fortune in some little Place.
Thus better than My self, it seems, He knows
How far my Interest with my Patron goes;
And answering all Objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear Mistake.

From this wild Fancy, SIR, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee, and dread;
That I, in Fact, a real Interest have,
Which to my own Advantage I wou'd save,
And, with the usual Courtier's Trick, intend
To serve My self, forgetful of my Friend,

To shun this Censure, I all Shame lay by;
And make my Reason with his Will comply;

Hoping,

Hoping, for my Excuse, 'twill be confest,
 That of two Evils I have chose the least.
 So, SIR, with this Epistolary Scroll,
 Receive the Partner of my inmost Soul:
 Him you will find in Letters, and in Laws
 Not unexpert, firm to his Country's Cause,
 Warm in the Glorious Interest You pursue,
 And, in one Word, a Good Man and a True.

To Mr. *H A R L E Y*.

Wounded by GUISCARD. 1711.

————— *ab ipso*
Ducit opes animumque ferro. Hor.

I.

IN one great Now, Superior to an Age,
 The full Extremes of Nature's Force We find:
 How Heav'nly Virtue can exalt; or Rage
 Infernal, how degrade the Human Mind.

II.

While the fierce Monk does at his Tryal stand;
 He chews Revenge, abjuring his Offence:
 Guile in his Tongue, and Murther in his Hand,
 He stabs his Judge, to prove his Innocence.

III.

The guilty Stroke and Torture of the Steel
 Infix'd, our dauntless BRITON scarce perceives:
 The Wounds His Countrey from His Death must feel,
 The PATRIOT views; for those alone He grieves.

IV. The

IV.

The barb'rous Rage that durst attempt Thy Life,
HARLEY, great Counsellor, extends Thy Fame:
And the sharp Point of cruel GUISCARD's Knife,
In Brass and Marble carves Thy deathless Name.

V.

Faithful Assertor of Thy Country's Cause,
BRITAIN with Tears shall bath Thy glorious Wound:
She for thy Safety shall enlarge Her Laws;
And in Her Statutes shall Thy Worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midst Her Sighs She Triumphs, on the Hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the Publick Woe;
A Stranger to her Altars, and her Land:
No Son of Her's could meditate this Blow.

VII.

Mean Time Thy Pain is gracious ANNA's Care:
Our Queen, our Saint, with sacrificing Breath
Softens Thy Anguish: In Her pow'rful Pray'r
She pleads Thy Service, and forbids Thy Death.

VIII.

Great as Thou art, Thou canst demand no more,
O Breast bewail'd by Earth, preserv'd by Heav'n!
No higher can aspiring Virtue soar:
Enough to Thee of Grief, and Fame is giv'n.



An *Extempore* INVITATION
TO THE
EARL of OXFORD,
Lord HIGH TREASURER. 1712.

My LORD,

OUR Weekly Friends To-morrow meet
At MATTHEW's Palace, in *Drake-street*;
To try for once, if They can Dine
On Bacon-Ham, and Mutton-chine:
If weary'd with the great Affairs,
Which BRITAIN trusts to HARLEY's Cares,
Thou, humble Statesman, may'st descend,
Thy Mind one Moment to unbend;
To see Thy Servant from his Soul
Crown with Thy Health the sprightly Bowl:
Among the Guests, which e'er my House
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of Honor a more glorious Proof——
Tho' DORSET us'd to bless the Roof.

Erle ROBERT's MICE.
In CHAUCER's *Style*.

TWAY Mice, full Blythe and Amicable,
Batten beside Erle ROBERT's Table:
Lies there ne Trap their Necks to catch,
Ne old black Cat their Steps to watch.

Their

Their Fill they eat of Fowl and Fish;
Feast-lyche as Heart of Mouſe mote wiſh.

As Gueſts ſat Jovial at the Board,
Forth leap'd our Mice: Eftſoons the Lord
Of BOLING, whilome JOHN the SAINT,
Who maketh oft Propoſ full quaint,
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud He cry'd,
To MATTHEW ſeated on t'oth' ſide;
To Thee, lean Bard, it doth pertain
To underſtand theſe Creatures Tweine.

Come frame Us now ſome clean Device,
Or playſant Rhime on yonder Mice:

They ſeem, God ſhield Me, MAT. and CHARLES.

Bad as Sir TOPAZ, or 'Squire QUARLES
(MATTHEW did for the nonce reply)
At Emblem, or Device am I:

But could I Chaunt, or Rhyme, pardie,
Clear as *Dan* CHAUCER, or as Thee;
Ne Verſe from Me (ſo God me ſhrive)
On Mouſe, or other Beaſt alive.

Certes, I have theſe many Days
Sent myne Poetic Herd to graze.

Ne Armed Knight ydrad in War
With Lyon fierce will I compare:

Ne Judge unjuſt, with furred Fox,
Harming in Secret Guiſe the Flocks:

Ne Prieſt unworth of Goddeſs Coat,
To Swine ydrunk, or filthy Stoat.

Elk Similè farwell for aye,
From Elephant, I trow, to Flea.

Reply'd the friendlike Peer, I weene,
MATTHEW is angred on the Spleen.

258 POEMS on several Occasions.

Ne so, quoth MAT. ne shall be e'er,
 With Wit that falleth all so fair:
 Eftsoons, well weet Ye, mine Intent
 Boweth to your Commaundement.
 If by these Creatures Ye have seen,
 Pourtrayed CHARLES and MATTHEW been;
 Behoveth neet to wreck my Brain,
 The rest in Order to explain.

That Cup-board, where the Mice disport,
 I liken to St. * STEPHEN'S Court: * Exchequer,
 Therein is Space enough, I trow,
 For elke Comrade to come and goe:
 And therein eke may Both be fed
 With Shiver of the Wheaten Bread.
 And when, as these mine Eyen survey,
 They cease to skip, and squeak, and play;
 Return they may to different Cells,
 AUDITING One, whist t'other TELLS.

Dear ROBERT, quoth the SAINT, whose Mind
 In Bounteous Deed no Mean can bind;
 Now as I hope to grow devout,
 I deem this Matter well made out.
 Laugh I, whilst thus I serious Pray?
 Let that be wrought which MAT. doth say:
 Yea, quoth the ERLE; but not To-day.

In the same Style.

FULL oft doth MAT. with TOPAZ dine,
 Eateth bak'd Meats, drinketh Greek Wine:

But

But TOPAZ his own Werke rehearseth;
And MAT. mote praise what TOPAZ verfeth,
Now fure as Priest did e'er thrive Sinner,
Full hardly earneth MAT. his Dinner.

In the same Style.

FAIR SUSAN did her Wif-hede well menteine,
Algates assaulted fore by Letchours tweine:
Now, and I read aright that Auncient Song,
Olde were the Paramours, the Dame full yong.
Had thilke same Tale in other Guise been tolde;
Had They been Yong (pardie) and She been Olde;
That, by St KIT, had wrought much forer Tryal;
Full merveillous, I wote, were swilk Denyal.

A F L O W E R,

Painted by

S I M O N V A R E L S T.

WHEN fam'd VARELST this little Wonder drew;
FLORA vouchsaf'd the growing Work to view:
Finding the Painter's Science at a Stand,
The Goddess snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand;
And finishing the Piece, She smiling said;
Behold One Work of Mine, that ne'er shall fade.

TO THE
Lady *ELIZABETH HARLEY*,
Since Marchioness of CARMARTHEN,
On a Column of Her Drawing.

WHEN future Ages shall with Wonder view
These glorious Lines, which HARLEY's Daughter
They shall confess, that BRITAIN could not raise [drew ;
A fairer Column to the Father's Praise.

PROTOGENES and APELLES.

WHEN Poets wrote, and Painters drew,
As Nature pointed out the View :
E'er GOTHIC Forms were known in GREECE,
To spoil the well-proportion'd Piece :
And in our Verse e'er Monkish Rhimes
Had jangl'd their fantastic Chimes :
E'er on the flow'ry Lands of RHODES
Those Knights had fix'd their dull Abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight :
PROTOGENES, Historians note,
Liv'd there, a Burgeſs Scot and Lot ;
And, as old PLINY's Writings show,
APELLES did the ſame at Co.

Agreed

Agreed these Points of Time and Place,
Proceed We in the present Case.

Picqu'd by PROTOGENES's Fame,
From Co to RHODES APELLES came;
To see a Rival and a Friend,
Prepar'd to Censure, or Commend,
Here to absolve, and there object,
As Art with Candor might direct.
He sails, He lands, He comes, He rings:
His Servants follow with the Things:
Appears the Governante of th' House:
For such in GREECE were much in use:
If Young or Handsom, Yea or No,
Concerns not Me, or Thee to know.

Does 'Squire PROTOGENES live here?
Yes, Sir, says She with gracious Air,
And Curt'sey low; but just call'd out
By Lords peculiarly devout;
Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
Our VENUS, for the Feast To-morrow,
To grace the Church: 'tis VENUS' Day:
I hope, Sir, You intend to stay,
To see our VENUS: 'tis the Piece
The most renown'd throughout all GREECE,
So like th' Original, they say:
But I have no great Skill that Way.
But, Sir, at Six ('tis now past Three)
DROMO must make my Master's Tea:
At Six, Sir, if You please to come,
You'll find my Master, Sir, at Home.

Tea, says a Critic big with Laughter,
Was found some twenty Ages after:

Authors, before they write, shou'd read.

'Tis very true; but We'll proceed.

And, Sir, at present wou'd you please
To leave your Name——Fair Maiden, yes:

Reach me that Board. No sooner spoke

But done. With one judicious Stroke,

On the plain Ground A PELLEs drew

A Circle regularly true:

And will you please, Sweet-heart, said He,

To shew your Master this from Me?

By it He presently will know,

How Painters write their Names at Co.

He gave the Pannel to the Maid.

Smiling and Curt'sing, Sir, She said,

I shall not fail to tell my Master:

And, Sir, for fear of all Disaster,

I'll keep it my own self: Safe bind, ¶

Says the old Proverb, and Safe find.

So, Sir, as sure as Key or Lock——

Your Servant Sir——at Six a Clock.

Again at Six A PELLEs came;

Found the same prating civil Dame.

Sir, that my Master has been here,

Will by the Board it self appear.

If from the perfect Line He found,

He has presum'd to swell the Round,

Or Colors on the Draught to lay;

'Tis thus (He order'd me to say)

Thus write the Painters of this Isle:

Let those of Co remark the Style.

She said; and to his Hand restor'd

The rival Pledge, the Missive Board.

Upon

Upon the happy Line were laid
Such obvious Light, and easie Shade;
That PARIS' Apple stood confest,
Or LEDA'S Egg, or CLOE'S Breast.

APELLES view'd the finish'd Piece;
And Live, said He, the Arts of GREECE!
Howe'er PROTOGENES and I
May in our Rival Talents vie;
Howe'er our Works may have express'd,
Who truest drew, or color'd best;
When He beheld my flowing Line;
He found at least I cou'd design:
And from his artful Round, I grant,
That He with perfect Skill can paint.

The dullest GENIUS cannot fail
To find the Moral of my Tale:
That the distinguish'd Part of Men,
With Compass, Pencil, Sword, or Pen,
Shou'd in Life's Visit leave their Name,
In Characters, which may proclaim,
That They with Ardor strove to raise
At once their Arts, and Countrey's Praise;
And in their Working took great Care,
That all was Full, and Round, and Fair.



DEMOCRITUS

AND

HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear Droll, revisit Earth,
 And with our Follies glut Thy heighten'd Mirth:
 Sad HERACLITUS, serious Wretch, return,
 In louder Grief our greater Crimes to mourn.
 Between You both I unconcern'd stand by:
 Hurt, can I laugh? and Honest, need I cry?

For my own Tomb-stone.

TO Me 'twas giv'n to die: to Thee 'tis giv'n
 To live: Alas! one Moment sets us ev'n.
 Mark! how impartial is the Will of Heav'n



GUALTERUS DANISTONUS

Ad Amicos.

DUM Studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
 Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,
 ARCTOA florens Sophiâ, SAMIISQUE superbus
 Discipulis, Animas morte carere cano.
 Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto;
 Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;
 Qualia conveniunt Divis, queis fata volebant
 Vitæ faciles mollitè ire vias:
 Vinaque Coelicolis media inter gaudia libo;
 Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.
 Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, cœli;
 Nullaque sint DIRIS Numina, nulla Jovis:
 Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
 Quique superstes, Homo; qui nihil, esto Deus.
 Attamen esse hilares, & inanes mittere curas
 Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
 Et festos agitasse dies, ævique fugacis
 Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.
 His me parentem præceptis occupet Orcus,
 Et Mors; seu Divum, seu nihil esse velit:
 Nam Sophia Ars illa est, quæ fallere suavitè horas
 Admonet, atque Orci non timuisse minas.



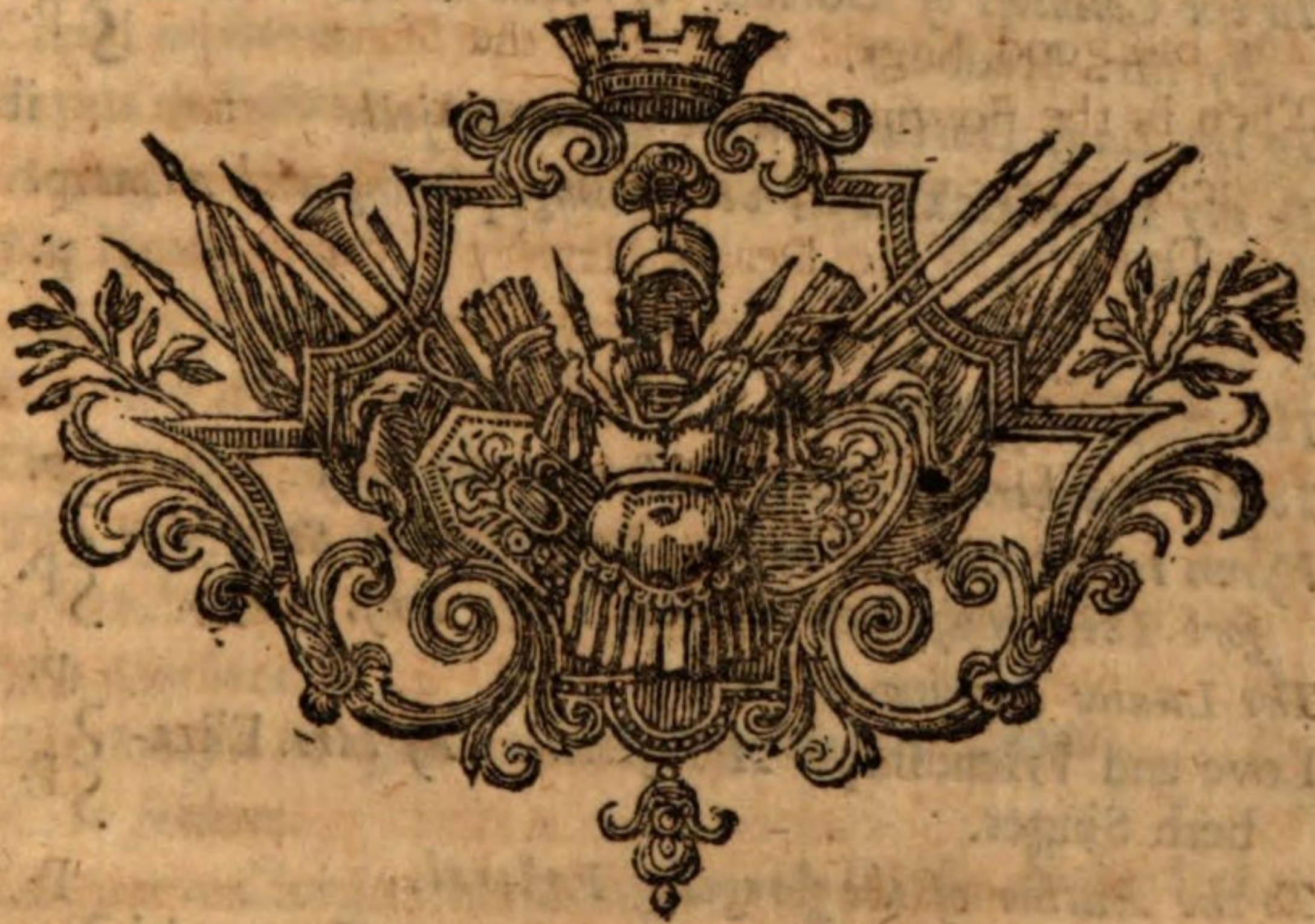
IMITATED.

STUDIOUS the busie Moments to deceive,
 That fleet between the Cradle and the Grave,
 I credit what the GREECIAN Dictates say,
 And SAMIAN Sounds o'er SCOTIA's Hills convey.
 When mortal Man resigns his transient Breath;
 The Body only I give o'er to Death.
 The Parts dissolv'd, and broken Frame I mourn:
 What came from Earth; I see to Earth return.
 The Immaterial Part, th' Æthereal Soul,
 Nor can Change vanquish, nor can Death controul.
 Glad I release it from it's Partner's Cares;
 And bid good Angels waft it to the Stars.
 Then in the flowing Bowl I drown those Sighs,
 Which, Spight of Wisdom, from our Weakness rise.
 The Draught to the Dead's Mem'ry I commend,
 And offer to the now immortal Friend.
 But if oppos'd to what my Thoughts approve,
 Nor PLUTO's Rage there be, nor Pow'r of JOVE;
 On it's dark Side if Thou the Prospect take;
 Grant all forgot beyond black LETHE's Lake:
 In total Death suppose the Mortal lye,
 No new Hereafter, nor a future Sky:
 Yet bear thy Lot content; yet cease to grieve:
 Why, e'er Death comes, dost Thou forbear to live?
 The little Time Thou hast, 'twixt Instant Now
 And Fate's Approach, is All the Gods allow:
 And of this little hast Thou ought to spare
 To sad Reflection, and corroding Care?

The

The Moments past, if Thou art wise, retrieve
 With pleasant Mem'ry of the Bliss they gave.
 The present Hours in present Mirth imploy;
 And bribe the Future with the Hopes of Joy.
 The Future (few or more, how e'er they be)
 Were destin'd e'rst; nor can by Fate's Decree
 Be now cut off, betwixt the Grave and Thee.

The End of the First Volume.



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Prior, Matthew

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